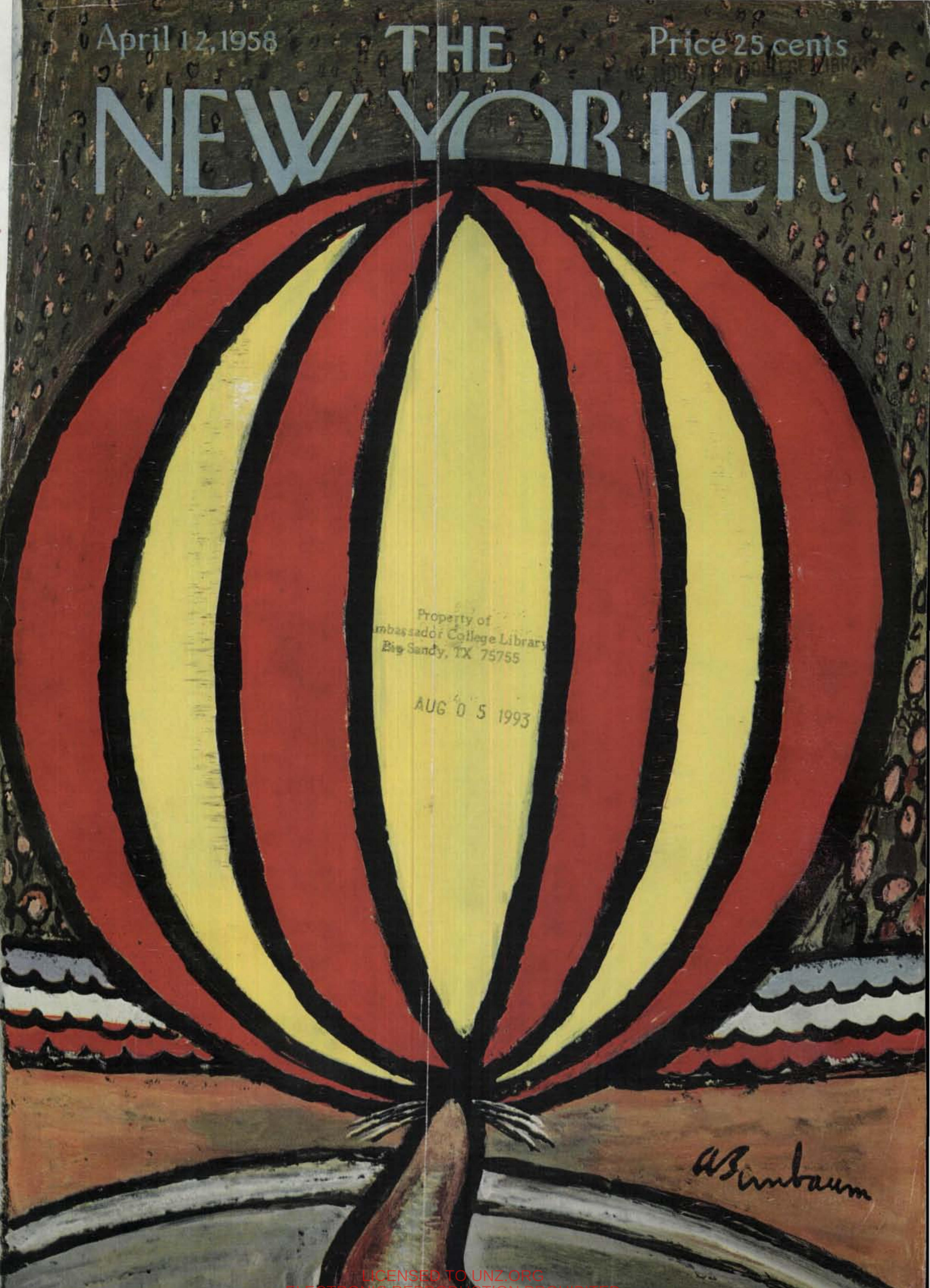
April 12, 1958

THE NEW YORKER

Price 25 cents



Property of
mbassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

AUG 05 1993

Pressed powder made to order for you alone . . . at our beauty bar, and nowhere else!

From our unique press comes individual beauty. . . your own shade of face powder hand-blended for your coloring by the skilled Charles of the Ritz consultant.

In an elegant compact, $2 plus tax. At favored department and specialty stores.

Charles of the Ritz
CR

Umpa
WORLD'S FINEST DARK RANCH MINK

A significantly new cape-shaped jacket designed by Bergdorf Goodman's Emeric Partos in the rich ebon of Umpa natural dark ranch mink—and custom-made in our own fur workrooms. UMPA—United Mink Producers Association Virginia Thoren

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19

BERGDORF GOODMAN

5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

PLAZA 3-7300

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ZIEGFELD
ZIEGFELD
ZIEGFELD TH
tom funk

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Back to Methuselah—Tyrone Power, Faye Emerson, and Arthur Treacher head the cast of this drastically edited but still rather wearing version of Shaw's play about immortality. With Valerie Bettis, Richard Easton, and Arnold Moss, who did the cutting. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, April 19.)

Blue Denim—June Walker, Chester Morris, and some interesting younger actors in a play by James Leo Herlihy and William Noble that assays about sixty per cent honest realism and forty per cent smooth staging. In this case, on the whole, an effective blend. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Dark at the Top of the Stairs—Maybe William Inge has tried to crowd a little too much into his play about life in Oklahoma some three decades ago, but the drama is quite compelling just the same. Under Elia Kazan's direction, the cast, led by Teresa Wright, Pat Hingle, and Eileen Heckart, performs with notable skill. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Entertainer—The range and brilliance of Laurence Olivier's performance as a seedy music-hall artist and an even more dismaying family man are an enormous help to John Osborne's otherwise rather disappointing tragedy. The excellent supporting cast includes Brenda de Banzie, George Relph, Joan Plowright, and Richard Pasco. Reopens Friday, April 11, after a brief vacation. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, May 10.)

Fair Game—Sam Locke's farce about a virtuous divorcee and all the men who pursue her is cheerful, though familiar, and Sam Levene is wonderfully funny as a middle-aged rake. With Ellen McRae, Robert Webber, Joseph Leon, and Sally Gracie. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Look Back in Anger—The chief figure in this play by John Osborne is a young man who is down on everything and everybody, but he is an entertaining character despite his misanthropy. In the cast are Kenneth Haigh, Mary Ure, Alan Bates, Vivienne Drummond, and Jack Livesey. They are all splendid. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Look Homeward, Angel—While Ketti Frings' adaptation of Thomas Wolfe's monumental novel has some of the faults inevitable in such a major condensation, it is still a work of unusual power and stature. Anthony Perkins, Jo Van Fleet, and Hugh Griffith are superb as young Eugene Gant and his parents, and there are laudable supporting performances by Arthur Hill, Frances Hyland, Victor Kilian, Florence Sundstrom, Bibi Osterwald, and Arthur Storch. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Romanoff and Juliet—Peter Ustinov wrote this fantasy about love and confusion in one of those mythical kingdoms, and his presence as its star is enough to get it over most of the dull spots. The cast includes Henry Lascoe and Natalie Schafer. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Rope Dancers—Siobhan McKenna is very impressive in Morton Wishengrad's sombre and not always quite coherent play about a haunted woman, her wastrel husband, and their crippled child. Art Carney and Joan Blondell do well with other leading roles. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Say, Darling—This very successful backstage comedy is partly the work of Richard Bissell, who also wrote the novel on which it is based. His collaborators are Marian Bissell and Abe Burrows; Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Jule Styne contributed nine songs; and David Wayne and Vivian Blaine head the large and generally very talented cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sunrise at Campobello—Dore Schary's play covering the three years between Franklin Roosevelt's crippling illness and his speech nominating Al Smith for the Presidency is excellent historical drama, written with unusual vigor and taste. Ralph Bellamy gives the season's most remarkable performance in the central role, and he is admirably supported by a cast that includes Mary Fickett, Henry Jones, Anne Seymour, and Alan Bunce. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

	Page
BOOKS	149
THE CURRENT CINEMA	147
MUSICAL EVENTS	70
JAZZ	73
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
FEMININE FASHIONS	76
THE RACE TRACK	133
A REPORTER AT LARGE	88
THE THEATRE	67

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

Time Remembered—Helen Hayes at her miraculous best in an Anouilh comedy crowded with beguiling characters, most of them mad. Miss Hayes gets a lot of help from Susan Strasberg, Richard Burton, Sig Arno, and Glenn Anders. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Two for the Seesaw—The complete cast of this drama by William Gibson consists of Henry Fonda and Anne Bancroft, as a dreamy out-of-towner and a young lady from the Bronx, and the crux of the enterprise is the romance that springs up between them. Mr. Gibson clearly has a sharp ability to reproduce authentic dialogue. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Who Was That Lady I Saw You With?—Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy head an expert cast in an expert, if highly gymnastic, play by Norman Krasna. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—auntie mame: Greer Garson is now the eccentric relative. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.

MUSICALS

Jamaica—Lena Horne sings stunningly (and acts with regal indifference) in this uneven musical for which Harold Arlen wrote the generally distinguished music and E. Y. Harburg supplied the lyrics. There's nothing to be said for the tedious book. The cast includes Ricardo Montalban, Josephine Premice, Ossie Davis, and Adelaide Hall. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Music Man—Meredith Willson's agreeable excursion into rural Iowa as it was forty-five years ago. Simple, amiable, and noisy, the musical stars Robert Preston, as a fast operator who is redeemed by contact with prairie honesty. Barbara Cook, David Burns, and Pert Kelton are expert in their support. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

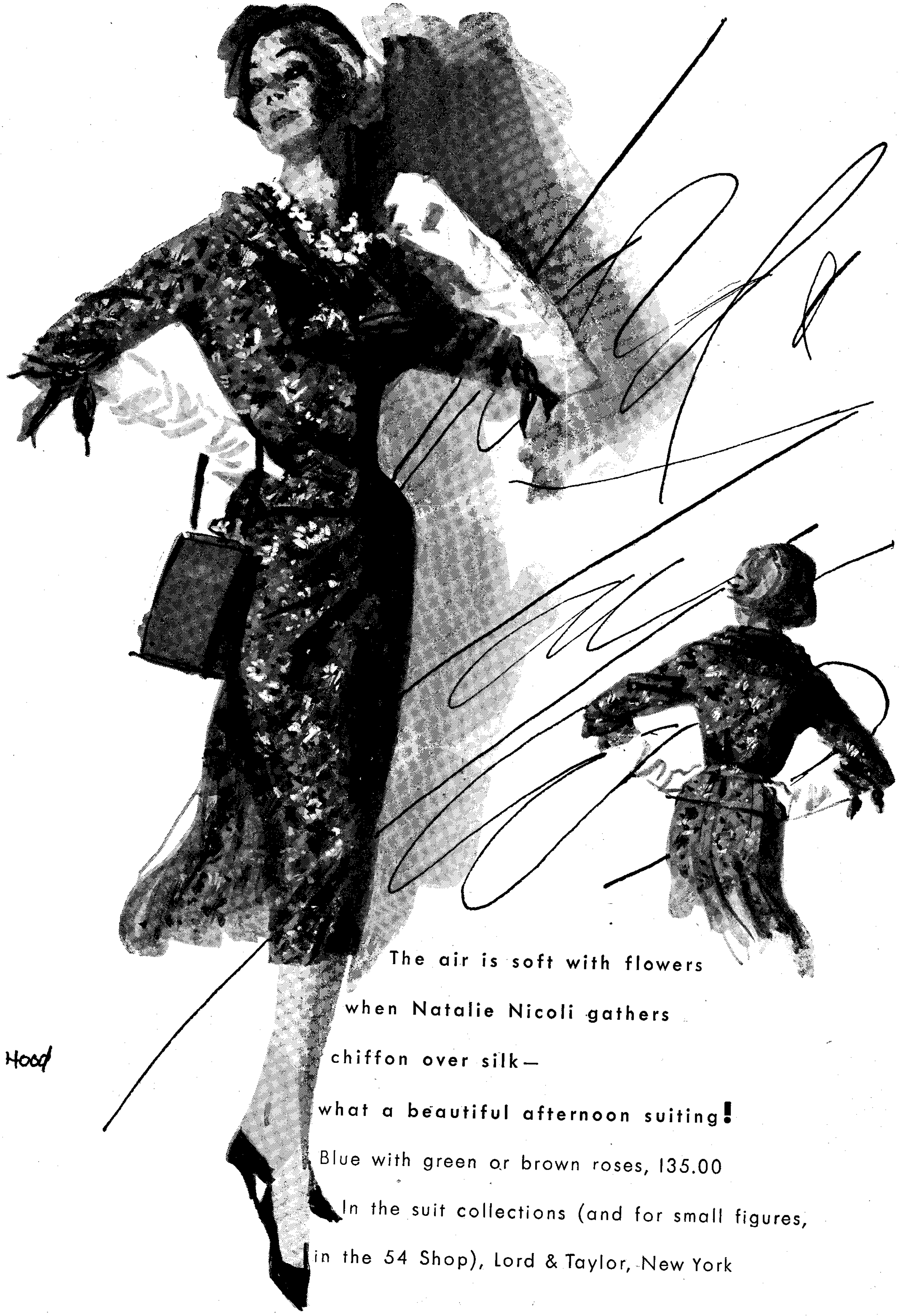
Oh Captain!—This adaptation of the film called "The Captain's Paradise" might have aimed at a slightly higher level of humor, but it is still more than usually breezy and engaging. Al Morgan and José Ferrer supplied the book, Jay Livingston and Ray Evans turned out the songs, and Mr. Ferrer directed the gifted cast, which includes Tony Randall, Abbe Lane, Jacquelyn McKeever, Susan Johnson, and Alexandra Danilova. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, April 13.)

West Side Story—The story of Romeo and Juliet has been restated in terms of a teen-age gang war in this generally impressive, if not completely moving, offering, for which Arthur Laurents provided the book; Leonard Bernstein and Stephen Sondheim the music and lyrics, respectively; and Jerome Robbins the particularly fine dances. The cast includes Larry Kert, Carmen Alvarez, Carol Lawrence, Mickey Calin, and Ken LeRoy. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—bells are ringing: A comedy involving Judy Holliday as a conscientious telephone-answering-service girl. One of the phones she answers is that of Sydney Chap-

---

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXXIV, No. 8, April 12, 1958. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. ©, 1958, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada. Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.



The air is soft with flowers
when Natalie Nicoli gathers
chiffon over silk—
what a beautiful afternoon suiting!
Blue with green or brown roses, 135.00
In the suit collections (and for small figures,
in the 54 Shop), Lord & Taylor, New York

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

lin, cast as a convivial playwright. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **LI'L ABNER:** A depiction of the dim-witted clodhoppers who populate Al Capp's cartoon strip. Peter Palmer and Wynne Miller portray Li'l Abner and his pursuer. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **MY FAIR LADY:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion," in which Edward Mulhare now has the part of Professor Higgins, and Sally Ann Howes plays Eliza Doolittle. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **NEW GIRL IN TOWN:** O'Neill's "Anna Christie," turned into a musical by George Abbott. The songs are by Bob Merrill, and the cast is headed by Thelma Ritter. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Next President—A *revue starring the young* monologuist Mort Sahl and also employing the Jimmy Giuffre jazz trio and a group called the Folk Singers. Produced and directed by Frank B. Nichols. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Love Me Little—Donald Cook and Joan Bennett in a comedy by John G. Fuller, adapted from Amanda Vail's novel of the same name. The director is Alfred Drake, the producer Alexander H. Cohen. Previews Thursday and Friday, April 10-11, at 8:30, and Saturday, April 12, at 2:30 and 8:30. Opens officially on Monday, April 14. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Actors Playhouse—Federico Garcia Lorca's "Blood Wedding," directed by Patricia Newhall and with Margot Lassner, Adele Lamont, and Daniel Ades in the cast. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Through Sunday, April 13: "The Barber of Seville."... ¶ Starting Friday, April 18: "Tosca." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Thursday, April 10, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Carnegie Hall Playhouse—Ann Hillary and John Brachita in a revival of "Dark of the Moon," a play by Howard Richardson and William Berney. (Carnegie Hall Playhouse, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. CI 6-6630. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Samuel Beckett's "Endgame," with Lester Rawlins. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, April 20.)

Circle in the Square—Colleen Dewhurst, Jack Cannon, Arthur Malet, and George C. Scott in a revival of Edwin Justus Mayer's "Children of Darkness." (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Downtown Theatre—Sandy Wilson's musical "The Boy Friend." Ellen McCown and Gerianne Raphael are among those in it. (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Gate Theatre—"The Brothers Karamazov," in a dramatization by Boris Tumarin and Jack Sydow. With James Patterson and Eulalie Noble. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

Greenwich Mews Theatre—Gorky's play "The Courageous One," adapted by Miriam Goldina, and with Howland Chamberlin and Maurine Holbert in the cast. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-7183. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Jan Hus Auditorium—"Fools Are Passing Through," by the Swiss playwright Friedrich Duerrenmatt, with Gladys Holland, Sheppard Kerman, and Carl Low. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Martinique Theatre—A revival of Arthur Miller's "The Crucible." Michael Higgins, Barbara Barrie, and Ford Rainey head the cast. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays *through* Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Phoenix Theatre—The Stratford Festival Company of Canada in a six-week repertory of two plays. The schedule through Sunday, April 20: Donald Harron's "The Broken Jug," based on a comedy by Heinrich von Kleist, Thursday through Sunday, April 10-13.... ¶ Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona," Tuesday through Sunday, April 15-20. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Through Sunday, April 27.)

Rooftop Theatre—Claude Dauphin and Frances Reid in "Clerambard," an adaptation of Marcel Aymé's Parisian comedy. (Rooftop Theatre, Second Ave. at Houston St. AL 4-5475. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava and Jane Connell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Theatre 74—François Mauriac's "Asmodée," translated by Beverly Thurman, with Louis Edmonds and Elizabeth Farrar. (Theatre 74, 334 E. 74th St. TR 9-4830. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 20.)

York Playhouse—Two new plays by Tennessee Williams, "Something Unspoken" and "Suddenly Last Summer," presented under the over-all title of "Garden District." The cast includes Anne Meacham, Hortense Alden, and Eleanor Phelps. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Martha Graham and Her Dance Company—Final performances of a two-week engagement—Thursday, April 10, at 2: "Clytemnestra."... ¶ Thursday, April 10, at 8:30: "Night Journey," "Embattled Garden," and "Appalachian Spring."... ¶ Friday, April 11, at 8:30: "Cave of the Heart," "Seraphic Dialogue," and "Deaths and Entrances."... ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 2:30: "Night Journey," "Embattled Garden," and "Appalachian Spring."... ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 8: "Clytemnestra."... ¶ Sunday, April 13, at 2:30: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Night Journey," and "Embattled Garden."... ¶ Sunday, April 13, at 8: "Clytemnestra." (Adelphi, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787.)

Les Ballets de Paris—A company headed by Jeanmaire and Roland Petit. Three of four new ballets ("La Dame dans la Lune," "Counter Point," "La Rose des Vents," and "La Chambre"), plus "Carmen," are being offered at each performance. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Juilliard Dance Theatre—A program of works by Doris Humphrey, José Limón (who will appear with members of his company), Donald McKayle, and Anna Sokolow. With the Juilliard Orchestra and Chorus, directed by Frederick Prausnitz, and Howard Lebow, piano. For the benefit of the Juilliard Dance Scholarship Fund. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday and Saturday, April 11-12, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

Moiseyev Dance Company—A hundred dancers and a symphony orchestra from Moscow in their first appearance here. Presented by S. Hurok for a three-week engagement that will open Monday, April 14, and run through Saturday, May 3. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-7209. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

May O'Donnell—With her dance company. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, April 19, at 8:30. For tickets, call CH 2-0692.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Oh, you know. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées daily at 2. Extra performance Saturday, April 12, at 10 A.M. Through Sunday, May 11.... ¶ The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

Blue Hill Troupe—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Pirates of Penzance" and Burnand and Sullivan's "Cox and Box." For the benefit of the Travelers Aid Society. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday through Saturday, April 10-12, at 8:30, and a performance primarily for children on Saturday, April 12, at 2:30. For tickets, call BU 8-4712.)

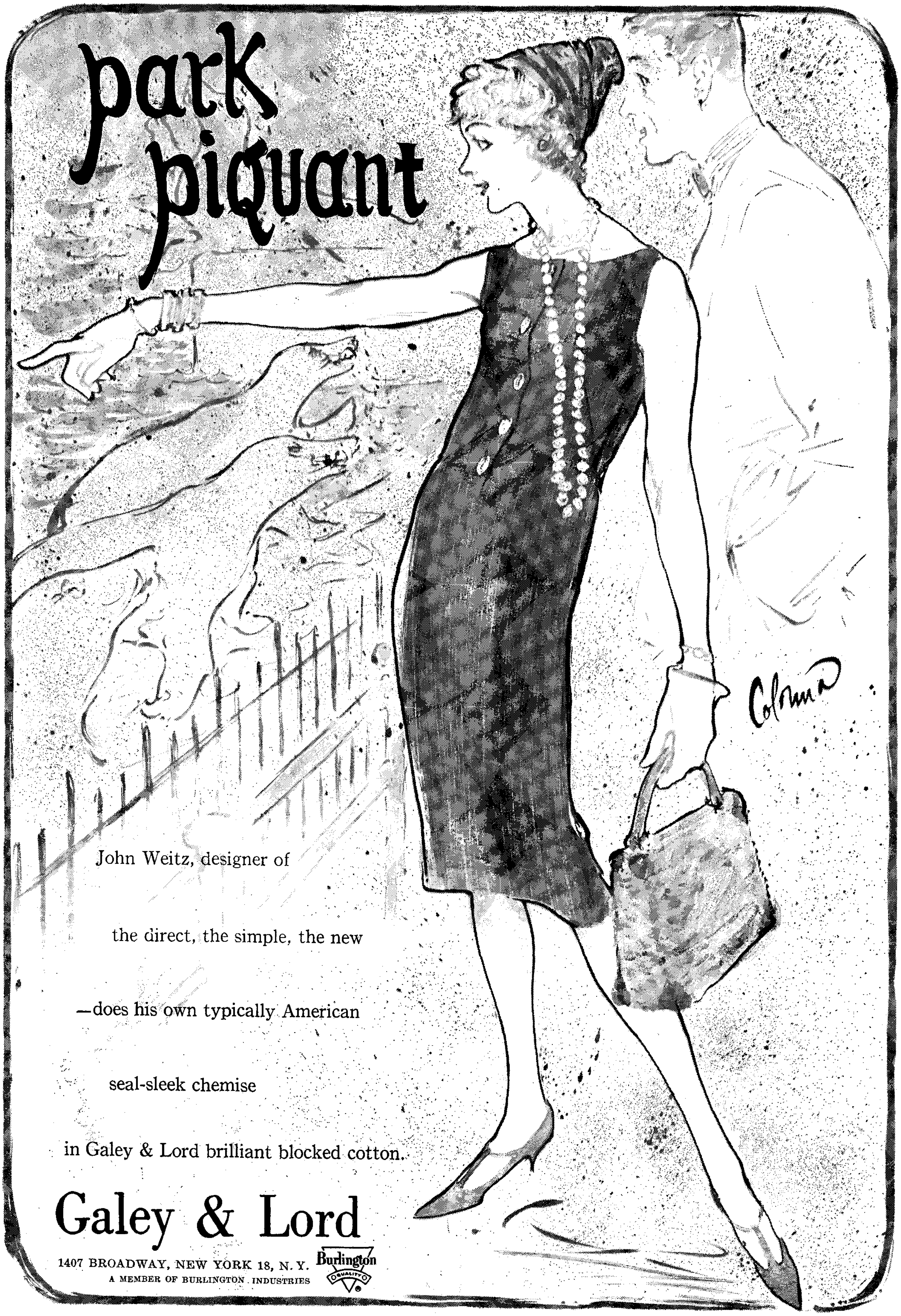
Joyce Grenfell—The British comedienne in a one-woman show of new monologues and songs, with music by Richard Addinsell. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Through Saturday, May 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The nightly spectaculars are impromptu af-



John Weitz, designer of

the direct, the simple, the new

—does his own typically American

seal-sleek chemise

in Galey & Lord brilliant blocked cotton.

Galey & Lord

1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.
A MEMBER OF BURLINGTON INDUSTRIES
Burlington QUALITY

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

fairs provided by the customers, not the management. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra perform for anyone who'd rather dance.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—It's so peaceful in the country called the Cotillion Room, where even the gay little trumpet of Joseph Ricardel's dance band wears a mute. There's also a travelling posse of Viennese violins, and twice a night Betty Benee lets go some ditties in the manner of a *grande dame* opening a flower show. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ A small outfit, practically always Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing every night in the Café Pierre from cocktails through supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The stars are out every night but Sunday in the roof of the Persian Room, and there are more stars in the dance tunes of Ted Straeter, fashion plate, tenor, pianist, and leader of men—all of them tenors and instrumentalists, too—and of Mark Monte's smaller group. At dinner and supper, Jane Powell, who's from far Hollywood, shows up for the first time in handsome person to do a small musicale. . . . ¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous, which is to the manner born, the orchestras of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen sprint from one familiar tune to another. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra plays tea-with-lemon music in the Palm Court from four until seven, and filet-mignon music later on in the Edwardian Room. No dancing in either arena.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Sammy Kaye's orchestra, which will never be arrested for reckless driving, canters along all evening. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, the sort of dream house that would now take eight million dollars to duplicate, sways gently in the breeze of Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's small dance ensembles. At dinner and supper, Bill Hayes and Florence Henderson offer a joint vocal recital in their very best musical-comedy manner. All quiet Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra has squatters' rights on the Café Lounge, where it saws away for any random dancers in the late afternoon and in the evening.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The new management has changed the name (né Ambassador), the stationery, and the matchbooks, but everything else looks the same. In the Embassy Club, a decorator's delight, Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band play, after ten, for dancing. There's dinner music earlier, and the place is closed Mondays.

Statler Hilton, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Xavier Cugat's pagan rout, which has all the trimmings of a Mexican fiesta except the firecrackers, lets go with dance music every so often in the Café Rouge. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Paris for which Maurice Chevalier is spokesman in the Empire Room is a venerable figment of show-business imagination, but you won't mind the old lantern slides at all, because M. Chevalier is doing the lyrics that go with them. He appears at dinner Mondays through Wednesdays and at dinner and supper Thursdays through Saturdays. Also on hand are Emil Coleman's band and Béla Babai's crew, both of which bat out decisive dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Weekdays, between eight and one, a trio belonging to the celebrated Cy Walter and a group run by Jozsi Ribari politely request the next dance in the opulent reaches of Peacock Alley. Mr. W. also tosses off an occasional eloquent piano soliloquy. Sundays, the Babai band takes care of the situation.

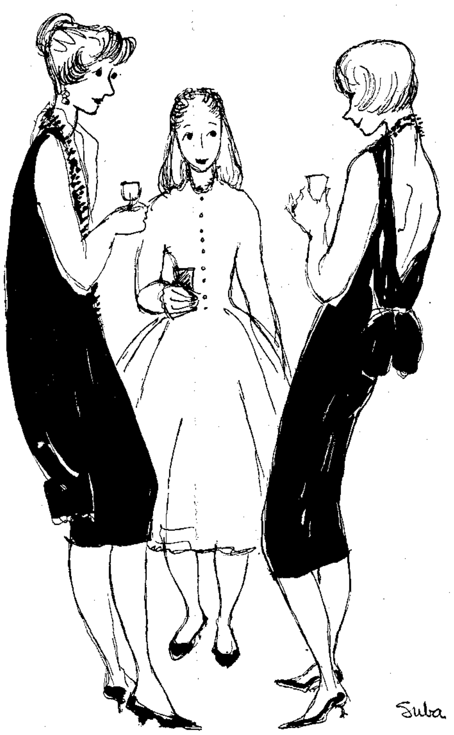
Note—At the pinnacle of one of Ilium's topless towers is the Rainbow Room, which serves as a lounge (*from four-thirty to nine except* Sundays) where cocktails and swatches of non-dance music are provided. From any window table, you can see where New York stood before the archeologists brought their steam shovels to bear. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the phone CI 6-5800.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

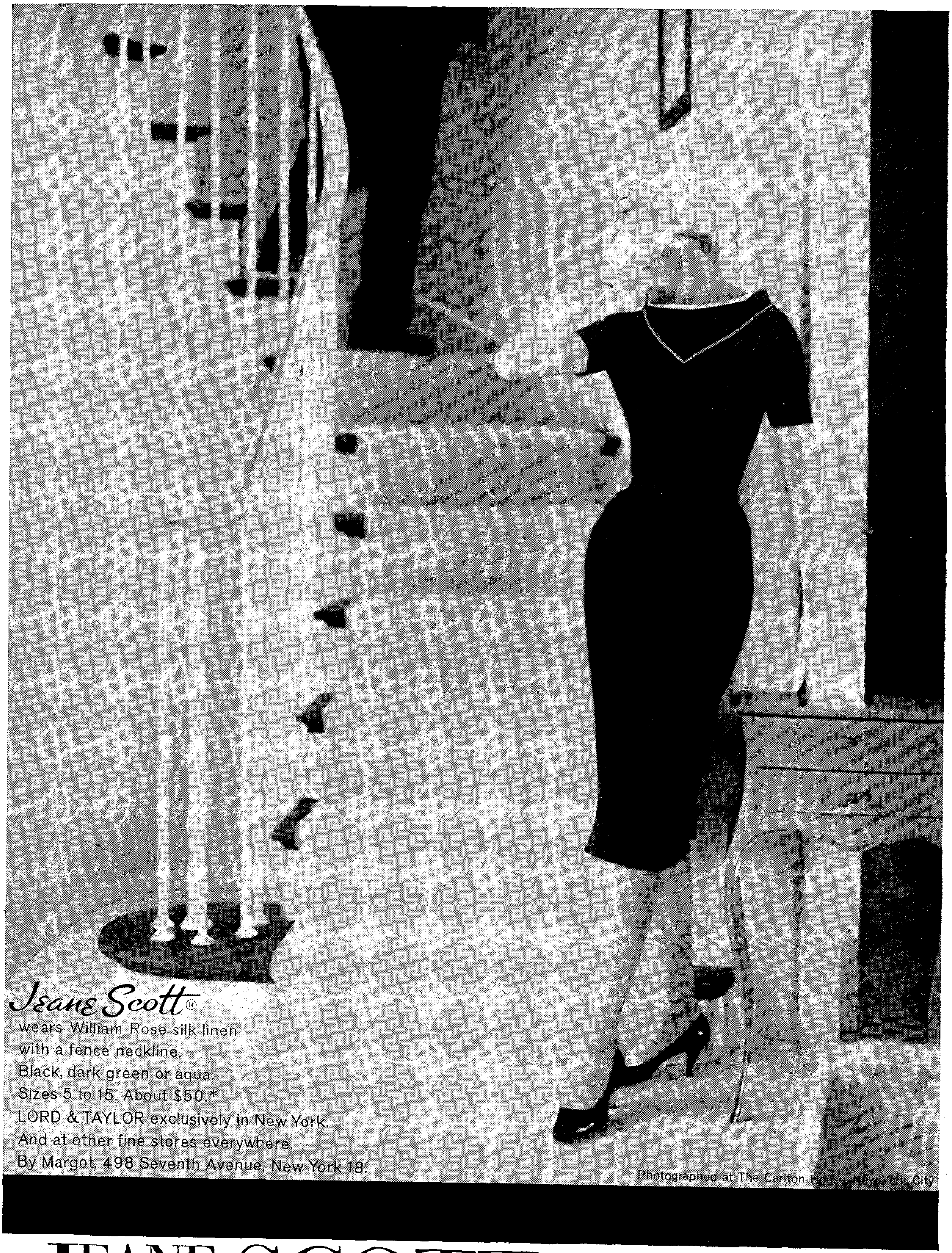
Drake Room, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A parade ground kept in the pink of condition. On a small rise to one side sits the piano of Addison Bailey, who has been the cocktail, dinner, and supper music master for many years. Joel Forbes is the Sunday handyman. . . . **Little Club,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Designed and operated for those who are up at the crack of the sunset gun. At eight, Jack Banan begins a session of subdued jazz piano concocted of such outmoded ingredients as cheer, rhythm, and bounce. Closed Mondays. . . . **Goldie's New York,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins' general store, which has certain attributes of a bar-and-grill, stays open late for the benefit of the neighborhood youngsters. Mr. Hawkins sits at one of the two pianos, the other of which is staffed by Wayne Sanders. They're in action, singly or in tandem, from six until curfew. Late at night, there are apt to be non-scheduled flights of fancy by the guests. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Mabel Mercer, singing songs that are fraught with ambivalence; that is to say, (1) love is where you find it, and (2) you'd better put it right back where you found it. Sam Hamilton, her lifelong equerry, is her pianist. In fact, there's piano from the cocktail hour on, by Mr. Hamilton and Don Evans, who converts what he likes best in the several schools of music into his special idiom. Miss Mercer starts around ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **Barberry Room,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Music with the enchantment of a Latin midsummer night's dream issues from the guitar of Renato Rossini, who graces this hall of mirrors between nine and one. Closed Sundays. . . . **Monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The noblest Romans of them all are concerned with the well-being of the guests' taste buds, and Teo Fanidi's mobile unit of string musicians is concerned with the well-being of the guests' ears. Closed Sundays. . . . **Château Henri IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The table-side violin of the ageless Norbert Faconi is the main event in a household full of reminders of the days when knighthood was in flower. He is onstage after eight-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . **El Chico,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain the way it was when Carmen had a day off from the cigarette factory; i.e., plenty of regional singing and prancing, some of it by the customers. Closed Sundays. . . . **La Zambra,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Just the place to go on a Spanish diet, whether it's native dishes or native music, both of which are served from seven-thirty until very late indeed. The scenery is excellent, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **Left Bank,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): The farthest west, and the farthest out, of the town's art galleries. Hemmed in by an exhibit of oils you're unlikely to see anywhere else, a young West Indian named Slinger Francisco returns to the first principles of calypso—that is, spur-of-the-moment lyrics about the customers. Alex Kallao's instrumental trio, which takes leave on Saturday, April 12, will be succeeded on Monday, April 14, by Johnnie La Salle's quartet. Closed Sundays. . . . **Chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The zimbalon, now one with the whooping crane, has almost its last nesting place here. Other Hungarian artifacts—happy piano, violin, song, and cuisine—are likewise in evidence. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **Café Carlyle,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Wintertime, as well as summertime, the living is easy, and the landscaping is all that an urbane eye could wish. The major punctuation is piano by George Feyer, who uses the *accent aigu*, rather than the *accent grave*, from eight-thirty until one-thirty or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **Waverly Lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bounding Londoner, is at the piano in the completely unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic repertory, largely Anglo-Saxon and New York. He gets going at nine. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **Champagne Gallery,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Armchairs and chaise longues, arranged in a manner conducive to conversation, instead of mass participation, and looking unmistakably like Greenwich Village. Someone is usually at the piano. . . . **Nino's Ten East,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the taproom, a handsome nook in a handsome restaurant, there's reasonably cheerful piano by Jules Kuti from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **Carlton House,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): The bar, the sort of place where you'd expect millionaire clubmen to pop up (or whatever millionaire clubmen do), has Peter Walters rattling away at the piano, from five-thirty to eight, and again from nine to twelve-thirty, every day but Sunday.



SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Blue Angel, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Dorothy Loudon, to whom Tin Pan Alley's sentimentalities are just a string of red rags, never fires a shot except in anger; Anita Ellis, a songbird straight from Heaven's gate, is a young lady replete with pride, passion, tenderness, and sweet sorrow. Their silent partners are George Matson, a native pantomimist whose commentary on the passing scene is all the more vivid for being unspoken, and Georges LaFaye's Parisian puppets, who would make enchanting household pets. The puppets will go scampering away on Wednesday, April 16; Roy Benson, a dry sort of wit, will probably succeed them. The agile outfielders are the Jimmy Lyons trio and the piano of Bart Howard. . . . ¶ In the front room, Alex Fogarty strokes his sociable piano for a boy-and-girl clientele at cocktail and dinner time every day but Sunday. Nightly, except Saturdays, there's a rantipole session by the Lyons group from 2 to 4 A.M. . . . **Downstairs Room,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): The fine art of sardonic writing and the fine art of sardonic acting welded together in a joint show. The actors: Ronny Graham, Ceil Cabot, Ellen Hanley, Gerry Matthews, and Jean Arnold. The writers: Mr. Graham, Michael Brown, Sheldon Harnick, Steven Vinaver, Bart Howard, and Bud Redding. The curator of this enterprise is Julius Monk, who knows all there is to know about putting on a revue;

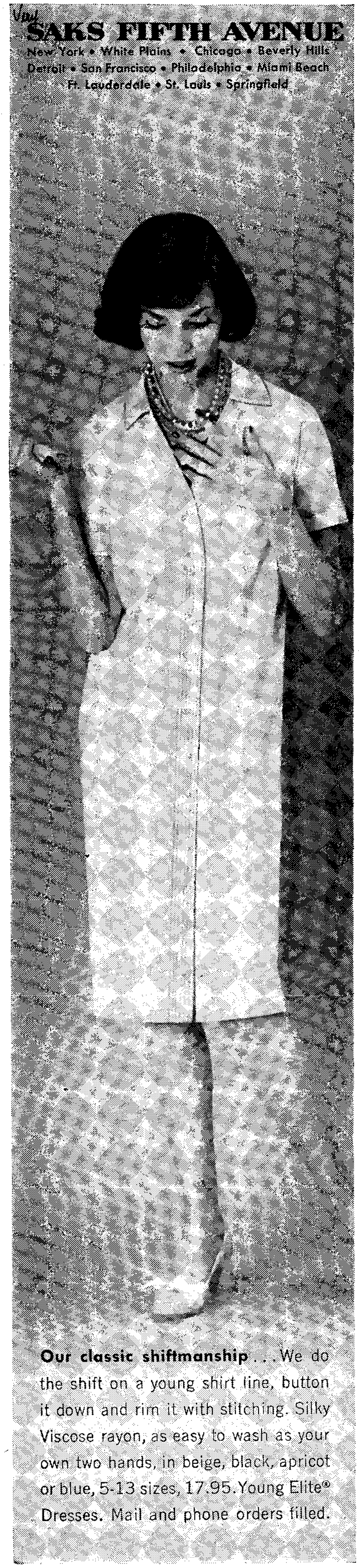


Jeane Scott®
wears William Rose silk linen
with a fence neckline.
Black, dark green or aqua.
Sizes 5 to 15. About $50.*
LORD & TAYLOR exclusively in New York.
And at other fine stores everywhere.
By Margot, 498 Seventh Avenue, New York 18.

Photographed at The Carlton House, New York City

*SLIGHTLY HIGHER ON WEST COAST

JEANE SCOTT LEAVES FOR SUNDAY BRUNCH


SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
New York • White Plains • Chicago • Beverly Hills
Detroit • San Francisco • Philadelphia • Miami Beach
Ft. Lauderdale • St. Louis • Springfield

Our classic shiftmanship ... We do the shift on a young shirt line, button it down and rim it with stitching. Silky Viscose rayon, as easy to wash as your own two hands, in beige, black, apricot or blue, 5-13 sizes, 17.95. Young Elite® Dresses. Mail and phone orders filled.

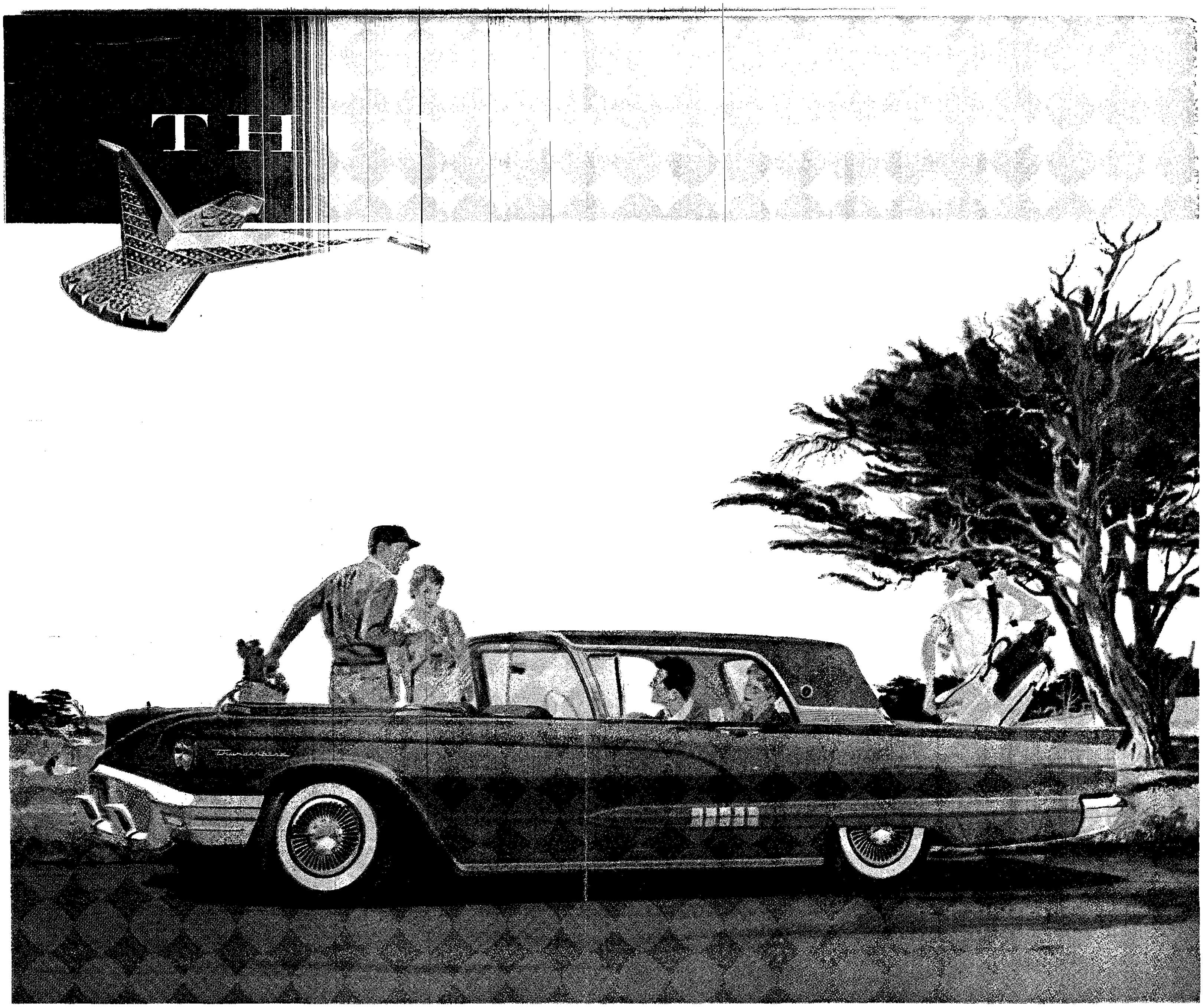
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the pit band is the twin pianos of Stan Keen and Gordon Connell; tee-off times are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Mr. Monk's second habitat, and more salon than anything else. The Norman Paris trio, which involves Justin Arndt and Frank Cerchia as sidemen, is the new music in a seventeen-jewel setting; Warren Vaughn's piano is gay and irresponsible. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Roger Price will be taking his lecture course on how to build your own psychosis away as of Sunday, April 13, but terminal leave has not yet been granted to the quartet of Thelonious Monk, because of whom jazz will never again be quite the same. This forward-looking iconoclast, seated at the piano, is surrounded by Shadow Wilson on drums, John Coltrane on tenor sax, and Ahmid Abdul Malik on bass. Sunday afternoons, there's also a matinée at four. Closed Mondays.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): A night to remember—Phil Leeds, a wit who treads ever so lightly, is thinking out loud late at night; Sylvia Syms, the diva with the bullfrog voice, is playing leapfrog with her lyrics; Jorie Remus, a philosopher with a seemingly alive stole and two dozen chips on her shoulders, is crying havoc. Other happy contributions are Jimmie Daniels' fancy ballads and the demented ditties of Tiger Haynes and the Three Flames, who also make music, or an acceptable facsimile. Closed Mondays.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Phyllis Diller, a girl with a song in her heart and an addle in her pate, is running the humor department in the small bar; Dean Sheldon just sings. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, those familiar faces, never stray far from their twin pianos. Sundays, there are silent movies and no Diller; Mondays, there are amateur acts and no Sheldon. ... **DOWN IN THE DEPTHS,** 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (MU 6-0300): The minute revue that occupies the mushroom cellar of the Hotel Duane has been paved with good intentions, but further building material is needed. The best of a young cast are Jean Shepherd, who serves in lieu of subtitles, and two girl urchins named Mary Harmon and Dottie Love. Closed Sundays.... **THE BAQ ROOM,** 1362 Sixth Ave. at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): To the rear, march, when you get inside the Midtown Café, and you'll enter a modest conversation piece in which dwell Janice Mars, a crystal-clear and unmannered singer of songs of passion and songs of dalliance, and Baldwin Bergerson, composer of the same genre, as well as pianist of the evening. They stay home Sundays.... **LE CUPIDON,** 40 E. 58th St. (PL 5-4842): On Tuesday, April 15, the return of Belgium's most famous native, Monique Van Vooren, an Aphrodite with modern airs (such as Cole Porter's) and graces, not to mention a flash or two of wit. Her *mise en scène* is a blend of Miami and Las Vegas. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Two survivors of the classic Summa Cum Laude band are pitted in fraternal fracas every night but Sunday. One is Eddie Condon, supported by Rex Stewart, George Wettling, Gene Schroeder, Cutty Cutshall, Leonard Gaskin, and Herb Hall. The other is Bud Freeman, operating an exultant saxophone and a trio that includes Mousie Alexander. The bone of contention is the virtues of Dixie-style, Chicago-style, and Manhattan-style jazz.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Sturdy old troupers, such as Sidney de Paris, Wilbur de Paris, Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, and Wilber Kirk, are clattering away in an effort to prove that the old way of doing things is the best way. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Mondays.... **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): At the back end of this little school of modern thought, the trios of Bernard Peiffer, a pianist whose bright-eyed devices stretch even the elastic framework of latter-day music to its limits, and Tal Farlow, an electrician who has wired his guitar for sound of a highly individualist nature, are in residence. The Farlow group is light and airy when its Eddie Costa is on vibes, deep and strident when he's on piano. The Peiffers are on leave Sundays, the Farlows Mondays. Their night starts at nine.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The Billy Maxted band is at home on this range, which has a distinctly Southern exposure. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. ... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): A stadium filled with spectator sportsmen of fierce intensity. On the podium right now is Maynard Ferguson's orchestra, occasionally breaking out in a rash of screaming meemies, and the much more relaxed Les Jazz Modes quintet. The quintet clears out on Wednesday, April 16; the Sonny Rollins trio will come aboard the night after. The regulars are on leave Mondays, which are visitors' nights.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Don Shirley, a pianist who can be all things (Bach, Bartók, Gershwin, et al.) to all men, and his new trio (two bassists) are off and running, or even flying, on the oval track that circles the bar. Edna Corbett, a sturdy, trustworthy girl, is the intermission pianist. Zero hour is nine-thirty, and there is no action Mondays.... **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Battledore and shuttlecock, without regard for the rules of Hoyle, is offered by such aged-in-the-vat minstrels as Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Roy Eldridge, Cozy Cole, Buster Bailey, Marty Napoleon, Tony Parenti, Claude Hopkins, and Vic Dickenson. The cannonade is just about continuous from 3 P.M. to 3 A.M. Mondays through Fridays. Saturdays and Sundays, from 1:30 P.M. on, the Messrs. Parenti, Napoleon, and Eldridge hold a group discussion with Zutty Singleton, Coleman Hawkins, Pee Wee Erwin, Charlie Shavers, and Russell Moore. Very warm, all in all, even for Dixie.... **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Youth therapy, performed loud, hot, and offhand. The establishment, a weekend operation, will present on Friday and Saturday, April 11-12, a thundering herd in which Wild Bill Davison, Willie the Lion Smith, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Johnny Windhurst, Dick Wellstood, Freddie Moore, and Panama Francis should be prominent.... **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): More an open forum than a listening post nowadays. The professional portion of the noise comes from the trios of Marian McPartland and Buddy Greco, whose music is always up to par and up to the minute. They sign off on Saturday, April 12; on Monday, April 14, a quartet led by Bobby Hackett, whose cornet has a sterling-silver lining, and a trio led by Eddie Heywood, a middle-of-the-roader but no slowpoke, will arrive. Sundays are catch-as-catch-can bouts between extra hands. There's also cocktail and dinner piano every evening.... **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): Easy come, easy go is the rule of thumb here. The current timetable, which may or may not be worth the paper it's printed on, calls for Jimmy Giuffre's trio (Bob Brookmeyer helps this one a lot), whose message is in general a resignation from the world and its temptations, plus the Wilber Ware threesome. The music is all younger-generation, some of it still damp behind the ears. Sundays are early days, from five until midnight. Closed Tuesdays.... **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Lee Konitz and three cronies, one of them the guitarist Billy Bauer, are at work in this monument to progress. Sundays, the hours are four to ten; Mondays, the room is dark.... **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Greenwich Village of "The Iceman Cometh" period and décor, but full of questing youth and, for that matter, questing jazz, which is now in the hands of Pepper Adams, a recent *Down Beat* Award saxophonist, and his quintet, which includes Donald Byrd. In addition, as of Thursday, April 17, the quality of Kenneth Rexroth's verse, decanted by the poet himself, will be strained through a jazz background. Mondays are assigned to musicians on the extra board.... **GOTHIC ROOM,** 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-2782): An almost forgotten form of dance music from the rocks and rills of an earlier America resounds happily as Max Kaminsky's sextet, which also embodies Dick Cary, Charlie Queener, Bob Wilber, Joe Benjamin, and Bobby Donaldson, sets to work, at ten



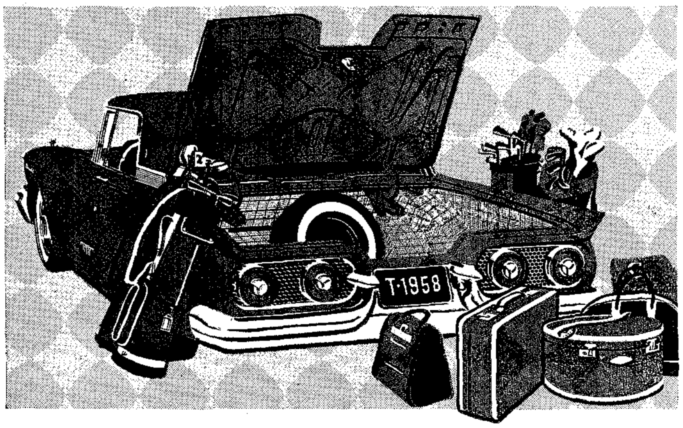
New Ford Thunderbird seats a foursome —in lap-of-luxury comfort!

Step into the new Ford Thunderbird and you're in an enchanted land! For this jewel of a car is pure Thunderbird in line and design—and it gives four fortunate people full fine-car room, comfort and luxury!

Thunderbird's new 300 horsepower, 352 Special V-8 barely whispers. A touch of your toe—and away you go into Thunderbird country. (Wherever you find people of spirit and taste—that's Thunderbird country!)

Here is the neatest, sweetest driving car that ever enlivened the American scene. It handles, corners, climbs and parks as only a Thunderbird can. Thunderbird compactness, roadability, performance . . . now you get all this *and more*—for four! The new Thunderbird has winning ways that will be a revelation to even the most ardent T-bird enthusiasts—and they come pretty ardent!

Your Ford dealer invites you to see this most exciting car. It is, happily, priced *far* below other luxury cars!



Completely new Thunderbird trunk compartment gives you over 20 cubic feet of space! It takes four full-size suitcases, golf bags, other gear. Where does all the room come from? Thunderbird's remarkable *single unit,* one-solid-piece construction!

AMERICA'S MOST INDIVIDUAL CAR

COFFIN

HELANCA *for slink or swim—Helanca tanksuits by Jantzen*

©Heberlein Patent Corp. 350 Fifth Avenue New York 1

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

in the evening, beside a parquet of cozy dimensions. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Josef Albers—A seventieth-birthday showing of recent oils, vigorously vibrant in color; through Saturday, April 19. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Leonard Baskin—Drawings; through Saturday, April 19. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Renato Birolli—Abstract oils; through May 3. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

Louis Bouché—Warm and sunny landscapes and other studies, in one of his best shows to date; through Saturday, April 19. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Byron Browne—Semiabstract paintings; through Saturday, April 12. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Fritz Bultman—Abstract Expressionist paintings, unusually fluent in pattern, in his first exhibition in five years; through Saturday, April 12. (Stable, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.)

Charles Cajori—Full-bodied, high-colored Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, April 12. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Giuseppe Capogrossi—The first one-man show in America of one of the major contemporary Italian abstractionists; through April 26. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

Norman Carton—Abstractions, strong in color if a little loose in design; through April 26. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Marc Chagall—A loan show of paintings; through April 26. (Chalette, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

Robert Conover—Abstract paintings, done in broad interlacing patterns; through Saturday, April 12. (Zabriskie, 32 E. 65th St.)

Agenore Fabbri—Bronze sculptures, medieval in their suggestion, by a contemporary Italian. First one-man show in New York; through April 26. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Lyonel Feininger—Water colors (1939-53); through Saturday, April 12. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

Renato Guttuso—A joint exhibition of paintings and drawings by this Italian social realist; through April 28. (Heller—weekdays, 11 to 6—and A.C.A., both at 63 E. 57th St.)

Eliot Hodgkin—Meticulously detailed still-life paintings, by a contemporary British artist; through Saturday, April 19. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Alexandre Istrati—Large abstract oils by a contemporary French painter; through Saturday, April 19. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Alexej and Andreas von Jawlensky—Oils by the early German Expressionist and by his son Andreas; through May 10. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

Luise Kaish—New sculptures, mostly on Biblical subjects; through Friday, April 11. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

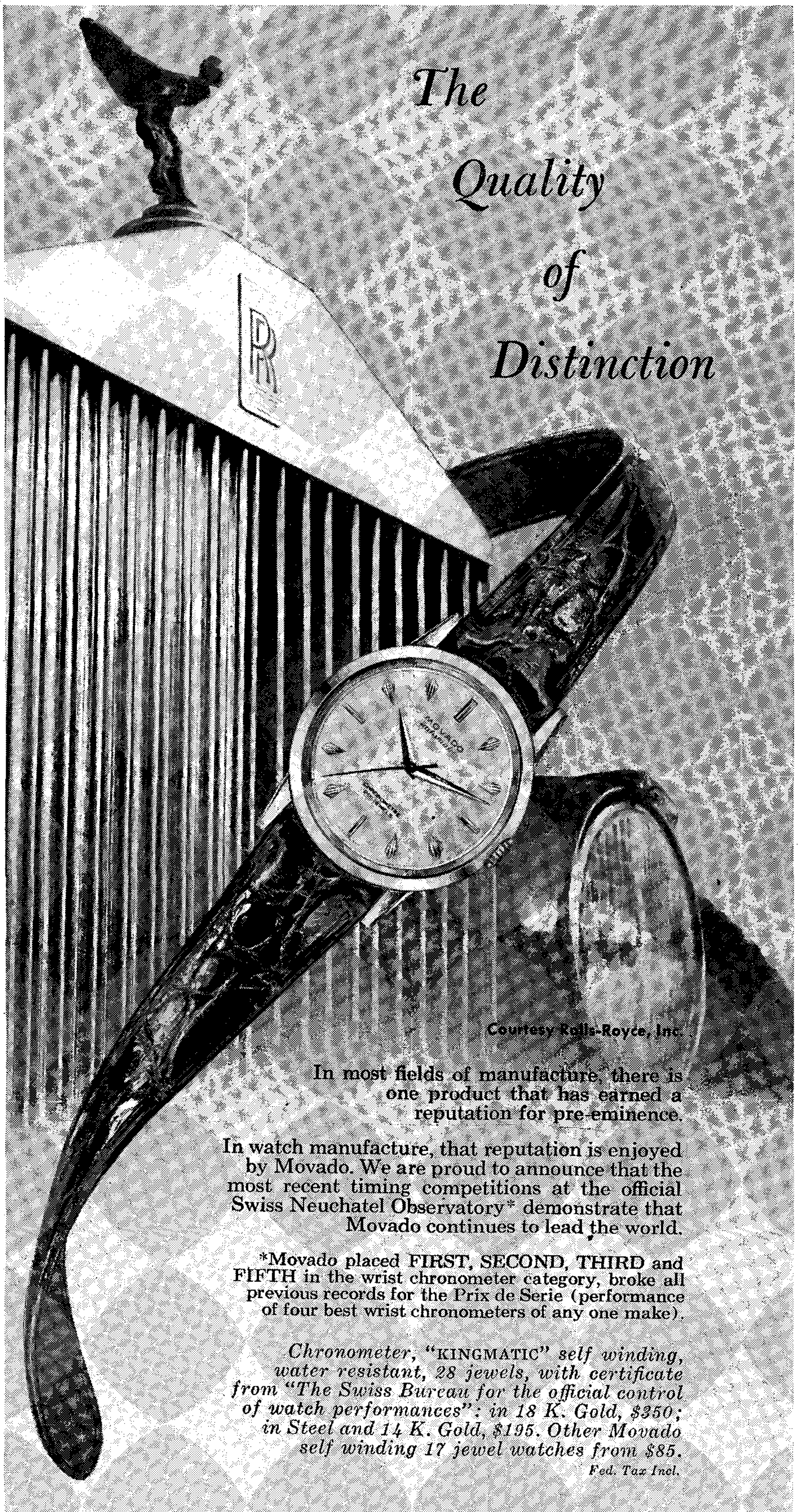
Dong Kingman—Water colors (of Hong Kong, Rome, Paris, and London), full of playful, intricate detail, as usual; through Saturday, April 12. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

Robert Knipschild—Abstract Impressionist paintings, in oil, encaustic, and gouache; through Saturday, April 12. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Ibram Lassaw—Welded-metal abstractions; through Saturday, April 19. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.)

Sidney Laufman—New oils, including a number of landscapes; through Saturday, April 19. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

René Magritte—Oils by a Belgian Surrealist;



The Quality of Distinction

Courtesy Rolls-Royce, Inc.

In most fields of manufacture, there is one product that has earned a reputation for pre-eminence.

In watch manufacture, that reputation is enjoyed by Movado. We are proud to announce that the most recent timing competitions at the official Swiss Neuchatel Observatory* demonstrate that Movado continues to lead the world.

*Movado placed FIRST, SECOND, THIRD and FIFTH in the wrist chronometer category, broke all previous records for the Prix de Serie (performance of four best wrist chronometers of any one make).

Chronometer, "KINGMATIC" self winding, water resistant, 28 jewels, with certificate from "The Swiss Bureau for the official control of watch performances": in 18 K. Gold, $350; in Steel and 14 K. Gold, $195. Other Movado self winding 17 jewel watches from $85.

Fed. Tax Incl.

for those whose moments are precious

MOVADO

Sold and serviced by leading jewelers all over the world.
For jeweler nearest you, write: MOVADO, 610 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
In Canada: 44 King St. West, Toronto

De Pinna

OCCASIONS-UNLIMITED

New dash about-town...this slim, uncluttered elegance to wear by night or day. Easy to care for, too, our cool spun rayon sheath washes, needs only touch-up ironing (if any). Black, sand, frost green or blue. Sizes 7-15. 15.95

YOUNG MODERNS,
FOURTH FLOOR

Mail and telephone orders invited, MU 8-2000
Please add 35c postage outside usual delivery area

FIFTH AVE. AT 52nd ST., N. Y.
FT. LAUDERDALE • MIAMI BEACH

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturday, April 19. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

Gerhard Marcks—Recent bronzes, suavely stylized, by this contemporary German sculptor; through Saturday, April 19. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St.)

Paula Modersohn-Becker—Works by a forerunner of the German Expressionist movement. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, April 19. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.)

George Papashvily—Scuptures in stone; through Saturday, April 12. (Washington Irving Gallery, Irving Pl. at 17th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

Edouard Pignon—Semiabstract oils and water colors by a top-ranking member of the Paris school. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, April 12. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Pierre Auguste Renoir—A loan exhibition of paintings and sculptures by the French Impressionist. For the benefit of the Citizens' Committee for Children of New York City; through May 10. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Ralph Rosenborg—Paintings; through April 26. (Barone, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

David Sawin—Pleasantly stylized still-lifes and landscapes; through Saturday, April 12. (Zabriskie, 32 E. 65th St.)

Charles Shaw—Abstract paintings (1957-58); through May 3. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

Charles Sheeler—New paintings; through Saturday, April 19. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

Theodoros Stamos—Non-objective oils; through April 30. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

James Sterling—Sweepingly Expressionist landscapes and figure studies; through Saturday, April 19. (Duveen-Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Still-Lifes—Examples from various schools and periods by European and American artists, including Eugène Boudin, Frans Snyders, Jan van Huysum, Paul Cézanne, William M. Harnett, and Joseph Stella; through Saturday, April 19. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

American Watercolor Society—The ninety-first annual exhibition of water colors, gouaches, caseins, and pastels; through April 20. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 6.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **salpeter**, 42 E. 57th St.: Oils and other works by Joseph Stella, Leo Quanchi, and August Mosca; through Saturday, April 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.). . . **white**, 42 E. 57th St.: Sculptures by Jacques Lipchitz, Laszlo Moholy-Nagy, Robert I. Russin, and others; through April 26. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, mostly by Picasso and Braque, together with sculptures by Fred Farr, Oronzio Maldarelli, and others; through April 26. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Europeans; Group Show—Paintings by, among others, Vlaminck, Chagall, and Buffet, and sculptures by Archipenko, Marini, and Cappello; through April 26. (Hervé, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.)

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the **alan**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Group show; starting Monday, April 14. . . . **midtown**, 17 E. 57th St.: William Thon; starting Tuesday, April 15. . . . **nordness**, 700 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: Karl Zerbe; starting Tuesday, April 15. . . . **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings from the Adelaide Milton de Groot collection; starting Tuesday, April 15. For the benefit of the League for Emotionally Disturbed Children. . . . **salpeter**, 42 E. 57th St.: Noel Davis; starting Monday, April 14. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.). . . **bertha schaefer**, 32 E. 57th St.: Group show; starting Monday, April 14. . . . **sculpture center**, 167 E. 69th St.: Dorothea Greenbaum; starting Monday, April 14. (Weekdays, 11 to 5.). . . **willard**, 23 W. 56th St.: Ezio Martinelli; starting Tuesday, April 15. . . . **zabriskie**, 32 E. 65th St.: Joseph Stella; starting Tuesday, April 15.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—No special art exhibitions right now; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings and drawings by the French Neo-Impressionist Georges Seurat; through May 11. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the Cubist works (paintings, gouaches, drawings, and prints) of Juan Gris; through June 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The eleventh national print exhibition; starting Tuesday, April 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper Union Museum, Cooper Sq. at 7th St.—The first full-scale showing of Picasso's ceramics in New York; through May 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 7 E. 72nd St.—Alicia Penalba, Shindo Tsuji, Etienne Hajdu, and four other abstract sculptors are participants in an international sculpture-and-drawing exhibit; through April 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Paintings, enamels, and mosaics by Anna Walinska, Edith Bry, and others of the Manhattan Group; through April 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A display of the work of the late Robert Edmond Jones, consisting of a hundred and thirty original stage and costume designs for plays, operas, ballets, musical comedies, and motion pictures; through April 20. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of the season—Thursday, April 10, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Antonietta Stella, Margaret Roggero, Carlo Bergonzi, and Frank Guarrera. (A non-subscription performance.). . . ¶ Friday, April 11, at 8: "Carmen," with Jean Madeira, Lucine Amara, Kurt Baum, and George London. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 2:15: "Samson et Dalila," with Risë Stevens, Mario Del Monaco, Martial Singher, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Lily Pons, Thelma Votipka, Jan Peerce, and Mario Zanasi.

New York City Opera Company—Thursday, April 10, at 8: "Lost in the Stars.". . . ¶ Friday, April 11, at 8:15: "The Ballad of Baby Doe.". . . ¶ Saturday, April 12, at 8:15: "Tale for a Deaf Ear" and "Trouble in Tahiti.". . . ¶ Sunday, April 13, at 8: The New York première of Vittorio Giannini's "The Taming of the Shrew," with a book by Dorothy Fee. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 17, at 8: "Regina.". . . ¶ Friday, April 18, at 8:15: "Tale for a Deaf Ear" and "Trouble in Tahiti.". . . ¶ Saturday, April 19, at 8:15: "The Taming of the Shrew." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, May 4.)

Mannes College of Music—The Mannes College Opera Workshop and Orchestra will present three one-act operas—the premières of Ned Rorem's "The Robbers" and Vittorio Rieti's "The Pet Shop," which has a libretto by Claire Nicolas, plus a revival of Georg Philipp Telemann's "Pimpinone." Carl Bamberger is the musical director and Ralph Herbert the stage director. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Monday, April 14, and Thursday, April 17, at 8:40.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, April 10, at 8:45, and Friday, April 11, at 2:30 (no soloists); Saturday, April 12, at 8:45, and Sunday, April 13, at 3 (both with John Corigliano, violin); and Thursday, April 17, at 8:45, and Friday, April 18, at 2:30 (both with Artur Rubinstein, piano).

Columbia University Orchestra—Emerson Buckley conducting. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, April 12, at 8:30. For free tickets, call UN 5-4000, Ext. 2081.)

American Symphony of New York—Enrico Leide and Maurice Nobleman conducting, with Howard Aibel, piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, April 18, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Helvetia Maennerchor—A Swiss male chorus, directed by Paul Isler. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 11, at 8:30.)

New Haven Chorale—Donald G. Loach directing, with an instrumental ensemble. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, April 12, at 8:30.)

Renaissance Chorus of New York—Harold Brown directing. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, April 12, at 8:40.)

Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—George Mead directing. (Town Hall. Friday, April 18, at 8:30.)

Schola Cantorum of Hobart and William Smith Colleges—Lindsey Lafford directing. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 19, at 2:40.)

Columbia University Glee Club—Bailey Harvey directing. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 19, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Rudolf Serkin—Piano, with members of the Philadelphia Woodwind Quintet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, April 10, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—The last concert in the series, this one by the Kroll String Quartet, with David Glazer, clarinet. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, April 11, at 8:30. For tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, from 3 to 7.)

Irmgard Seefried and Wolfgang Schneiderhan—Soprano and violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, April 12, at 8:30.)

Mac Morgan—Baritone. (Town Hall. Sunday, April 13, at 2:30.)

Karl and Phyllis Kraeuter—Violin and cello, with Samuel Baron, flute. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, April 13, at 5:30.)

Music in Our Time: 1900-58—The sixth in a series of eight concerts, each followed by a discussion period, generally with several composers present. This one will involve, among others, Max Pollikoff and Isidore Cohen, violin; Robert Bloom, oboe; and composers David Epstein and Vladimir Ussachevsky. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, April 13, at 5:30.)

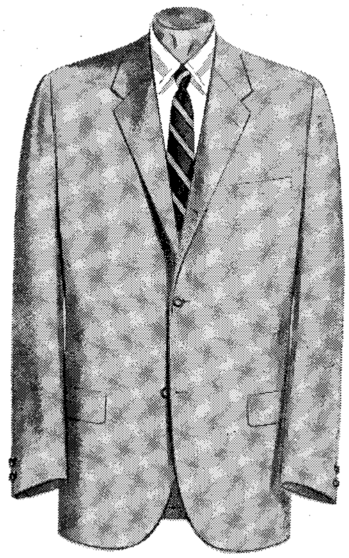
Nathan Milstein—Violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, April 15, at 8:30.)

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—A program of music by a number of composers, among them Samuel Adler and Herbert Elwell, performed by Mildred Hunt Wummer, flute; Eugenie Dengel, viola; Leander Dell'Anno, piano; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, April 19, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Michael Rabin—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 19, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MISCELLANY

Benefit Concerts—"Shakespeare in Music," a program by the Symphony of the Air, conducted by Alfredo Silipigni, with Gloria Lind, soprano; Albert Da Costa, tenor; and Louis Sgarro, bass. A benefit for the New York Shakespeare Festival. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 13, at 8:30.)... ¶ Licia Albanese and Victoria de los Angeles, sopranos; José and Amparo Iturbi, piano; Cornelia Otis Skinner, monologuist; and Leonard Warren, baritone. A benefit for the Valencia Flood Relief Fund. (Town Hall. Tuesday, April 15, at 8:30. For tickets, call RH 4-3472.)... ¶ The Liederkranz Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Angelo Consoli, and several choruses, directed by Alfred Heberer, with Carlotta Ordassy, soprano; George London, baritone; Norman Kelley, tenor; and William



ESTABLISHED 1818

THREE OUTSTANDING LIGHTWEIGHT SUITS
made on our own exclusive models
in a choice of good-looking materials

Here are three of the most attractive and practical Spring and Summer suits a man could own...made on our models of specially woven materials that are lightweight and most distinctive.

OUR OWN MAKE TROPICAL SUITS *in solids, dark pin stripes on tan or grey, and fancy patterns; many woven exclusively for us. Coat and trousers. English worsteds,* $110; *Dacron*-and-worsted,* $95

OUR DACRON, RAYON AND MOHAIR SUITS *for town wear that are washable, wrinkle-resistant, good-looking, and require no pressing after laundering. In solid shades and miniature pin checks. Coat and trousers,* $60

OUR BROOKSWEAVE® SUITS *of Dacron-and-cotton that require little or no pressing after laundering. Oxford grey, medium brown or navy. Coat and trousers,* $49.50

*Du Pont's fiber

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

346 MADISON AVENUE, COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N. Y.
BOSTON • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

Sterling... in the fashion of today.. for the traditions of tomorrow!
Left to right: Modern Victorian, Eloquence, Starfire.
Lunt
STERLING
"STERLING IS FOR NOW... AND FOR YOU."
For information, write: Lunt Sterling, Dept. Y-9, Greenfield, Massachusetts

Wilderman and Gerhard Pechner, basses. A benefit for the Isabella Home for the Aged and four other charities. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 19, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 7-8972.)

Anna Russell—Vocal caricaturist. (Town Hall. Thursday, April 10, at 8:30.)

Tom Lehrer—Satiric songs. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 18, at 8:40.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Philadelphia (exhibition game), Saturday, April 12, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Baltimore (first official league games here), Friday and Saturday, April 18-19, at 2.

Hunt Racing—My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. Saturday, April 12.) . . . ¶ Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 12, and Saturday, April 19.) . . . ¶ Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. Saturday, April 19.)

Indoor Polo—The last two games of the season. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Saturday, April 12, at 8:30.)

Racing—At **JAMAICA:** Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, May 10. The Experimental Handicap, Saturday, April 12, and the Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 19. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . **LAUREL**, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 3. The Chesapeake, Saturday, April 19.

Track—Boston Marathon. (Starts in Hopkinton, Mass. Saturday, April 19.)

Trapshooting—The Thomas H. Lawrence Memorial Shoot, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday, April 12, at 9:30 and noon, and Sunday, April 13, at 10.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Thursday, July 31. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Thursdays at 6:50; Fridays at 6:50 and 7:10; and Saturdays at 6:35 and 7:10.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **BLUE HILL TROUPE:** A performance, primarily for children, of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Pirates of Penzance" and Burnand and Sullivan's "Cox and Box." For the benefit of the Travelers Aid Society. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, April 12, at 2:30. For tickets, call BU 8-4712.) . . . **NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC:** Leonard Bernstein conducting the final children's concert of the season. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, April 19, at noon.) . . . **BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA:** Siegfried Landau conducting the final children's concert of the season. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 19, at 3.)

Plays—By the **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "Pinocchio." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Thursday, April 10, at 11.) . . . **CRICKET THEATRE:** "Sleeping Beauty," a musical play. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-9305. Thursday through Saturday, April 10-12, at 11, 1, and 3, and Sunday, April 13, at 11 and 12:30.) . . . **JUNIOR THEATRE:** "Hansel and Gretel." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday and Friday, April 10-11, at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.) . . . **KING-COIT CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "A Midsummer Night's Dream." (330 E. 56th St. MU 8-0166. Thursday, April 10; Sunday, April 13; Tuesday, April 15, and Friday, April 18, all at 5.) . . . **THEATRE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE:** "Taming of the Shrew," a musical play. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, April 12, at 11.)

Recital—Pete Seeger in a program of folk songs. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, April 12, at 2.)

Puppet Shows—The Folktale Puppet Studio—Three of Aesop's Fables. (Junior Museum Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, April 12, at 11.) . . . ¶ "The Rabbit and the Fox." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St.

Saturday, April 19, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under four not admitted.)

Variety Show—"Peter Rabbit," performed by the Peggy Bridge Marionettes, plus a clown, a magician, and other attractions. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 12, at 3.)

Children's Zoo—A brand new crop of lambs, ducks, piglets, kittens, rabbits, and such are on hand to be petted and admired by the little ones. (Bronx Zoo. Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to 4:30 and Sundays 10:30 to 5. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Age of Discovery—by Caravan and Caravel," equipped with maps, ship models, peephole and push-button displays, and objects from the Museum's collections of medieval, Renaissance, pre-Columbian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Time and the Stars," has to do with man's concept of time and his attempts to mark its passage by the movements of celestial objects. An additional feature, "Easter in the Heavens," concerning the astronomical background of Easter and Passover, will be shown through Monday, April 14. (Thursday and Friday, April 10-11, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30. Thereafter Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Movies—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, will be open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under daily, from 10 to 12, through Saturday, April 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The Economic and Social Council is scheduled to convene on Tuesday, April 15. In the meantime, there will be periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

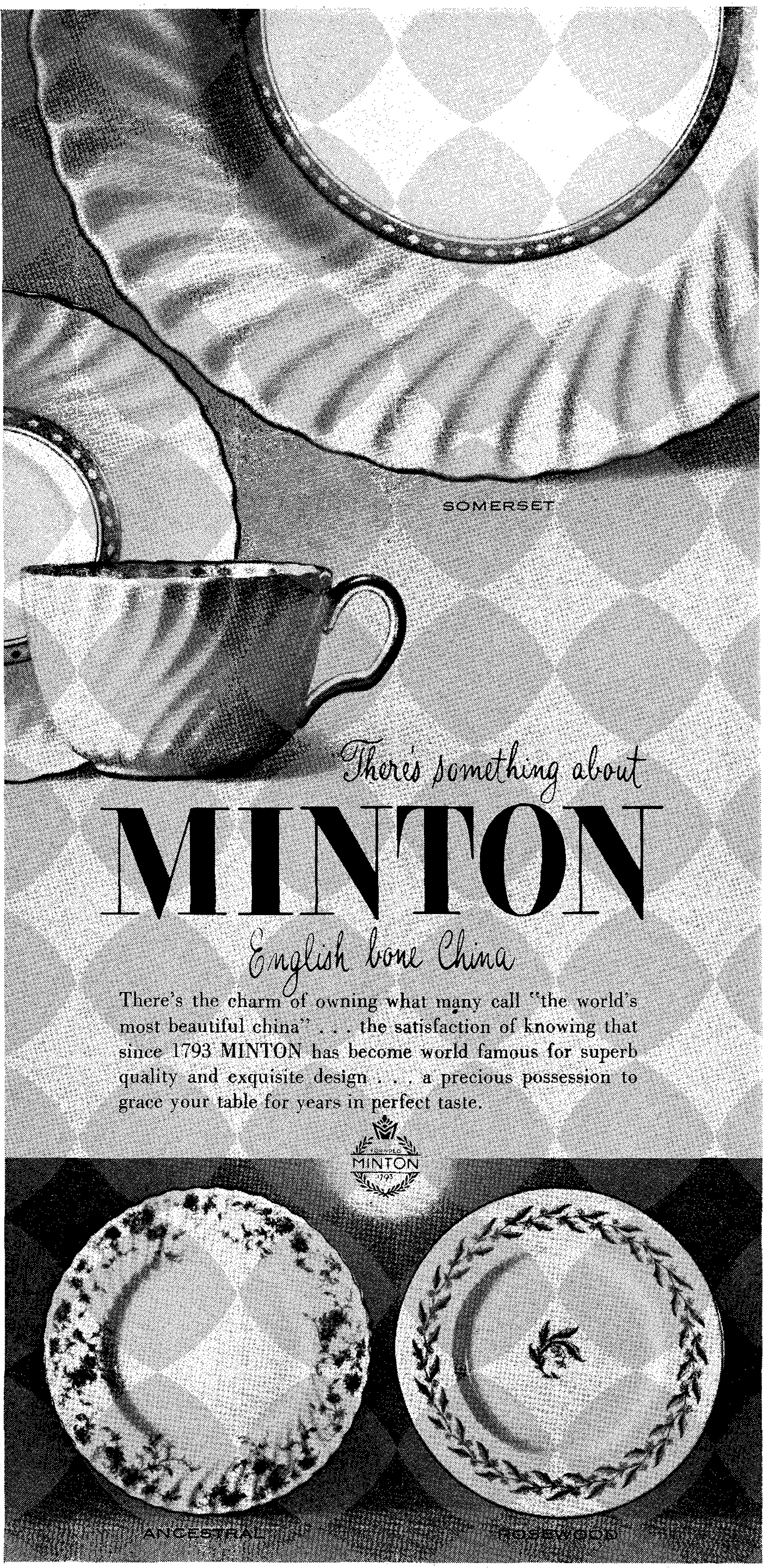
Poetry Readings—Robert Frost reading from his own poetry. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, April 19, at 8:40.)

International Automobile Show—A vast array of new cars, among them sports, economy, family, and luxury models, from manufacturers in the United States, England, France, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Italy, and Sweden. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Thursday through Saturday, April 10-12, from 11 to 11; Sunday, April 13, from 1 to 10.)

New York Antiques Fair—A couple of acres of antiques, American and European, ranging from furniture to knickknacks. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Monday through Saturday, April 14-19, from 1 to 11, and Sunday, April 20, from 2 to 7.)

America's Cup Races Exhibition—In anticipation of the revival of the America's Cup Races next fall, there are on view yacht models, paintings, prints, photographs, and other memorabilia of the racing series held between 1851 and 1937; through Oct. 5. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Manuscripts and Books—A collection of great literary classics. Included are a fragment of the Iliad, on papyrus; the earliest-known illustrated manuscript of Aesop's Fables; and first editions of Shakespeare, Cervantes, St. Augustine, and St. Francis of Assisi. Through May 29. (Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)



There's the charm of owning what many call "the world's most beautiful china" . . . the satisfaction of knowing that since 1793 MINTON has become world famous for superb quality and exquisite design . . . a precious possession to grace your table for years in perfect taste.

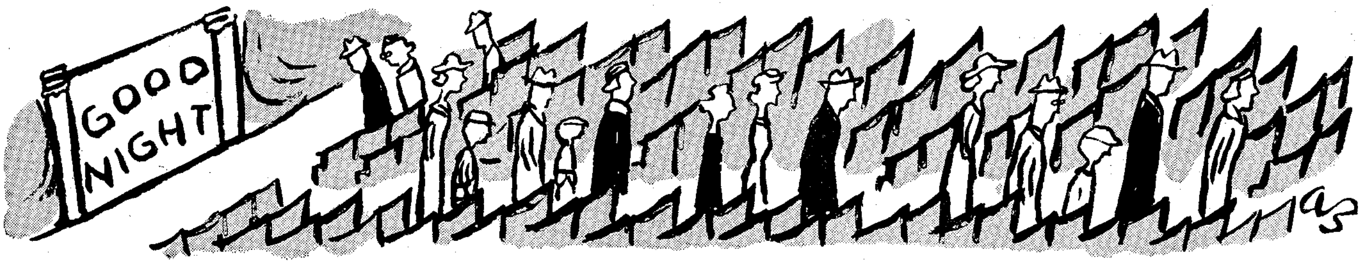
Write for the name of your nearest Minton dealer.
Send 10¢ for an illustrated booklet that tells the story of Minton.

MEAKIN & RIDGWAY, Inc. 129 Fifth Avenue, New York 3, N.Y.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



Around the World in 80 Days—A jolly, if protracted, tour of the globe. Based on the fantasy by Jules Verne, the film roams from continent to continent, picking up lots of funny stuff in transit. There is a tremendous cast, topped by David Niven, and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Thursday through Saturday, April 10-12, at 10:30, 2:30, and 8:30; Sunday, April 13, at 2:30 and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, April 14-15, at 8:30; and Wednesday, April 16, at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Bridge on the River Kwai—There's plenty of variety in this entertaining description of life among a group of British soldiers captured by the Japanese during the Second World War and led by a colonel who is not too well in the head. The film includes everything from satire to high adventure, and the cast, headed by Alec Guinness, William Holden, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa, performs valiantly under the direction of David Lean. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Thursday through Saturday, April 10-12, at 10:15, 2:30, and 8:30; Sunday, April 13, at 2:30 and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, April 14-15, at 8:30; and Wednesday, April 16, at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Gervaise—Maria Schell gives a superb performance in this French adaptation of a Zola novel revealing the horrendously seamy side of life in France during the Second Empire. Also with François Périer, Armand Mestral, and Suzy Delair. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Sayonara—Marlon Brando plays a heavily accented Air Force major from the South who, while on leave in Kobe during the Korean War, suddenly goes wild about a well-constructed Japanese hoofer (Miiko Taka) and gets chock-full of racial tolerance. Puccini handled the theme much more resourcefully, but, even so, the film is diverting. Directed by Joshua Logan. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting April 16, tentative.)

The Ten Commandments—Cecil B. deMille's spectacular account of the life and times of Moses makes the Biblical story look pretty stark. Wandering among the assorted cooch dancers, Pharaohs, prophets, et al., we have Charlton Heston, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Yul Brynner, and Anne Baxter. (Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; and Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190. Thursday through Saturday, April 10-12, at 9:30, 2:30, and 8, and Sunday through Wednesday, April 13-16, at 2 and 8.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				10	11	12
13	14	15	16			

Witness for the Prosecution—A tricky and absorbing melodrama, adapted by Billy Wilder and Harry Kurnitz from a play by Agatha Christie, in which a young man accused of murdering an old lady who has befriended him is defended by his barrister with the utmost verve. Charles Laughton has something of an actor's field day as the barrister, and Tyrone Power, as the defendant, and Marlene Dietrich, as his wife, manage to make themselves heard over Mr. Laughton's impressive clamor. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

REVIVALS

Annie Get Your Gun (1950)—Betty Hutton in the Irving Berlin musical. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; April 11-12.)

Bad Day at Black Rock (1955)—Spencer Tracy as a mysterious stranger who visits a California cowtown and throws the place into the jitters. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; April 13-14.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; April 15-16.)

The Country Girl (1954)—A movie version of Clifford Odets' drama about a broken-down actor who is hauled out of the abyss by his wife and a stage director. Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, and William Holden. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; April 13-15.)

Gulliver's Travels (1939)—Max Fleischer's full-length cartoon. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through the afternoon of April 11. . . . ¶ Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through April 13.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier in Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through April 13. Daily at 1, 4, 7, and 10, and Sunday at 1, 4, 7, and 10.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; April 15-16.)

Last Holiday (1950)—Alec Guinness as a presumably doomed salesman having his final fling at a fancy watering place. A British picture. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting April 16.)

Marcelino (1956)—A Spanish film about the life of a small orphan who is being reared by a group of kindly monks. Pablito Calvo plays the waif. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Viva Zapata! (1952)—Marlon Brando, Anthony Quinn, and upheaval in Mexico. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; April 13-15.)

We Are All Murderers (1957)—Raymond Pellegrin and Marcel Mouloudji in a French film that inveighs against capital punishment. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting April 16.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through April 12, showings at 3 and 5:30 (extra performance Thursday evening at 8): "The Snake Pit" (1948), with Olivia de Havilland. . . . ¶ April 13-16, showings at 3: "The Best Years of Our Lives" (1947), with Fredric March and Myrna Loy. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 of the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Teacher's Pet," Clark Gable, Doris Day.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. (Thursday through Saturday, April 10-12, at 10, 2:30, and 8:30; Sunday, April 13, at 2:30 and 7:30; Monday and Tuesday, April 14-15, at 8:30; and Wednesday, April 16, at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Long, Hot Summer," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Merry Andrew," Danny Kaye, Pier Angeli.

Odeon, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Desire Under the Elms," Sophia Loren, Anthony Perkins.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Young Lions," Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift, Dean Martin.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Windjammer," the first Cinemiracle production. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Thursday through Sunday, April 10-13, and Wednesday, April 16, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
April 10: "Saddle the Wind," Robert Taylor, John Cassavetes.
From April 11: "St. Louis Blues," Nat King Cole, Eartha Kitt.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Run Silent, Run Deep," Clark Gable, Burt Lancaster.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Search for Paradise," the fourth Cinerama production. (Thursday through Sunday, April 10-13, at 2:40 and 8:40; Monday and Tuesday, April 14-15, at 8:40; and Wednesday, April 16, at 2:40 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The Bride Is Much Too Beautiful" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Louis Jourdan.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through April 15 (tentative): "Razzia" (in French), Jean Gabin, Magali Noel.
From April 16: To be announced.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
"A Farewell to Arms," Rock Hudson, Jennifer Jones.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 15 (tentative): "Razzia" (in French), Jean Gabin, Magali Noel; and "Albert Schweitzer," revival, a documentary film narrated by Fredric March and Burgess Meredith.
From April 16 (tentative): "The Three Faces of Eve," Joanne Woodward, David Wayne; and "No Down Payment," Joanne Woodward, Sheree North.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through April 11 (last showing at about 3): **GULLIVER'S TRAVELS,** revival; and "Susannah of the Mounties," revival, Shirley Temple.
April 11 (starting at 5) through April 15: "Cowboy," Glenn Ford, Jack Lemmon; and "Crash Landing," Gary Merrill, Nancy Davis.
From April 16: "The Brothers Karamazov," Yul Brynner, Maria Schell; and "The Tall Stranger," Joel McCrea, Virginia Mayo.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Rouge et Noir" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Desire Under the Elms," Sophia Loren, Anthony Perkins.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"A Farewell to Arms," Rock Hudson, Jennifer Jones.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Long, Hot Summer," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"The Ladykillers," revival, Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker; and "To Paris with Love," revival, Alec Guinness, Odile Versois.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through April 15 (tentative): "Razzia" (in French), Jean Gabin, Magali Noel; and "Albert Schweitzer," revival, a documentary film narrated by Fredric March and Burgess Meredith.
From April 16 (tentative): "The Three Faces of Eve," Joanne Woodward, David Wayne; and "No Down Payment," Joanne Woodward, Sheree North.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through April 16: "Wild is the Wind," Anna Magnani, Anthony Quinn.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through April 15 (tentative): "The Three Faces of Eve," Joanne Woodward, David Wayne.
From April 16: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
To be announced.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"A Farewell to Arms," Rock Hudson, Jennifer Jones.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through April 11 (last showing at about 3): **GULLIVER'S TRAVELS,** revival; and "Susannah of the Mounties," revival, Shirley Temple.
April 11 (starting at 5) through April 15: "Cowboy," Glenn Ford, Jack Lemmon; and "Crash Landing," Gary Merrill, Nancy Davis.
From April 16: "The Brothers Karamazov," Yul Brynner, Maria Schell; and "The Tall Stranger," Joel McCrea, Virginia Mayo.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
April 10: "Seven Hills of Rome," Mario Lanza, Marisa Allasio; and "The Safecracker," Ray Milland.
April 11-13: "Raintree County," Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor.
April 14-15: "The Gift of Love," Lauren Bacall, Robert Stack; and "I Accuse!," José Ferrer.
From April 16: "Nights of Cabiria" (in Italian), Giulietta Masina, François Périer; and "Aïda" (in Italian and English), revival, Sophia Loren, Lois Maxwell.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through April 15 (tentative): "The Three Faces of Eve," Joanne Woodward, David Wayne; and "No Down Payment," Joanne Woodward, Sheree North.
From April 16 (tentative): **SAYONARA.**

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
GERVAISE (in French).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through April 11 (last showing at about 3): **GULLIVER'S TRAVELS,** revival; and "Susannah of the Mounties," revival, Shirley Temple.
April 11 (starting at 5) through April 15: "Cowboy," Glenn Ford, Jack Lemmon; and "Crash Landing," Gary Merrill, Nancy Davis.
From April 16: "The Brothers Karamazov," Yul Brynner, Maria Schell; and "The Tall Stranger," Joel McCrea, Virginia Mayo.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through April 12: "Times Gone By" (in Italian), revival, Vittorio De Sica, Gina Lollobrigida; and "Hobson's Choice," revival, Charles Laughton, John Mills.
April 13-15: **VIVA ZAPATA!,** revival; and **THE COUNTRY GIRL,** revival.
From April 16: **WE ARE ALL MURDERERS** (in French), revival; and **LAST HOLIDAY,** revival.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
"A Farewell to Arms," Rock Hudson, Jennifer Jones.

TERRACE, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
April 10: "Knights of the Round Table," revival, Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner; and "Back to Bataan," revival, John Wayne.
April 11-12: **ANNIE GET YOUR GUN,** revival; and "The Court Jester," revival, Danny Kaye, Glynis Johns.
April 13-14: **BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK,** revival; and "The Bridges at Toko-Ri," revival, William Holden, Grace Kelly.
April 15-16: **CITIZEN KANE,** revival; and **THE INFORMER,** revival.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MARCELINO (in Spanish), revival.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through April 13: **HENRY V,** revival.
From April 14: "Mitsou" (in French), Danièle Delorme, Fernand Gravey.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Three Faces of Eve," Joanne Woodward, David Wayne.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Chase a Crooked Shadow," Richard Todd, Anne Baxter.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"And God Created Woman" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
April 10: "The Bolshoi Ballet," Galina Ulanova.
From April 11: "Ordet" (in Danish).

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
"A Farewell to Arms," Rock Hudson, Jennifer Jones.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through April 13: **GULLIVER'S TRAVELS,** revival; and "Susannah of the Mounties," revival, Shirley Temple.
April 14-15: "The Prodigal," revival, Lana Turner, Edmund Purdom; and "The Last Hunt," revival, Robert Taylor, Stewart Granger.
From April 16: "The Brothers Karamazov," Yul Brynner, Maria Schell; and "The Tall Stranger," Joel McCrea, Virginia Mayo.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
"A Farewell to Arms," Rock Hudson, Jennifer Jones.

COLISEUM, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
"A Farewell to Arms," Rock Hudson, Jennifer Jones.

B

Most suitable going,
and machine
washable, too

There you have the sum and substance of our natural shoulder Haspel suit. Tailored of a lightweight tropical weave of Dacron*, viscose rayon and mohair, it resists wrinkling, takes only minutes to machine wash and dry, needs only occasional pressing. In solid gray, tan, navy or olive; gray or tan pin dots, **59.50**

*R

Bloomingdale's
Men's Store

New York • New Rochelle
Fresh Meadows • Stamford

Bloomingdale's • 59th and 3rd • EL 5-5900

The carefree distance between two points

Whenever you travel by Pullman, you're taking more than just a trip! You're enjoying a carefree vacation . . . relaxing overnight travel that leaves you rested and refreshed when you arrive! No highway worries . . . no driving tensions. Just sit back and enjoy Pullman's many travel extras—the immaculate, king-size beds . . . the privacy . . . the freshly-cooked meals . . . the refreshments and pleasant conversation in the friendly club car. Next trip, travel the carefree way . . . by Pullman! You'll be safer than you are in your own home!

TRAVEL BY PULLMAN

© 1958, THE PULLMAN COMPANY

Complete privacy! Every Pullman room accommodation has its own toilet facilities. Individually-controlled heat and air-conditioning let you choose your own travel "climate" . . . and the many courteous extra services of Pullman are yours at the touch of a button.

Ask for a Pullman Ticket!

Your local Ticket Agent will help you these five ways: **1.** Provide information on routes, schedules, accommodations and fares. **2.** Make your Pullman reservations going and returning. **3.** Assist you in planning stopovers. **4.** Furnish your rail and Pullman tickets. **5.** Reserve a "rent-a-car" at your destination, if desired.

Pullman
means comfort,
safety, privacy and sleep

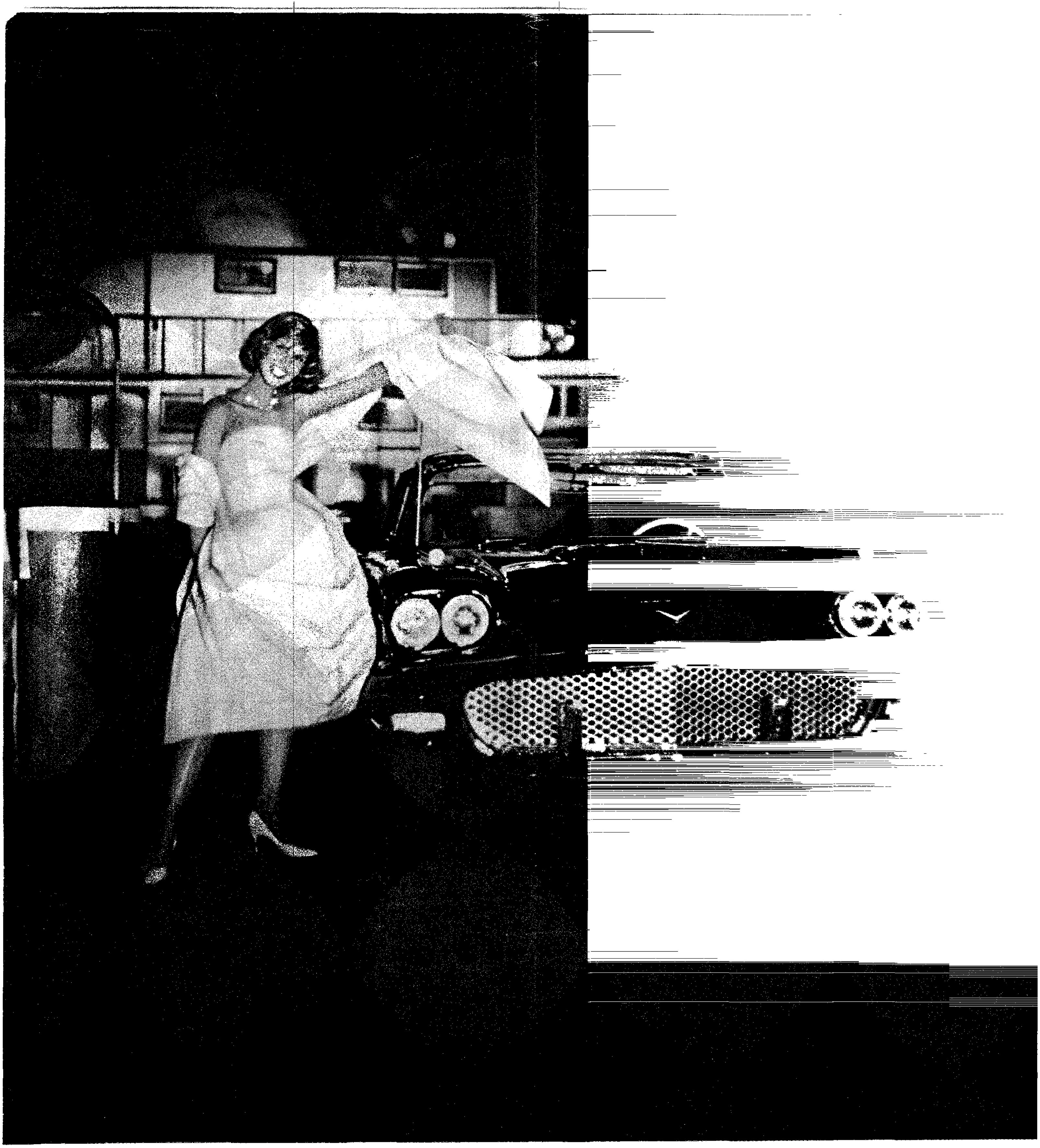
Sleep under a blanket of stars, brought down to earth by North Star in a hand-screened print taken from an actual map of the heavens. *Starlight*, lightweight, of 100% Verel, Eastman's remarkable new modified acrylic fiber, exclusive with North Star, that imparts a sheer effect, entirely new to blankets. Single size, $12.95. Double, $14.95. Companion solid colors, $9.95 and $11.95.

At Bloomingdale's, New York; Burdine's, Miami; Sakowitz Bros., Houston; Bullocks, Los Angeles, Downtown, Pasadena, Westwood and Wilshire; and other fine stores. Or write to Chatham Manufacturing Co., 80 Worth Street, New York 13, N.Y.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

NORTH STAR BLANKETS

a division of Chatham Manufacturing Company • Mills at Elkin, Charlotte, Spray, North Carolina, and Springfield, Tennessee



Photographed by Mark Shaw, Dance Dress by Scaasi

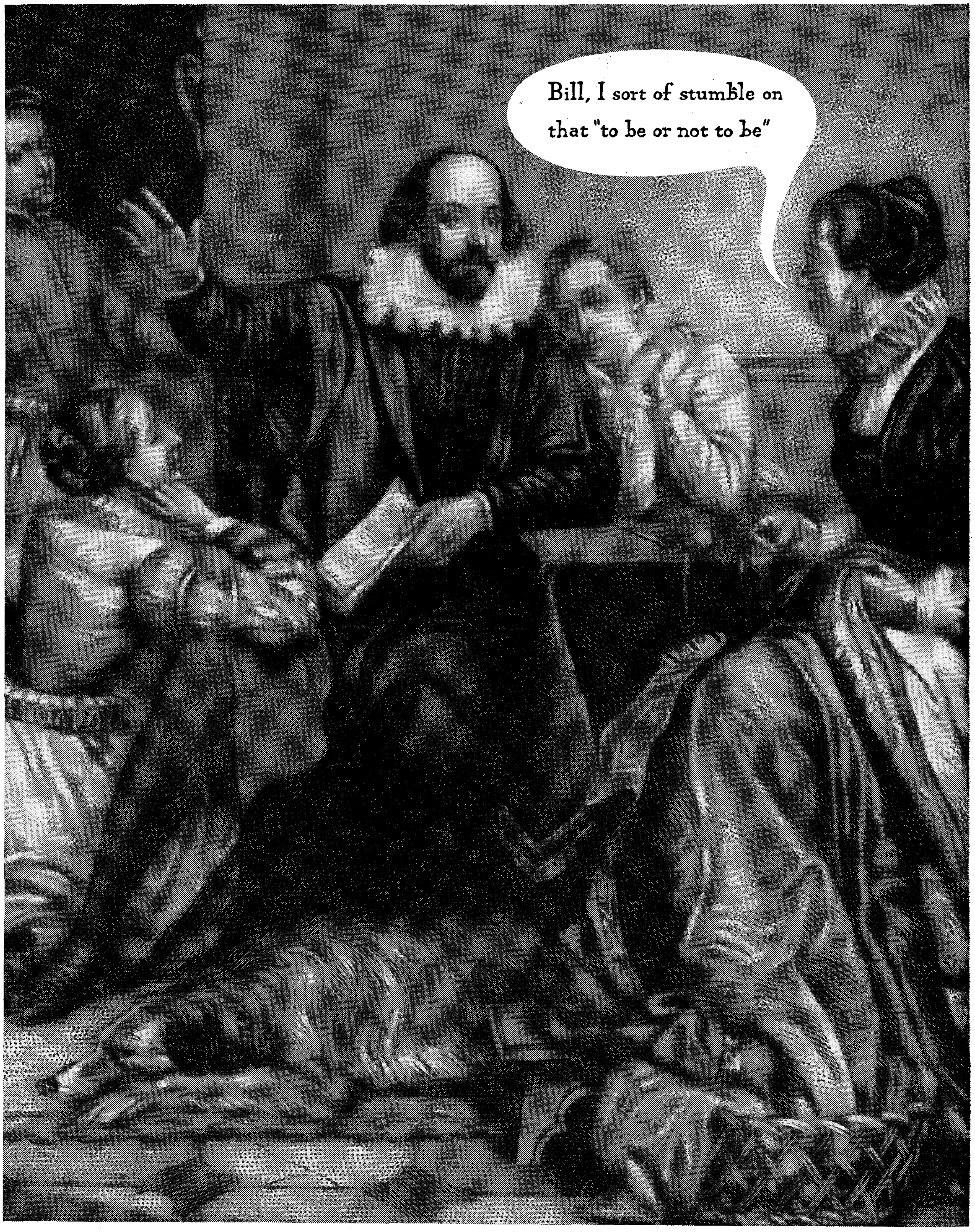
Alcoa Aluminum keeps alive your romance with Thunderbird

When your neighbors' envious and admiring glances are finally forgotten, and your first infatuation comes under the cold eye of reason, Alcoa® Aluminum will help your Thunderbird pass with flying colors.

That gleaming grille will still be aglow with the luster that first quickened your heartbeat, because it's made of Alcoa Aluminum. Not ordinary aluminum, of course, but aluminum anodized to rival sapphire for hardness and thus invulnerable to rusting, pitting or peeling. All this with no care beyond routine washing and waxing.

Alcoa Aluminum trim provides the "accent to elegance" for all fine cars at no extra cost. And while you don't see it, aluminum is performing with no less distinction in mechanical parts. Its use is a reliable index to your satisfaction with the next car you buy. Aluminum Company of America, 1846-D Alcoa Building, Pittsburgh 19, Pennsylvania.

Alcoa Aluminum . . . for Gleam and Go!


Bill, I sort of stumble on that "to be or not to be"

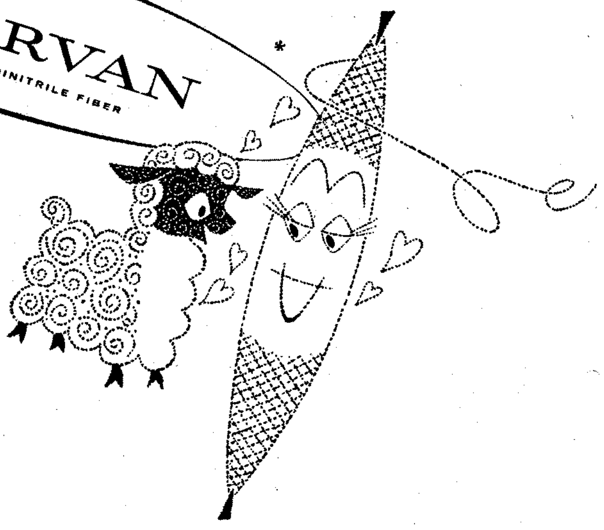
What Mrs. Shakespeare didn't know was that these words would stop just about everybody else dead in his tracks. Thought-provoking new ways of saying things always do—whether in a soliloquy or a singing commercial. Fortunately our clients agree that what to one person may seem like a stumbling block, is often a stepping stone to sales success.

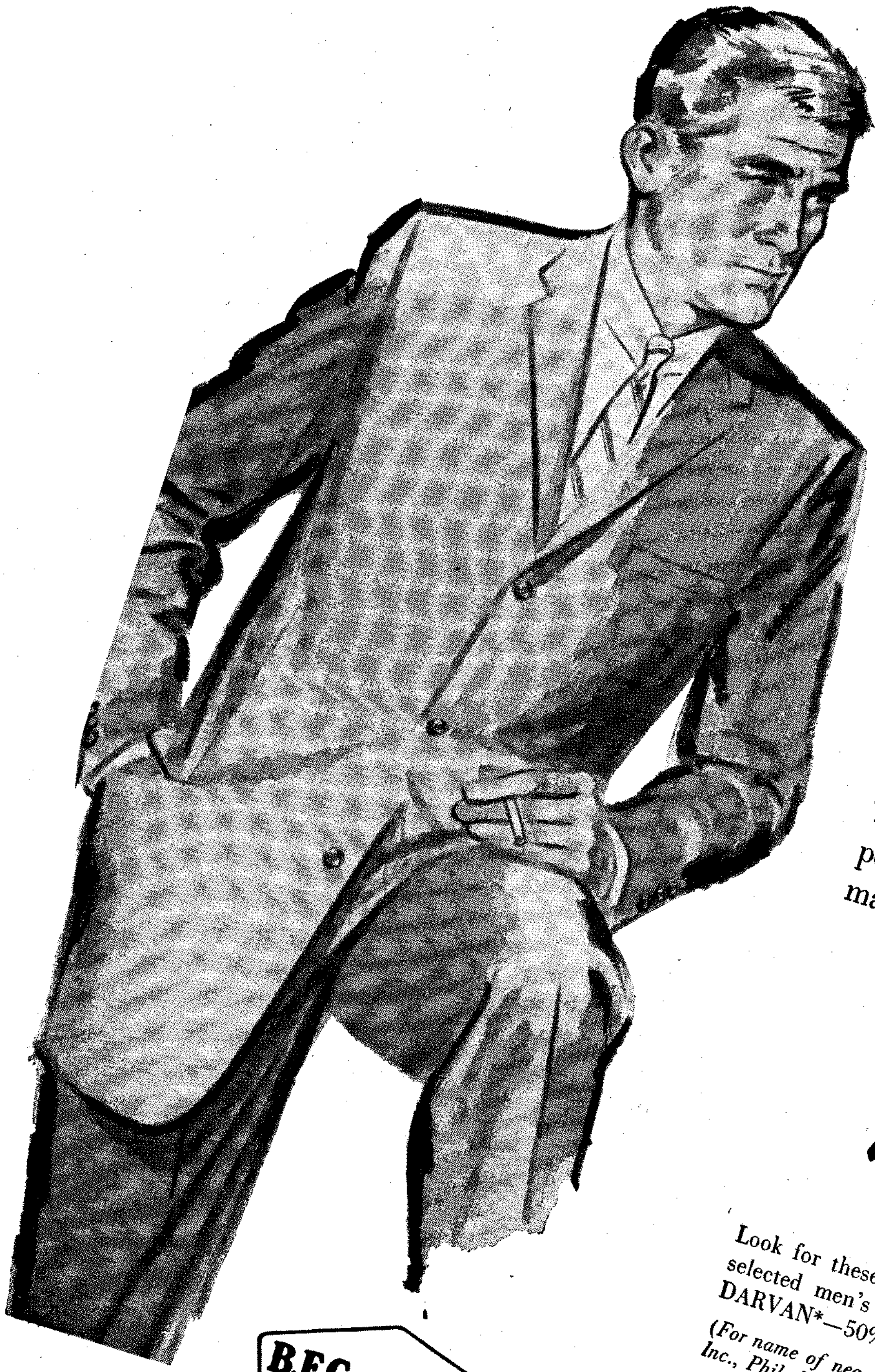
CAMPBELL-EWALD ADVERTISING
DETROIT • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES • HOLLYWOOD • WASHINGTON • DALLAS
ATLANTA • DENVER • KANSAS CITY • CINCINNATI

introducing . . . a dramatic new fiber marriage

wool loves

DARVAN*
DINITRILE FIBER





In men's suitings this fiber-to-fiber relationship is a joy to behold. The fabric has a softness, luxury and richness . . . an amazing pill resistance, and just about every easy-care feature to assure a long-lasting love affair. The new *dinitrile* fiber, a development of The B.F. Goodrich Company, interlocks so perfectly with wool, it seems they were made just for each other.

NOW BEING SHOWN FOR THE FIRST TIME
IN MEN'S TROPICAL WEIGHT SUITS

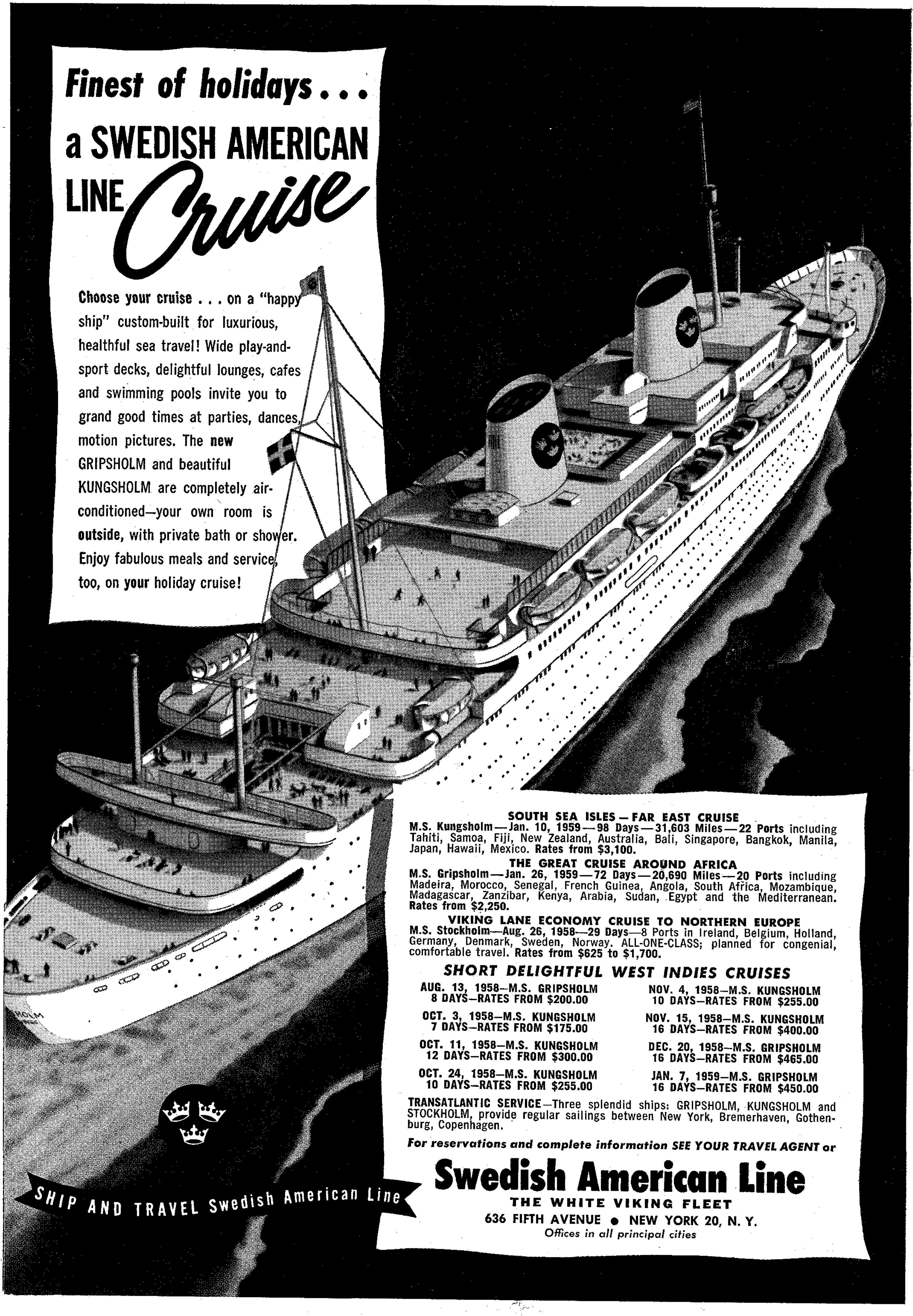
Velo-touch
BY UNIVERSITY TOWN

Look for these "Velo-touch" suits, now available at selected men's stores—seven ounce blend of 50% DARVAN*—50% fine wool worsted. Priced about $65. (*For name of nearest dealer—write Pincus Bros.-Maxwell, Inc., Philadelphia 7, Pa.*)

*T.M. of The B.F. Goodrich Company

B.F.Goodrich

B.F.Goodrich Chemical Company, 3135 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland 15, Ohio
a division of The B.F.Goodrich Company


SHIP AND TRAVEL Swedish American Line

Finest of holidays . . .

a SWEDISH AMERICAN LINE *Cruise*

Choose your cruise . . . on a "happy ship" custom-built for luxurious, healthful sea travel! Wide play-and-sport decks, delightful lounges, cafes and swimming pools invite you to grand good times at parties, dances, motion pictures. The **new** GRIPSHOLM and beautiful KUNGSHOLM are completely air-conditioned—your own room is **outside**, with private bath or shower. Enjoy fabulous meals and service, too, on **your** holiday cruise!

SOUTH SEA ISLES — FAR EAST CRUISE

M.S. Kungsholm—Jan. 10, 1959—98 Days—31,603 Miles—22 Ports including Tahiti, Samoa, Fiji, New Zealand, Australia, Bali, Singapore, Bangkok, Manila, Japan, Hawaii, Mexico. **Rates from $3,100.**

THE GREAT CRUISE AROUND AFRICA

M.S. Gripsholm—Jan. 26, 1959—72 Days—20,690 Miles—20 Ports including Madeira, Morocco, Senegal, French Guinea, Angola, South Africa, Mozambique, Madagascar, Zanzibar, Kenya, Arabia, Sudan, Egypt and the Mediterranean. **Rates from $2,250.**

VIKING LANE ECONOMY CRUISE TO NORTHERN EUROPE

M.S. Stockholm—Aug. 26, 1958—29 Days—8 Ports in Ireland, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Norway. ALL-ONE-CLASS; planned for congenial, comfortable travel. **Rates from $625 to $1,700.**

SHORT DELIGHTFUL WEST INDIES CRUISES

AUG. 13, 1958—M.S. GRIPSHOLM
8 DAYS—RATES FROM $200.00

OCT. 3, 1958—M.S. KUNGSHOLM
7 DAYS—RATES FROM $175.00

OCT. 11, 1958—M.S. KUNGSHOLM
12 DAYS—RATES FROM $300.00

OCT. 24, 1958—M.S. KUNGSHOLM
10 DAYS—RATES FROM $255.00

NOV. 4, 1958—M.S. KUNGSHOLM
10 DAYS—RATES FROM $255.00

NOV. 15, 1958—M.S. KUNGSHOLM
16 DAYS—RATES FROM $400.00

DEC. 20, 1958—M.S. GRIPSHOLM
16 DAYS—RATES FROM $465.00

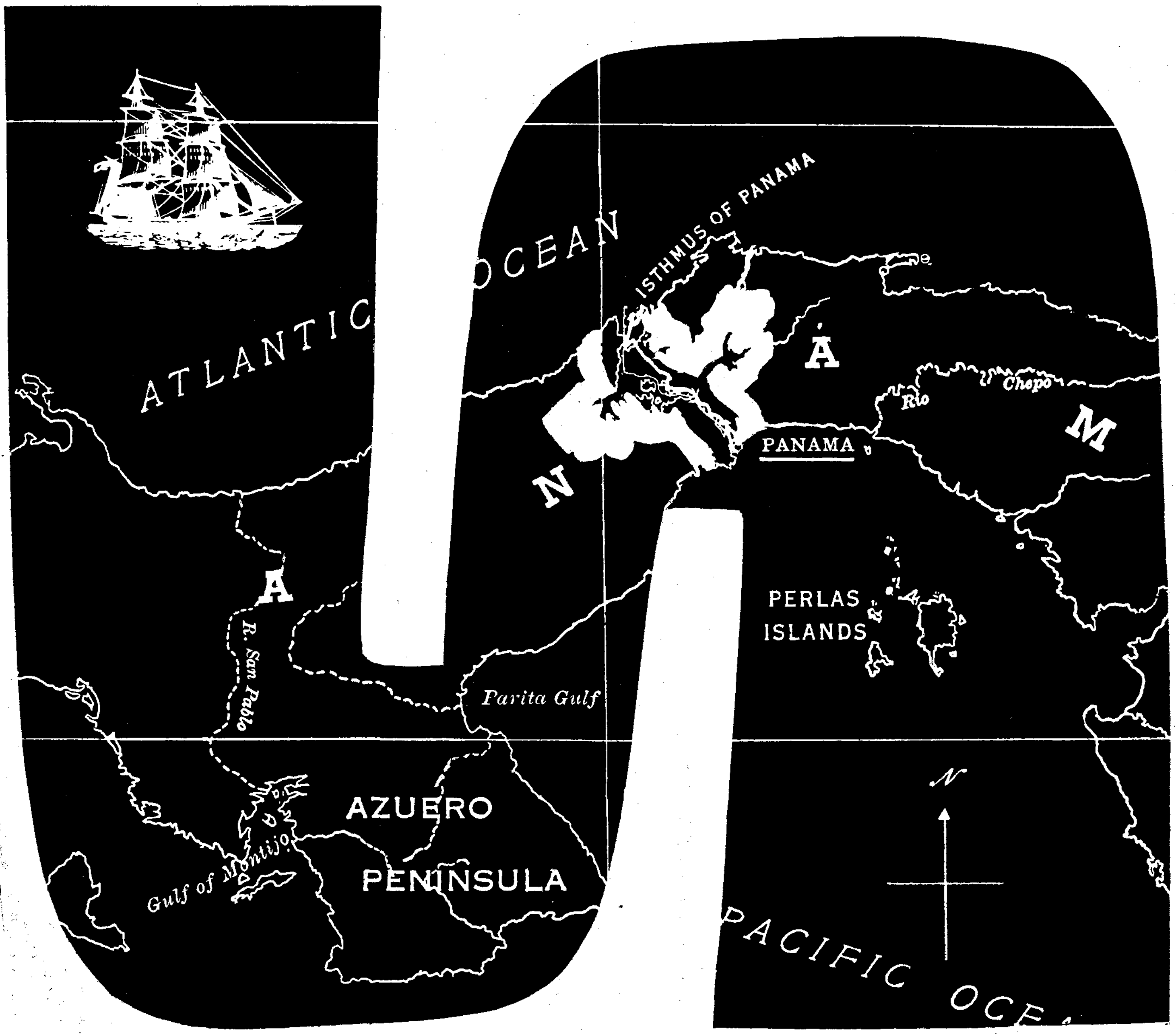
JAN. 7, 1959—M.S. GRIPSHOLM
16 DAYS—RATES FROM $450.00

TRANSATLANTIC SERVICE—Three splendid ships: GRIPSHOLM, KUNGSHOLM and STOCKHOLM, provide regular sailings between New York, Bremerhaven, Gothenburg, Copenhagen.

For reservations and complete information SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT or

Swedish American Line

THE WHITE VIKING FLEET
636 FIFTH AVENUE ● NEW YORK 20, N. Y.
Offices in all principal cities


ATLANTIC OCEAN
ISTHMUS OF PANAMA
A
N
A
M
PANAMA
Rio Chepo
R. San Pablo
Parita Gulf
PERLAS ISLANDS
AZUERO PENINSULA
Gulf of Montijo
N
PACIFIC OCE

Where the Atlantic is west of the Pacific

The Atlantic end of the Panama Canal is actually twenty-seven miles west of the Pacific end . . . because of a giant bend in the Isthmus.

The world is full of interesting surprises, when you own a Rand McNally atlas. For example, the Alaskan peninsula is nearer to Australia than any other point in continental North or South America. Rome, Italy, is in the same latitude as Chicago . . . and Reno, Nevada, is farther west than Los Angeles, California.

Today, when your daily paper is so full of critical events in far-off places, an atlas is as necessary in every home as a dictionary. If you don't have a Rand McNally atlas, perhaps this is a good time to get one.

RAND McNALLY

PUBLISHERS • PRINTERS • MAP MAKERS • ESTABLISHED 1856 • CHICAGO • NEW YORK • NASHVILLE • SAN FRANCISCO • WASHINGTON

Zuppa to Zabaglione

Italian coffee for two puts a fascinating finish to a thoroughly enjoyable dinner at one of New York's most interesting restaurants. Dining well, like so many of the leisurely pleasures of life, calls for a relaxed and worry-free frame of mind.

An organization like ours can make a surprisingly large contribution to this desirable mental state. How? By taking over major responsibility for the direction of your investment program, for example, and by providing sound guidance on many other phases of family financial planning.

Our responsible personal financial services *can* make life more pleasant and more secure for *you* and your family. Why not write for a free copy of "HOW TO GET THE MOST OUT OF YOUR INVESTMENTS."

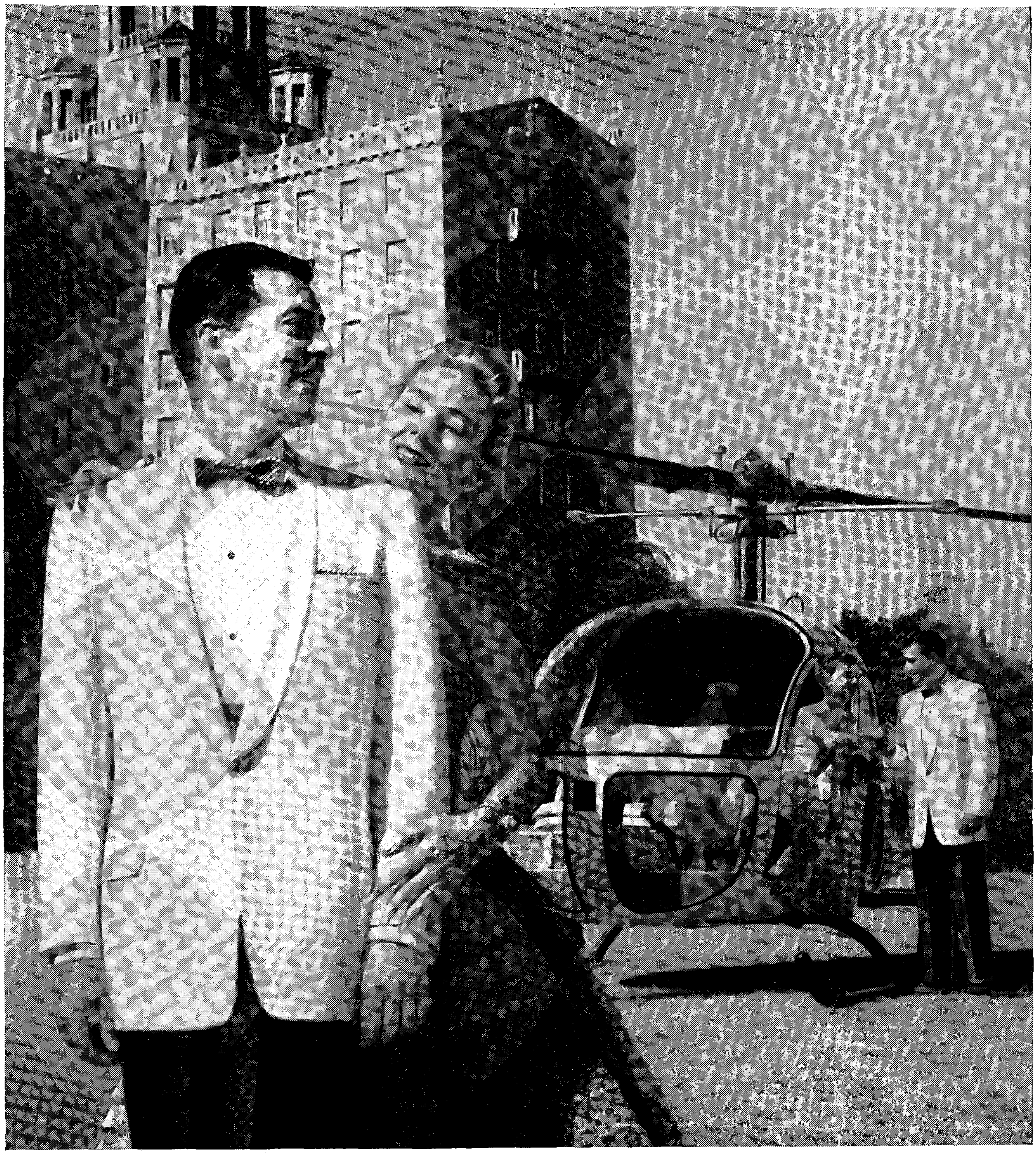
The **FIRST**
NATIONAL CITY BANK
of New York

Investment Advisory Service is
Administered by our Affiliate:

CITY BANK FARMERS TRUST COMPANY

22 William Street, New York 15

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION



Photographed at Hotel Nacional, Havana, Cuba.

ARRIVE IN STYLE...AFTER SIX!

When the sun goes down, and it's time to go out, do it up bright in an After Six. This formal wear is in the vanguard of our return to an aura of elegance. After Six makes a fetish of how fine you feel, as well as how good you look. Tailoring, design and cut conspire to put your best form forward. Yet you could dance all night and never feel a sense of pull, of weight, of restraint. If your retailer knows style, and enjoys providing value, he has After Six.

After Six
BY RUDOFKER

Imported silks, lustrous mohairs, shadow-weight
tropicals, man-made fabrics and automatic wash-and-wear.
In crisp white—virile colors. From $27.95.
Harmonizing (and contrasting) cummerbund and tie sets, too.

Write for Free Dress Chart Booklet by BERT BACHARACH, foremost authority on men's fashions. AFTER SIX FORMALS, Dept. N-1, PHILADELPHIA 3, PA.

Landowska—HER DEDICATION AND GENIUS HAVE PRESERVED THE WORLD'S RICH HERITAGE OF HARPSICHORD MUSIC FOREVER, IN NEW ORTHOPHONIC SOUND ON RCA VICTOR RECORDS EXCLUSIVELY

J. S. BACH · J. K. F. FISCHER
RCA VICTOR
LANDOWSKA
THE ART OF THE HARPSICHORD

Other Landowska performances—recorded in New Orthophonic Sound by RCA Victor: Mozart, Piano Sonatas; Bach, The Well-Tempered Clavier.

RCA VICTOR
RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

Crane's Paper Opens the Door...gives voice to your good wishes

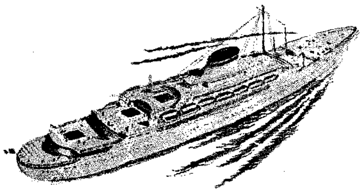
Crane's—THE GIFT FOR ALL OCCASIONS

CRANE'S FINE PAPERS • MADE IN DALTON, MASSACHUSETTS • SINCE 180

100% RAG EXTRA NO. 1 QUALITY PAPERS FOR SOCIAL AND BUSINESS CORRESPONDENCE • CURRENCY • SECURITIES • CARBON • TRACING

Eleganza . . . the word for Italian Line

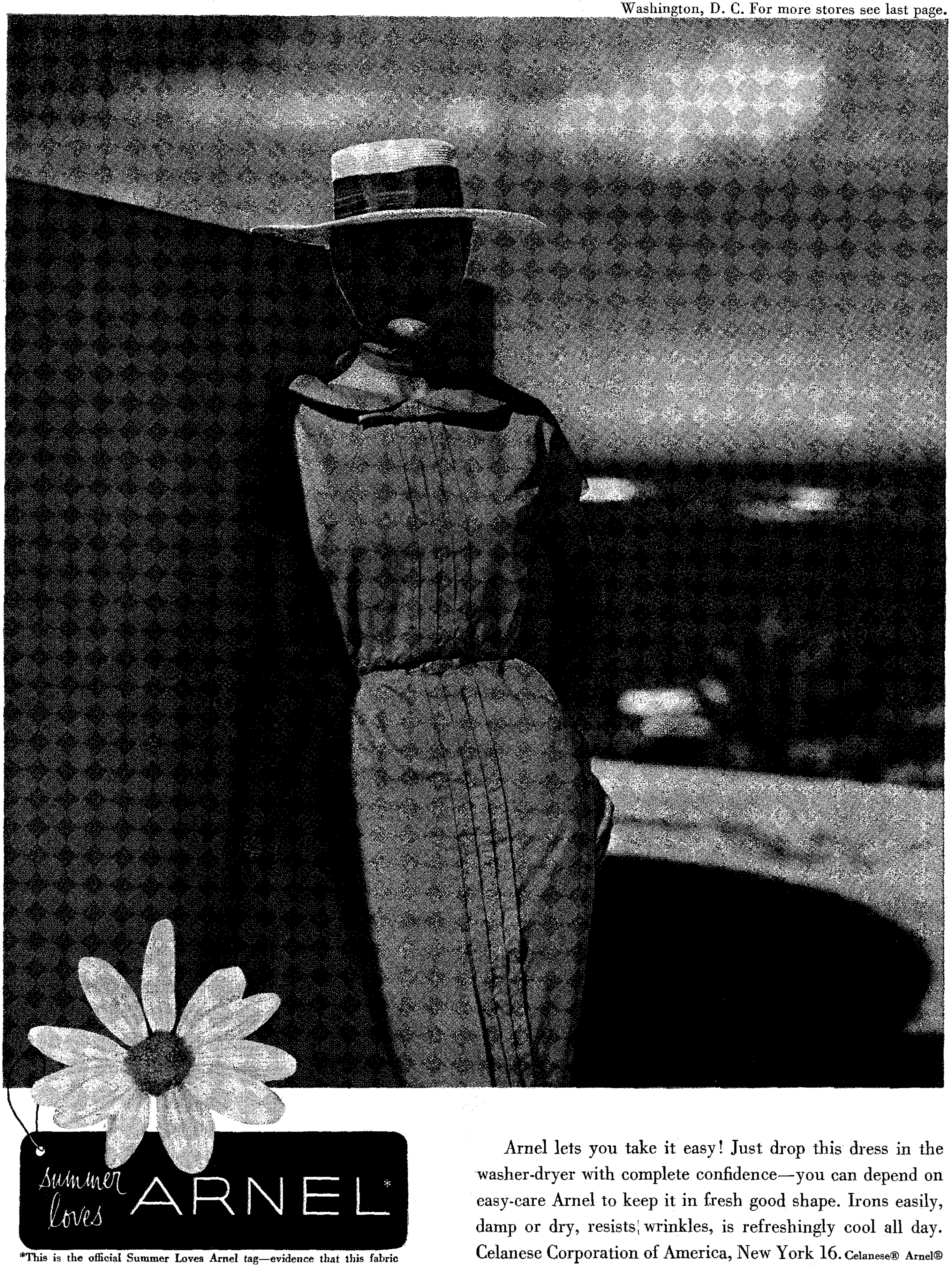
The continental charm of your shipboard companions . . . the gracious manners of your Italian hosts . . . spell the elegance of your Italian Line crossing. You'll delight in luxurious appointments, superb service, gourmet's cuisine, choice vintage wines. You'll play . . . relax . . . outdoors on the balmy Sunny Southern Route. *Ecco,* sail in elegance . . . sail Italian Line to Europe! Choose the gallant Cristoforo Colombo, Augustus or Giulio Cesare for an express voyage. Or enjoy more leisurely Cruise-Like Voyages of the Vulcania and Saturnia calling at many extra ports.



Italian Line

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR ITALIAN LINE, BATTERY PARK BLDG., 24 STATE ST., NEW YORK 4, N. Y., TEL.: DIgby 4-0800

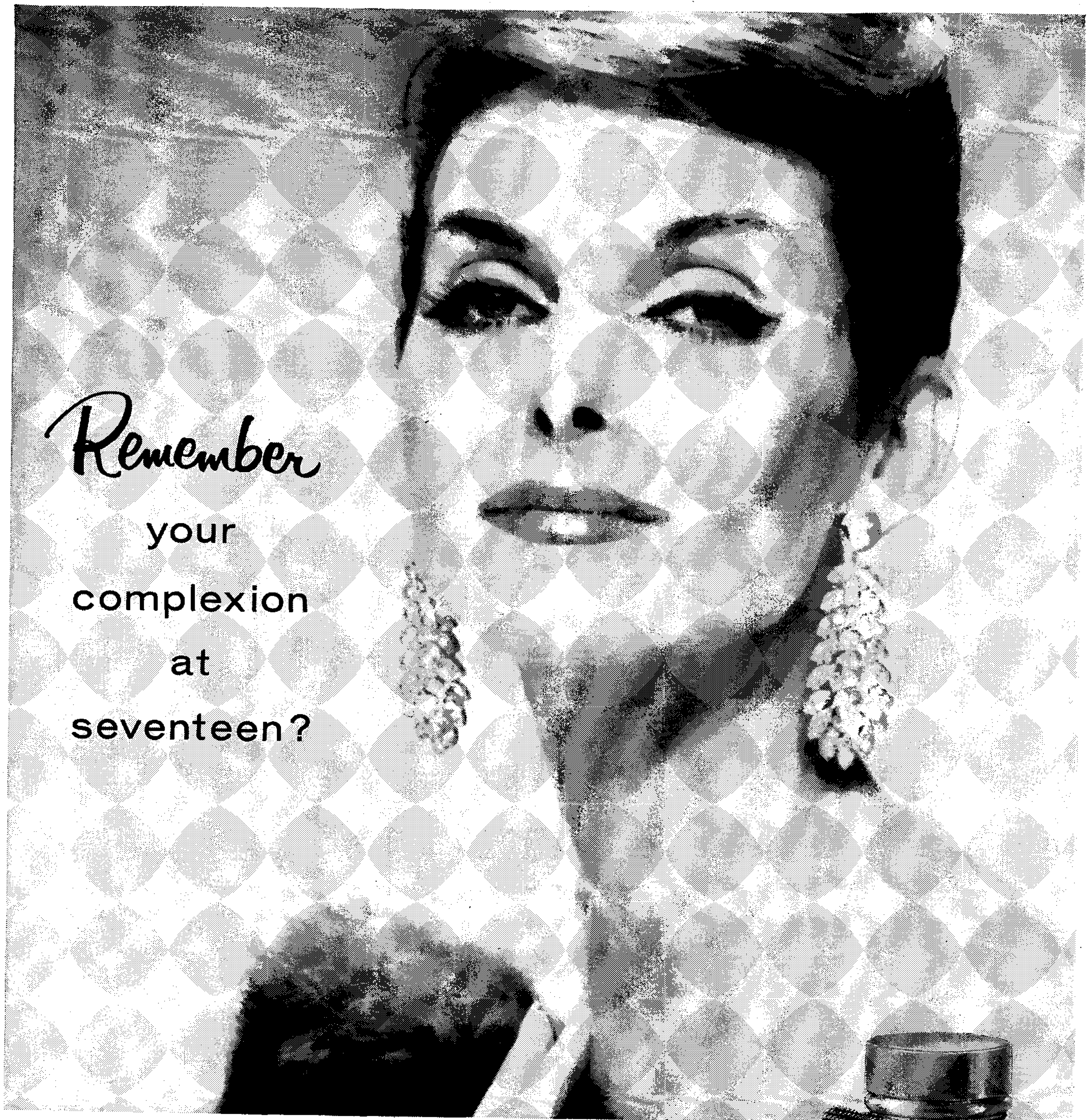
Arnel triacetate and rayon broadcloth by Folker. Dress by Leslie Fay. Coral, blue, beige, mint. Sizes 10 to 20. About $23 at: Lord & Taylor, New York & all stores; Jordan Marsh Co., Boston; The Higbee Co., Cleveland; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C. For more stores see last page.



***This is the official Summer Loves Arnel tag—evidence that this fabric of this new triacetate fiber has been pre-tested for performance claimed.**

Arnel lets you take it easy! Just drop this dress in the washer-dryer with complete confidence—you can depend on easy-care Arnel to keep it in fresh good shape. Irons easily, damp or dry, resists wrinkles, is refreshingly cool all day. Celanese Corporation of America, New York 16. Celanese® Arnel®

. . . a Celanese contemporary fiber



with new **DuBarry**

Royal Nectar

...you can recapture that breathlessly young look!

Just between you and your make-up—precious Royal Jelly of the Queen Bee in a new wonder-working liquid!

Everyone knows the beauty blessings of Royal Jelly—the rich, rare food of the Queen Bee. And now DuBarry gives you this costly substance in an invisible, incredible liquid—Royal Nectar. Just touch on Royal Nectar before make-up. *Instantly* it goes to work on those tiny age-lines and age-signs! Within a week your skin starts to regain the loveliest look it ever knew. And this look *stays* yours—because Royal Nectar keeps the bloom of a young beauty on your complexion *years longer!*

For complete 24-hour beauty care . . . wear Royal Nectar by day as your special beauty secret under make-up . . . and wear Royal Treatment Cream for the rich beauty benefits of Royal Jelly while you sleep.

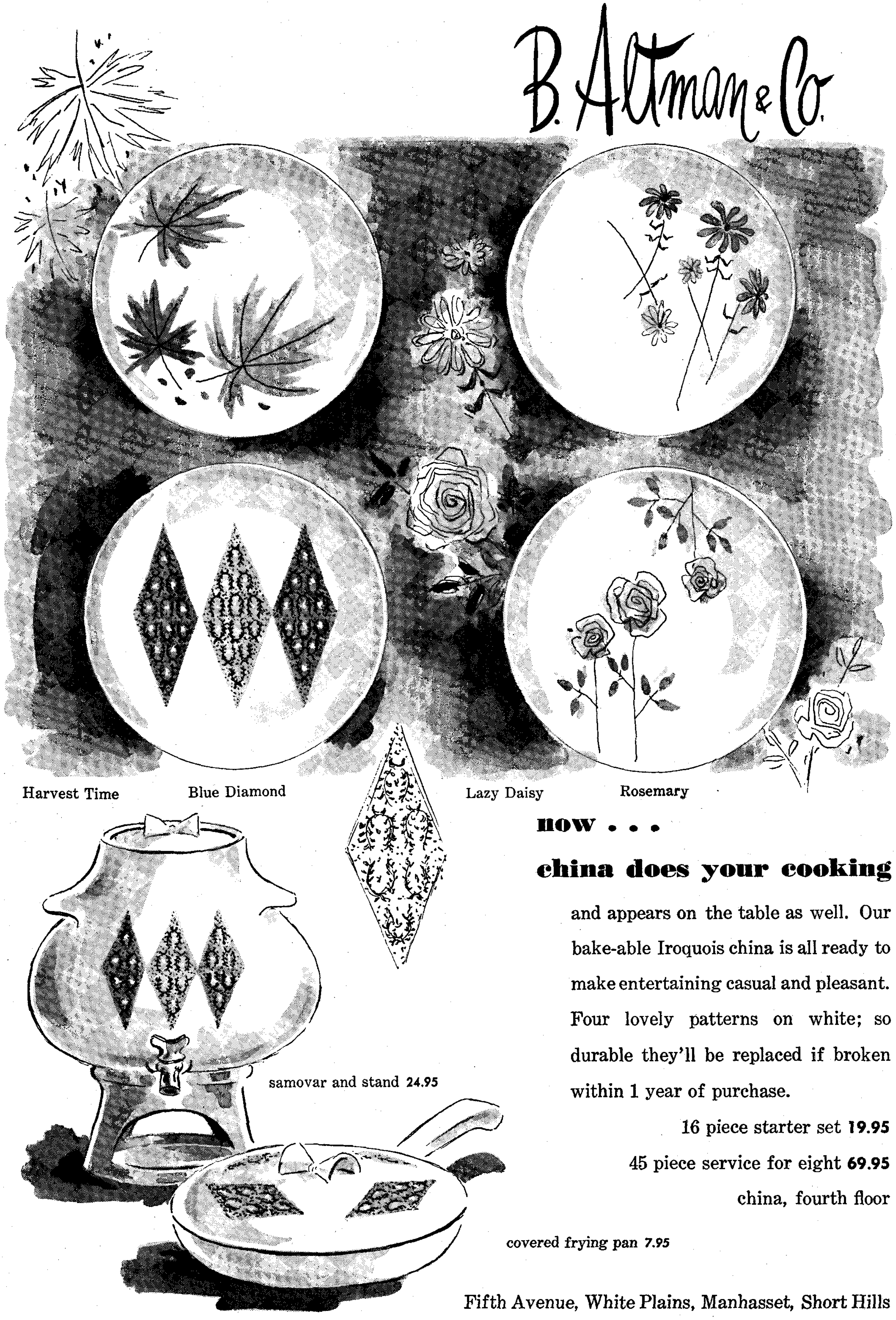
DuBarry
Royal Nectar

Another hypo-allergenic product from DuBarry

Royal Nectar—$5.00, $8.50
Royal Treatment Cream—$5.00, $8.50
prices plus tax

©RICHARD HUDNUT

B. Altman & Co.


Harvest Time
Blue Diamond
Lazy Daisy
Rosemary
samovar and stand 24.95
covered frying pan 7.95

now . . .

china does your cooking

and appears on the table as well. Our bake-able Iroquois china is all ready to make entertaining casual and pleasant. Four lovely patterns on white; so durable they'll be replaced if broken within 1 year of purchase.

16 piece starter set **19.95**

45 piece service for eight **69.95**

china, fourth floor

Fifth Avenue, White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SPRINGTIME FINANCE NOTE: The County Trust Company, in White Plains, offers its depositors a choice of two colors for checks—Suburban Blue and Westchester Rose.

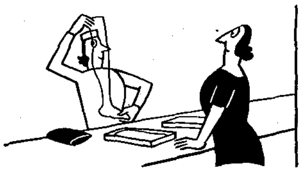
SPRINGTIME FASHION NOTE: According to a sign in its window, the Aggressive Coat Company, of Hammonton, New Jersey, has "Aggressive Clothes for Women and Children."

THESE are difficult times for astrologers. Nearly every month sees another artificial satellite rise from the earth to frolic through the zodiac, doubtless disrupting horoscopes on every side. And the premise of this venerable profession—that the movements of the planets determine the future of men—weakens in proportion as it becomes apparent that the actions of men will determine the future of the planets. Even now, the news that Mercury is entering the House of Ares provokes far less excitement, we would guess, than the news that Dr. Wernher von Braun has entered the house of Major General John Medaris with a gleam in his eye and a blueprint under his arm. The astrologer, the poet, and all lovers of the antique night are fairly up against the fact that modern destiny descends not from the stars but from a height no greater than a physicist's brain.

Under the circumstances, it is refreshing to discover that the moon, at least, has lost none of her ancient power to addle the wits of men who subject her to prolonged and impertinent contemplation. In evidence of this, we offer the recent remarks of James B. Edson, who is Assistant to the Director of Research and Development for Wilber Brucker, the Secretary of the Army. Mr. Edson predicted that the first rocket to the moon will be fired in a matter of months. But it will not, he said, actually land on the moon; instead, it will circle once around, take some pictures, and come home again. This circuitous approach is advisable, according to Mr. Edson, because "if the rocket hits the moon and explodes, it may appear to people on earth to be a warlike act." Now, if it is a warlike act to cause an explosion on the moon, which is two hundred and forty thousand miles from the nearest child and which has no atmosphere to poison, then what are we to think of the explosion of bombs on earth? The question, it seems to us, may be worth pondering.

THE announcement that a one-character play is going to be produced here next season was probably inevitable, considering the success of the two-character "Two for the Seesaw." The next logical step is a play without any characters at all. Whatever its other qualities, a play unencumbered by a cast would be the ideal vehicle for auditors like that young woman who not long ago disrupted a performance of "Look Back in Anger" (five characters) by leaping onstage and pummelling one of the actors. She was quoted afterward as saying, "It's the people's theatre, after all. I don't see where the actors come off thinking they're safe up there." *That's* what we'll call the playerless play—a "people's play." It ought to go over especially big in the people's democracies, where nobody feels particularly safe anyhow.

WE can think of at least one subject that could be harmoniously and fruitfully discussed at a summit conference—nylons, or, as the Soviet variants of them are called, kaprons. Russian women have been complaining that their kaprons run; ditto American women about their nylons. The American explanation, offered in a statement by the president of the National Association of Hosiery Manufacturers, is that our women are demanding nylons so much sheerer than those of yesteryear that the stockings simply can't stand the gaff, and that if women don't want runs—well, they'll just have to switch to a more substantial yarn. The Russian explanation is that the hosiery factories over there "are not observing production technology." Different causes, same effect. In any event, this is clearly a sensitive area, in which a solution jointly arrived at by the two governments concerned could placate half the populations of both nations, and it would surely be far, far better to have the problem disposed of in this way than to let either sloppily groomed nation derive the immense propaganda advantage that would accrue from settling it unilaterally.



Premature Early Bird

WE'VE just been to see a man for no other reason than that he's been flying around in airplanes for forty-seven years. The man is Mr. Cord Meyer, who runs a Long Island real-estate business from 68 William Street. We caught him in his office, and found him pink-cheeked and smiling a shy, Racquet Club-St. Paul's School smile. "I made my first flight in 1911, with a mechanic at an air school near the Mineola fairgrounds," he said. "My family lived in Great Neck, and I spent my summers there. Glenn Curtiss made use of some fields near Great Neck to test planes, and then T. S. Baldwin came on the scene. He was a circus tightrope-walker and balloonist, who designed engines for dirigibles with Curtiss; he built the first government airship, in 1908. My friends and I hung around the field, hoping, without success, to bum a ride. The pilots would circle the field two or three times, to correct errors. I got my license as a pilot on October 2, 1912, after making the requisite number of figure eights during a fifteen-minute solo flight and then landing, without damage, within a certain distance of a given spot. I was still in school and I'm afraid I was under eighteen, the required minimum age with parents' consent. I *did* have my parents' consent, grudgingly."

Mr. Meyer showed us his historic document and said that at Yale he joined a flying group that operated out of Governors Island. "It was headed by Colonel Phillip A. Carroll and financed by a central fund, to which we all contributed according to our means," he said. "We flew mostly Curtiss Jenny OX-5s. When the United States entered the First World War, our outfit became the first reserve squadron. I went overseas with it and served as an instructor with the First Instruction Squadron in France—single-seated fighters, mostly Nieuports. We worked with a French team. Eddie Rickenbacker was in the squadron, and Quentin Roosevelt, and Ned Post, whose mother wrote that book about manners. I later joined the Hundred-and-Third—the former Lafayette Escadrille—with the Third Wing, under the First Army. In the summer of 1918, I was a passenger in a plane that hit a telegraph wire at a hundred and twenty miles an hour. The pilot, Blair Thaw, was killed. I was in the hospital six or seven months. Only accident I've ever been damaged in. Knock wood."

Mr. Meyer subsequently went into the diplomatic service and became Secretary of Legation in Cuba and Sweden. In 1925, he came home, shifted to real estate, and joined the Aviation Country Club, at Hicksville. He flew in rented or commercial planes for several years, and during the Second World War he joined the Civil Air Patrol. "A few years ago, I had the fortunate experience of accompanying General Lucas V. Beau, then national commander of the Patrol, to Israel and elsewhere on Patrol business," he said. "I'm still an honorary member of the Patrol's National Executive Board. We have forty thousand senior members and forty thousand cadets. We exchange students with many of the countries this side of the Iron Curtain, and we try to let guest cadets see the way people live here. We take them through plane factories and, in general, give them a look at the country and stimulate them to make aviation their career. They travel by air, of course. Similarly, our cadets have wonderful trips abroad. In Greece, they're shown the Acropolis; in England, they visit air schools in the Lake District; in Norway, they're flown up the fiords."

Mr. Meyer, who by a comfortable margin is a member of the Early Birds, an organization of men who flew solo before December 17, 1916, bought his first plane, a Piper Cruiser, in 1946, and has had four since. "I now have a Piper Tri-Pacer," he said. "Four-passenger, a hundred and fifty horsepower, a hundred and twenty-five miles an hour. I keep it at Hampton Airport, near North Hampton, New Hampshire, where I have a place, and I go up every other weekend. I'm part owner of the field, and the field manager pilots for me. When I'm here and want the plane, I telephone him and he brings it to Flushing. An hour and a half. You save a lot of time using an airplane. I can get from my place to Great Barrington in an hour and fifteen minutes. There's been a terrific advance in small-plane aviation. Thanks to unicom and other radio facilities, you're never out of touch; you can determine your position precisely in any kind of weather. You get weather reports every half hour on the quarter hour. Flying used to be like sailing in a fog or hunting in a strange country. There's no sense of loneliness any more."

We rose to go, and Mr. Meyer said, "Every once in a while, the weather gets bad and I take a train."

•

GASTRO-INTESTINAL INTELLIGENCE: An Italian delicatessen on Macdougal Street has in its window a display of canned goods that includes an item labelled "Marinated Eels—Medusa Brand."

Alternatives

EVER since President Eisenhower announced that it would cost two billion dollars to send a manned rocket to the moon and back, we've found ourself translating that prodigious sum into other terms. What can two billion dollars buy nowadays *besides* a round trip to the moon? In spite of inflation and all, the answer is that it can buy plenty. For instance, the whole darned city of Cincinnati (assessed valuation, $1,450,000,000), with enough money left over to pay the local real-estate taxes for the next thirty-five years; or four hundred nice little colleges the size of Bard; or more Cézannes, Gauguins, Matisses, and Picassos than are in existence. If you prefer business to art, two billion will get you the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, the Southern Pacific System, or a third of General Motors. If you've a nautical bent, two billion will build twenty-odd ships the size of the Queen Mary, and if that makes your head spin to the point where you require a pick-me-up, reflect on the fact that it will buy you approximately 2,222,222,222 Bloody Marys, without tip.

Suppose you were an ambitious young Broadway producer; with two billion dollars, you could put on some six thousand musical comedies, many of them with Ethel Merman. Or you could go into television, buying C.B.S. and putting on a ninety-minute unsponsored spectacular every night of the week for twenty-four years. According to *Fortune*, the richest man in America is J. Paul Getty, who weighs in at about a billion dollars. That's enough to get Getty to the moon but isn't enough to get him back; a couple of less well-heeled tycoons—say, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and H. L. Hunt, whom *Fortune* credits with half a billion apiece—would have to pick up the tab for the return flight. Two billion dollars would provide almost every English-speaking person on earth with a one-year subscription to the *National Geographic;* would provide every woman over sixty-five in the United States with two hundred and fifty dollars in pin money; would pay the cost of flying more than half of the population of the State of Arkansas around the world; or would send a hundred thousand free-spending young men through Yale.

On the other hand, you could take your two billion and pay the cost of running this city for a year and a bit, or underwrite the Queen of England's allowance for the next hundred and sixty years, or use half the money to buy the Ford Foundation and give it back to the Ford boys, and with the other half buy all the baseball clubs in both leagues and shuffle them around to your heart's content; the Dodgers and Giants together would cost a trifling ten million, and a couple of hundred million more could be set aside to furnish them with fitting local habitations (a plastic roof over the diamond, foam-rubber seats in the bleachers) and perpetual subsidies. At an average cost of five hundred dollars per baby, you could pay for every baby born in this country in a year; or you could pay for four hundred and fifty million minutes' worth of telephone time between here and London, or pay for the total wiping out of half a dozen crippling tropical diseases, including malaria, dysentery, and yaws. The canniest thing you could do with the money is put it in banks and draw some sixty-five million dollars a year in interest. After taxes, that should give you about twenty-three thousand dollars a day to dispose of, starting with a hearty breakfast and a new Rolls. Still, if you love pets, why not shoot the works on them? At fifty cents a pair, you could buy eight billion goldfish.

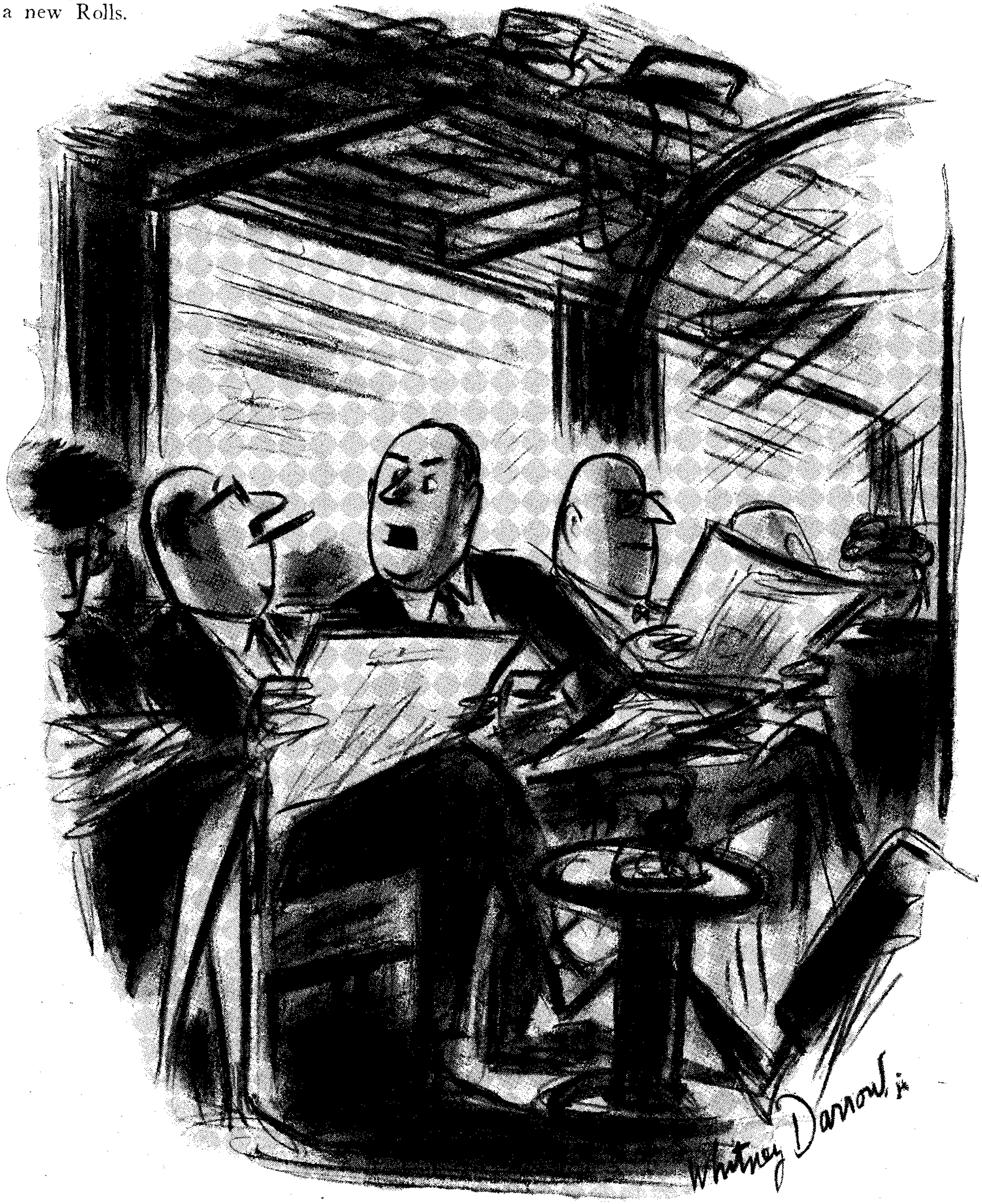
Double Jeopardy

STROLLING along lower Fifth Avenue the other evening, we passed a Volkswagen and a motor scooter occupying a single metered parking space. Both were sporting traffic tickets for being parked overtime.

Bearing Up

WE have just interviewed the British Consul-General, Sir Hugh Stephenson, who succeeded Sir Francis Rundall, now Ambassador to Israel, in this post last May. Sir Hugh, we found, is a vigorous, broad-shouldered, ruddy-faced man who has spent twenty-five of his fifty-one years in India. "I was born in Ranchi, in the province of Bihar, where my father, who was an Indian civil servant for forty years, was district magistrate at the time," he said after offering us a cocktail, for he had hospitably invited us to lunch at one of his American clubs, the Lotos. "I was sent to school in England when I was seven, and when I was twenty-four, and had taken a degree in jurisprudence at Oxford, I joined the Indian Civil Service. I remained in India until 1949. I'd been called to the bar at the Inner Temple, but I have never practiced. I've really had the best of all lives. Serving in India was an enormous and interesting responsibility for a young man, and just at the time I'd have become chairborne, India packed up and I sought wider horizons."

Sir Hugh, who was, sequentially, district officer in the United Provinces, secretary to the governor of the United Provinces, district magistrate and collector of Cawnpore, and, after India's independence, Deputy High Commissioner in Pakistan, told us that the Indian Civil Service in its heyday was only a thousand men strong; half of them were English and the other half Indian. "In Lucknow, where I served between 1940 and 1944, the main problem I had to deal with was war production," he said. "In Cawnpore, between 1944 and 1947, when we were on our way



"The way I have it doped, all we have to fear is the growing might of Russia, the shrinking purchasing power of the dollar, snowballing unemployment, a vastly increased national debt, and fear itself."

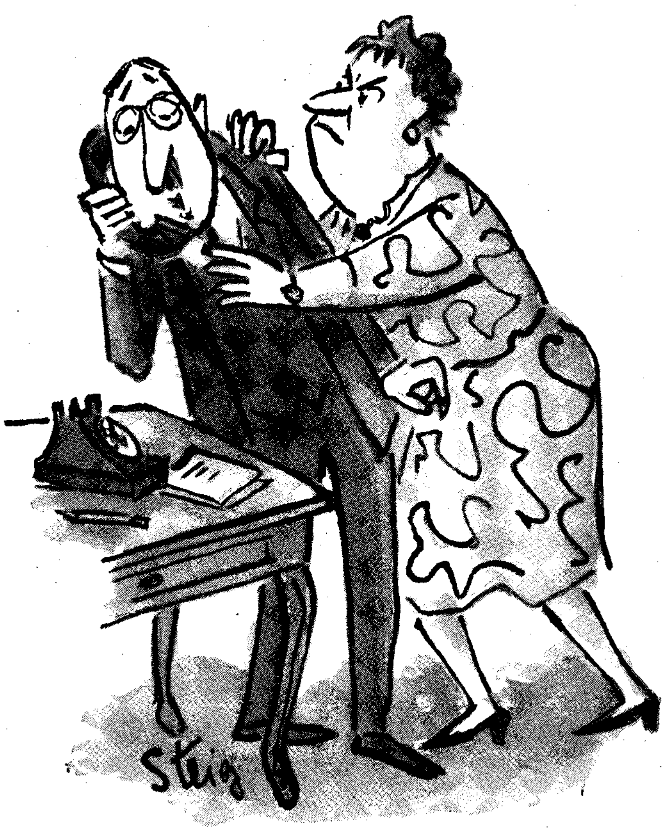
out, it was maintenance of law and order. In Pakistan, my function was diplomatic; our High Commissioners in the Commonwealth countries are really ambassadors. It was a curious sensation to be an observer rather than a participant."

Sir Hugh became a participant again in 1951, as head of the political division of the British Middle East Office. "I went out to Egypt just at the time of the first trouble," he said, "but our parish was the Middle East, not merely Egypt. I spent fourteen months in an Army mess, more or less behind barbed wire. My wife joined me in 1953." An ambassadorship to Vietnam followed, and Sir Hugh characterized that country's successful struggle to establish its newly won independence, which took place during his tenure, as a triumph of American aid and Vietnamese courage. "Saigon is a fine city, with a climate rather like New York's in the summer," he said. "The best winter's day there is a good summer's day in New York, and the worst summer's day there is the worst summer's day in New York—hot and humid, but with the difference that the next day is sure to be just as bad, whereas here it *may* be better." Sir Hugh nodded significantly, but before we had time to figure this out, he went on, "My parish here is Connecticut, New York State, and half of New Jersey. Having lived so long in an intensely political atmosphere, I find it a pleasant change to be in a post that isn't political at all, and not to have to talk shop. You just represent your country, take care of your nationals, and try to push trade. One *does* meet interesting people here. And it's nice to get New Year's Day off. We don't in England, you know, but Boxing Day, the first weekday after Christmas, is a holiday. I believe that 'boxing' in that sense refers to money-boxing, or the giving of Christmas tips."

Sir Hugh helped with the arrangements for the Commonwealth Ball during the Queen's visit to New York last fall, welcomed her, drove around with her, and was made a Commander of the Royal Victorian Order while she was here. He and Lady Stephenson have three sons: Hugh, nineteen, who is a seaman on an aircraft carrier; David, eighteen, who is at school in England; and Jonathan, seven, who is here with his parents. "We've been married twenty-one years and have lived in eleven different places," he said. "Really different—not just New York and Connecticut." We asked how Lady Stephenson bore up under this, and her husband said, "She, too, comes from an Indian Service family. Her father, Sir Arthur Mills, is a retired major general of the Indian Army, and both her grandfathers also served in the Army in India. She moved around quite a bit before I met her, in India. She's bearing up nicely, thank you."

Holy Week Rule

A FRIEND of ours wandered into the Radio City Music Hall last week to see the new Danny Kaye movie and found himself surveying a portion of the stage show, which included several Rockettes walking around in flowing white robes and carrying Easter lilies; an orchestra lining out pseudo-religious music; and an offstage soprano cutting loose with what sounded to our friend like "Kammenoy-Ostrov." After gazing at the Rockettes from the back of the loge section, our friend started for a seat, only to be stopped by an usher. "I am sorry, sir," the usher whispered. "There is no seating during the Easter service."

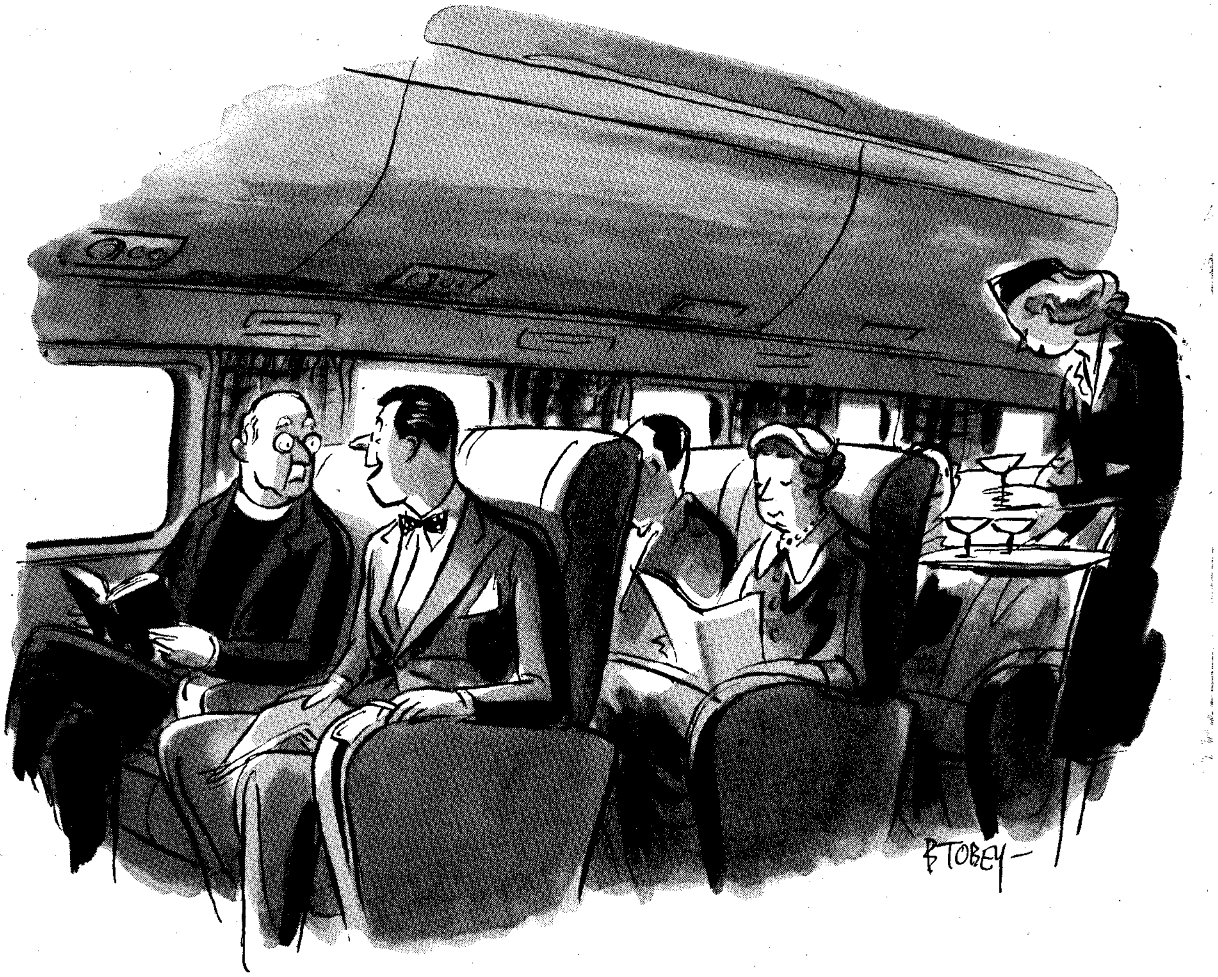


"Just a minute. I think Nancy would like to talk to you."

Auction

IT'S a rare auction that declares its intention of hoodwinking the bidders, but at an auction held in connection with Harvard's Day—a recently manufactured Day somewhat closer to April Fools' than to St. Patrick's—of twelve pieces of art that were to be knocked down, at least one was guaranteed to be a fake. Never able to resist a fraud, we drove to Cambridge through a chill, bright landscape just beginning to hint of spring. Arrived, we wandered about inhaling the local essence, an intricate perfume compounded of old ladies, young love, elm trees, M.G.s, German theology, Danish furniture, and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. The pretty things to be auctioned were displayed in the lobbies of Paine Hall, a Neo-Georgian cube consecrated to Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, and other such archangels. For the afternoon, Euterpe had yielded her place to the muse of the graphic arts and to the goddess of distrust. A beef-faced man was indignantly nosing a supposed Copley, as if the forger's hand could be sniffed out. A dear old lady, temporarily crazed, nearly jabbed her finger through the luminous face of a Renoir painting and spat the word "Waxy." A gentleman of Johnsonian dignity (he had that look, so frequently encountered in Cambridge, of being secretly famous, in the way a Sinologist or the son of a great man is famous) all but scratched his nose on the uplifted sword of a bronze statuette he was examining. The jostling was so fierce we feared the objects, bogus and genuine alike, would be crushed to a pulp of mixed authenticity. In the nick of time, they were carted away, and we were shepherded into the auditorium.

A lithe man in gray mounted the stage and, bouncing and booming alternately, made this speech: "Good afternoon. I am John Coolidge, Director of the Fogg Museum. Who has lost this watch? [Holds it up.] I suppose the appropriate thing to do would be to auction it off. [Laughter.] Hrumph. This is an auction, the most exciting event



"I wonder, sir, if you expect to be using your complimentary cocktail."

• •

in the world of art. However, like many things at Harvard, this one is not quite real. You are not buying these twelve items; you are bidding for the right to borrow them for five years. At the end of this time, they will be returned. Again, while it is true that some of these items are of doubtful value, you cannot really be stung. Heads, you win; tails, Harvard benefits. You become either a great collector or a great benefactor. You become either a Mellon or a Widener. Further, those of you who purchase forgeries will be allowed to select something else from the Fogg's collection. Now, three things are needed for a good auction: good art (this we think we have), eager buyers (these we hope we have), and an excellent auctioneer. Here he is—Mr. William A. Smyth, of the Parke-Bernet Galleries, of New York City! [Applause.]"

Stately, plump Mr. Smyth beamed, and claimed he was happy to be here. Under his soft whip, the bidding on the first offering, an architectural drawing supposedly by Piranesi, rose to $700. Next came a portrait of Major General de la Motte, attributed to John Singleton Copley. A short-haired man two rows ahead of us shouted, "Ten dollars!" Many people laughed, his wife not among them.

"What?" asked Mr. Smyth, his cheeks coloring slightly.

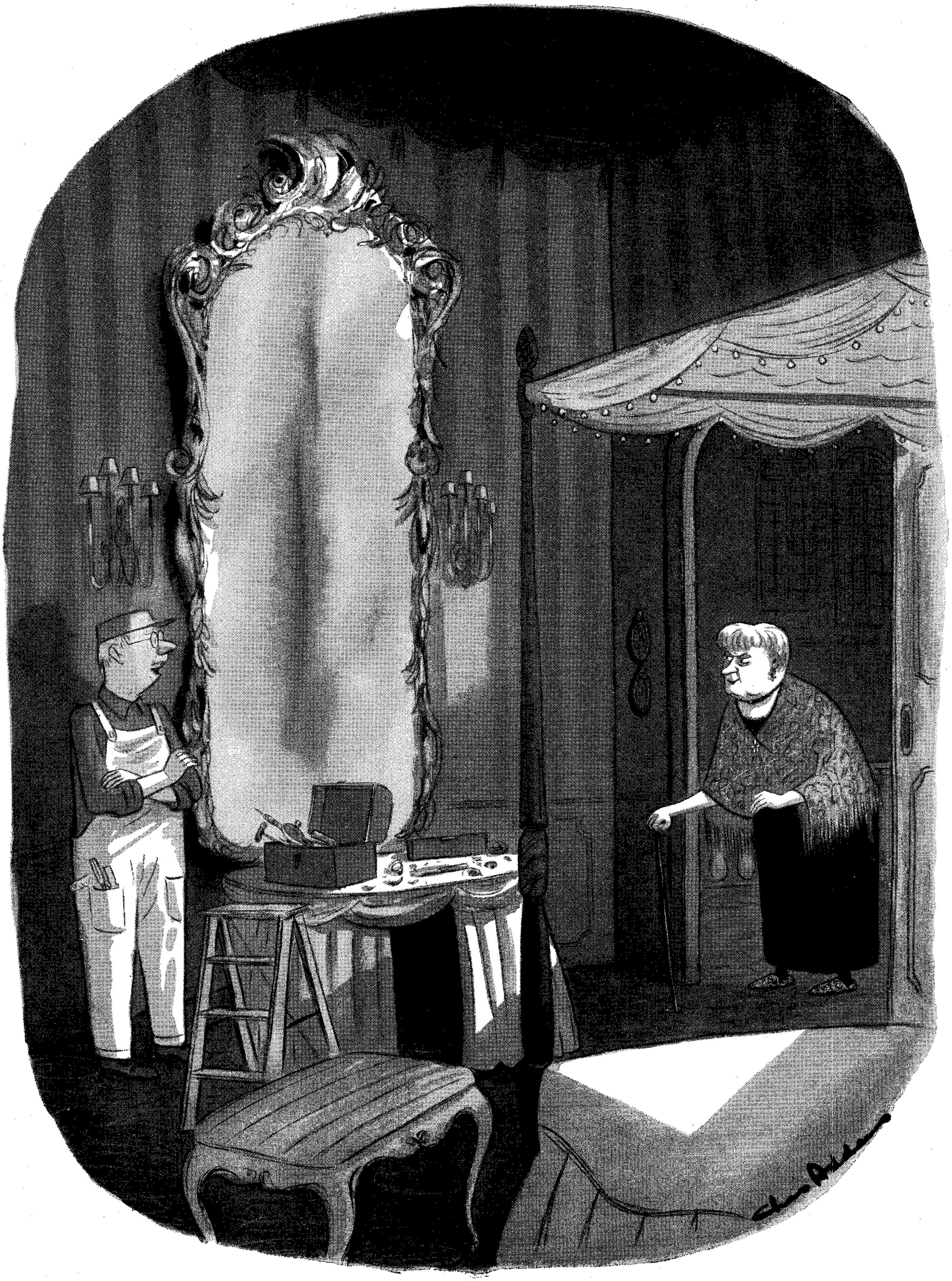
"Ten dollars," the man repeated, louder. His wife turned her head away; one corner of her mouth dimpled mournfully. "I wouldn't hang it in my home!" the man shouted. Evidently his opinion had weight, for the bidding barely lumbered up to $350.

A baroque bronze of St. Michael and an anonymous demon, mounted on porphyry and attributed to Salvestrini, brought $525. A triangular panel into which St. Agnes had been wedged, supposedly by a follower of Ambrogio Lorenzetti, $250. A drawing, said to be by Henry Moore, of two smooth people with knobs for heads, $450. A Buddhist stone head sulkily contemplating its inner nature, $250. "Scene at a Well," perhaps by Sébastien Bourdon, $600. A sculptured limestone capital said to be from the Abbaye de Cluny, $200. The bidding reached its nadir here; it had turned into a timid dialogue between a bespectacled man in the front row and a shaky hand in a white glove somewhere in the middle. The Renoir, however, broke through the psychological barrier created by the anti-Copley man, smashed the Piranesi's long-standing record, and went for $1,850. A Hellenistic terra-cotta figure of a dreamy young Eros, a Guys water color of a Spanish mob, and a Miró design of abstract figures wound it up respectably, at $450, $600, and $500, respectively.

The audience generously applauded itself, and a dozen art experts appeared, one by one, and delivered themselves of brief addresses upon the purchases—appreciations of what made some so lovely and analyses of what made others so phony. The Copley was indeed no bargain, as a glance at some unimpeachable Copleys, flashed on a screen, made clear. The legitimate General de la Motte was in Atlanta. Our copyist had bungled his foreshortening, and his darks were—well, just laughable. The Lorenzetti St. Agnes was in fact forged, as an exercise, by a Harvard art student named Austin, who had copied it from the real thing, which hung in the Fogg, and still does. "Scene at a Well" was, alas, not by Bourdon but perhaps by another Frenchman. Eros was also a puzzle. The terra cotta emitted the right X-ray-defraction signal, so tests proved, but Eros in the Greek conception is a pudgy, saucy boy, not a Wertheresque youth, and a flabbily modelled one at that. All the rest of the objects, however, were both beautiful and true, and the high bidders had bought (or borrowed) bargains.

Back-Seat Candor

THE wife of a psychiatrist tells us that she listens with equanimity to whatever her young son says, and that she turned not a hair when she heard him remark to a companion named Robin, in the back seat of her car, "Robin, I just hate my mother, don't you?" But then Robin replied, agreeably, "Sure. I always have hated your mother."



"Now ask it who is the fairest one of all."

MRS. JULIA WOLFE

SINCE the end of the Second World War, I have been living across the street from the main entrance to Columbia University. This has given me a chance, perhaps better than most people have, to observe what college students in recent years have been wearing and saying and singing and reading. Their chronological age has varied perceptibly in the twelve or thirteen years. They were largely veterans, like me, at first, of my own age or somewhat older, and then, as time passed, they settled into the familiar pattern of eighteen-, nineteen-, and twenty-year-olds.

I have always been interested in what people are reading, and in our neighborhood bar and in the hamburger stands I can usually get a look at what the treasure chest encompasses. The assortment most often consists of those tan-covered, green-labelled introductory textbooks to science courses that I always failed, but occasionally I spot a novel.

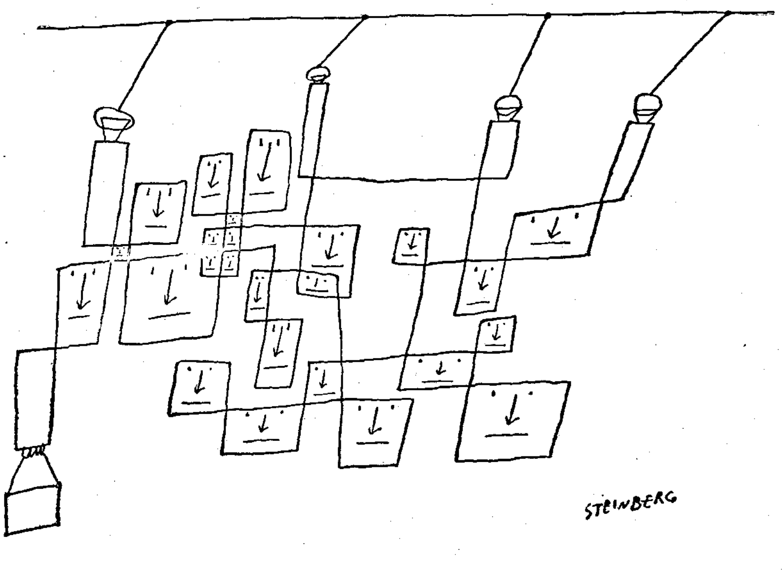
Choices in fiction during this period have changed noticeably and annually. Immediately after the war, the top dog was Kafka, and copies of "The Trial" lay alongside innumerable glasses of beer. Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward" had a prosperous revival, and I often saw copies of the voguish Frenchmen, like Stendhal and Gide and Sartre. "Ulysses" and "Moby Dick" have long been staple accessories, like the rattling, half-empty packages of cigarettes and the inevitable Zippo lighters. For a couple of winters, Henry James was an ever-present companion, in collections of his short stories or of his less familiar novels. Students carried volumes of Shaw and spoke warmly of the prefaces, although they had not read the plays. Dickens, George Eliot, Stevenson, Hardy, and Hawthorne, at whose feet I had been thrown by the nape of my neck, seemed never to be in the running. There was a noticeable interest in poetry—Whitman, Emily Dickinson, T. S. Eliot, Pound, Dylan Thomas—whereas my contemporaries would not have been caught dead carrying a volume of poetry.

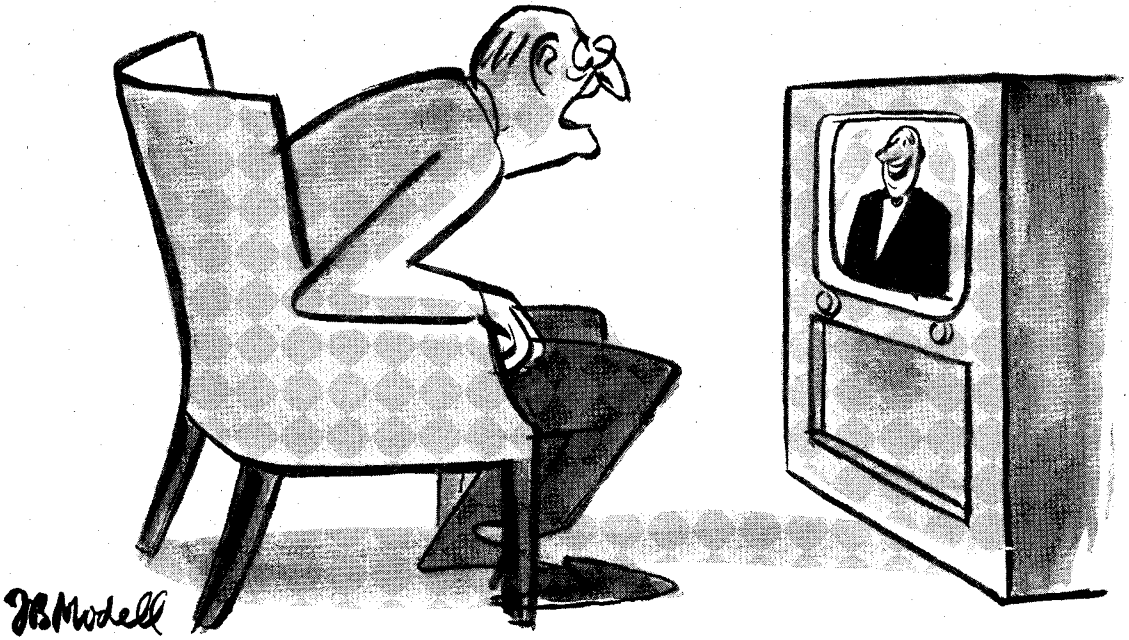
Just now, because of the success of the play "Look Homeward, Angel," there is evidence at our particular corner in New York of a renewed awareness of the novelist who was my favorite in my college days, Thomas Wolfe. Wolfe has not had an easy time of it in the twenty years since his death. First, there had been Bernard DeVoto's heated essay "Genius Is Not Enough." Then the attack was taken up by other well-known critics, and soon people began saying that it was quite all right for the very young and the very sensitive to read Wolfe, for such pleasures as he offered, but that he had nothing to contribute to anyone who had advanced beyond puberty. I felt like an adolescent for continuing to keep his five or six chunky books on my shelves in a prominent place. Then came this present age of television décor, when it is considered impressive to have any books and bookshelves in one's living room at all. I am pleased and nostalgic, therefore, at the sight of a nineteen-year-old carrying a copy of "The Web and the Rock" or "You Can't Go Home Again" under his arm.

It is strange to realize that it is now better than twenty-two years since I heard Wolfe's name for the first time. I was a freshman in college, in a culturally desolate but restful Southern town, proud of its university for men, where the only events of outside interest during the academic year were a religious concert by the Westminster Choir of Princeton and a political lecture by a defeated Democratic candidate for President of the United States. Students were not permitted to leave the dormitories unless they wore suit coats, and were encouraged to wear white shirts with detachable collars. A few wore spats and carried canes. Conversation at night in the dormitories consisted largely of fighting, once more, the War Between the States. Wives of the faculty met in one of the town's two drugstores every morning and talked. Between classes, the faculty members themselves seldom left their bony little offices, because there was no faculty club and they had absolutely no place to go.

The brightest spots of my freshman year were some occasional Sunday-night suppers at the home of a member of the English Department who was trying to encourage his students to read. The conversation was not about the Civil War, and I enjoyed myself. One night, as I was leaving, his wife pointed to a dried bouquet under a glass bell on a chest in the hall. "Did you ever hear of Thomas Wolfe?" she asked, and I said that I had not. "Some years ago, he published a novel called 'Look Homeward, Angel,' " she went on. "I found parts of it offensive, but there is beautiful poetry in it. When my husband and I were at Chapel Hill, Tom was a student there and was trying to write plays. I played the lead in one of them, and he was the hero. As I was going out of our house to the theatre that night, when I opened the door I found this little bouquet of flowers, wrapped in wax paper, between the door and the screen door. There was a note in it that said, 'When I have become the greatest dramatist in the United States, I hope you'll think about this night when my first play was presented and you were my very first leading lady, and I was your leading man.' It touched me so. It was a stormy night, and he was a giant of a boy, and the idea of his walking a long way in the rain and tiptoeing up on our porch with the bouquet in his hands—he was too shy to give it to me at the theatre . . . I never could bear to throw it away."

To say that "Look Homeward, Angel" and "Of Time and the River" made a great impression on me is to say nothing at all. I read parts of them five and ten times, and thought they were the greatest novels in the world. I even tried to get my father to give the *Saturday Evening Post* a rest and read "Look Homeward, Angel," but he set it aside after a couple of hundred pages. Too many words for him, he said, and besides





"Damn it, I'm not out there in television land, you're out there in television land!"

• •

some of the stuff in it was pretty rough. My mother, who was an enormous reader, and knew the novels of Edna Ferber and Bess Streeter Aldrich almost by heart, concentrated hard on it for a week, and finished it, as I remember. Like my father, she thought certain sections of it were extremely unsuitable, and said that, for her, Ellen Glasgow gave the finest picture of Southern life.

After college, I was hired as chauffeur and companion by Dr. Charles William Dabney, a courtly Southern gentleman who was then eighty-five and wanted to spend the summer driving again across the countryside of Virginia and the Carolinas, visiting cousins and second cousins and the widows of third cousins once removed. Like his father, a Presbyterian minister whom Stonewall Jackson had selected to be his Chief of Staff, he was a very distinguished man. After graduating from Hampden-Sydney College, in Virginia, at eighteen, he had received a Ph.D. from Göttingen, in Germany, before he was twenty-five and had immediately been made professor of chemistry at the University of North Carolina, where, he told me, he taught chemistry, physics, biology, and astronomy, with an old sink as the only laboratory equipment. He went on to be president of the University of Tennessee and later of the University of Cincinnati. Dr. Dabney and I became close friends, and, as I often told him, I think he would have liked me even more if only we had been blood relations. As we drove along, he told me a never-ending sequence of stories from his long experience, which stretched back to a memorable day when he was ten and was patted on the head by Robert E. Lee. He had a minimum of time for observing the scenery because of his active correspondence. He was always scribbling postcards on his knee, to thank the relatives in the town we had just visited for their courtesies, and then to alert the ones in the adjoining state to the fact that he was on his way. Several times during a day we had to stop and find a post office.

By early August, we were in Asheville, and I was excited at the thought that finally I was seeing, for the first time, the home town of Thomas Wolfe, who at that time had been dead two years. We drove on through the city and settled for a few days at a resort hotel about twenty-five miles away. A night or two later, at dinner, I began to tell Dr. Dabney about Wolfe, and said I had heard that his mother, at eighty, still ran a boarding house in Asheville. I asked if he had read "Look Homeward, Angel," thinking that he probably had, because he was about the best-read man that I had ever met, and often finished a five-hundred-page book in a day. He said that he had never read any of Wolfe's books. "There are so many great writers in the South that it's impossible for one man to have read them all," he said. I told him that if we went back to Asheville, I was going to buy a copy of the novel, so that he could read it. A few days later, the chance came. It was time to have the routine checkup on the car, and Asheville was the best place to have it done. When we got into town, I explained to the garageman that my employer was too old to walk around town for two or three hours, and could he please lend us a car for the morning? What he offered was a canary-yellow convertible, with the top down, and Dr. Dabney and I drove off in it.

Our very first stop was at a bookstore, so that I could buy a copy of "Look Homeward, Angel," and, in an extravagant mood, I also bought "Of Time and the River." I told Dr. Dabney that I could hardly wait for him to read both of them.

"I've been thinking, son," he said, "as long as you thought so much of this fine Southern writer, wouldn't it be the thing for you to go and present your compliments to his mother?"

I said that she was probably too busy with her boarding house to have time to talk to strangers.

"Nonsense, politeness is welcome at any time," he said. "We will drive around to the house, and you go in and pay your respects."

I stopped the car and asked a woman on the street if she could tell us the way to Mrs. Wolfe's house, and she gave me exact directions. We were there in a minute, and I drove the yellow convertible up to the curb in front of the house, and parked it. I asked Dr. Dabney if he would go in with me.

"No, I'll stay out here and start one of the young man's books," he said. "You go right in, and take your time. I'm sure his mother will be pleased to hear anything you have to say."

When I went up the walk, I noticed the grassless front yard, which was obviously swept with a broom. Over the door was a small sign that said "MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME," and sitting on the porch of the Victorian frame house were a man and woman, who seemed much interested in my arrival. The woman was wearing a white patent-leather hat, unusual for a hot August morning, and after I had rung the bell, I turned to her and said, "Did you know that this was Thomas Wolfe's house?"

Indeed she did, she told me. She and

her husband had been coming up from Florida every summer for years, to escape the heat. "Mrs. Wolfe runs the cleanest boarding house in Asheville," she said. "My husband and I each get a room at a dollar a day, and the meals don't come to much more than that. You'd do well to stay here."

Then Mrs. Wolfe—a short, thin woman—came to the door. She kept the screen door shut, and blinked at me through her thick, gold-bridged tortoise-shell spectacles and the worn screening. I recognized her from a picture I had seen, but was surprised by her white, frilly dust cap. Housewives in the Middle West, where I grew up, had stopped wearing dust caps long before.

I introduced myself, and told her that my home was in Ohio and that I happened to be staying for a day or two at a hotel near Asheville. I said that I thought her son had been the greatest writer in America, and I wondered if I could come in and talk to her for a few minutes.

The heavy, thoughtful eyes stared at me for several seconds. "Pleased to meet you," she said, "but I wouldn't have any time to waste talking this morning. You know how it is. I've got a couple in here trying to help me, and if I'd leave them for a minute, I'd never get a thing done. Come back tonight, when I'm through, and we can have a talk."

I explained that I couldn't do this, but my explanation made no difference.

"I can't leave my work now," she said. "Come back after dark, and I'll take time to sit."

I said again that I couldn't—that it was impossible. She asked if I could come at five o'clock. I said that was too late, and she suggested four. I told her I'd try to make it.

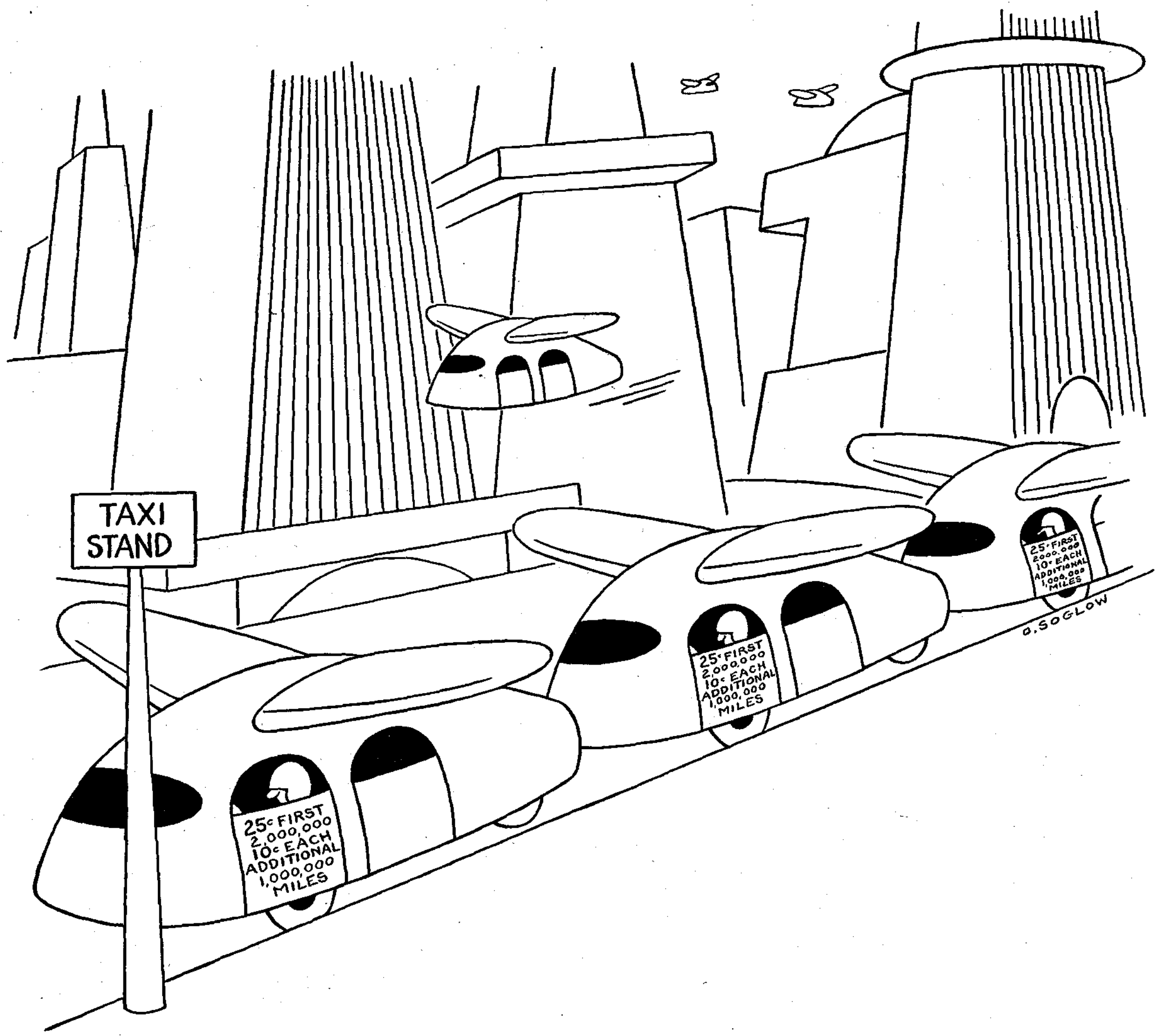
"I'll be ready for you then," she called after me as I went down the steps.

WHEN I got out to the car, Dr. Dabney asked how the visit had gone, and I told him that there had not been any visit at all—that Mrs. Wolfe had said she would not have time to talk to me until four o'clock. Did he think we could stay around town that long? He said that we were on vacation, that we should do all the things we wanted to do, and that we could just as well come back later. He was a charming, thoughtful man, and his kindness gave me the courage to ask if he would mind one more favor—that we drive to the cemetery, so that I could see Thomas Wolfe's grave. Being a Southerner, he saw nothing untoward in my request, and we started off to find it.

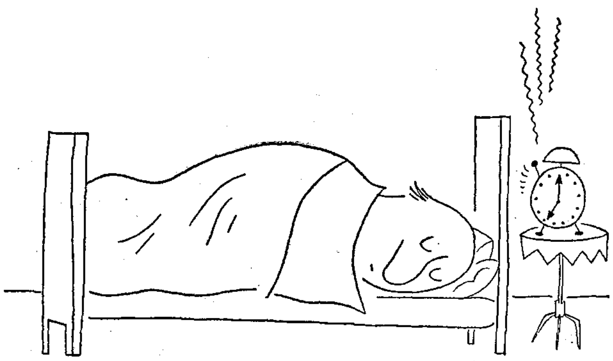
Even in completely strange places, I have an excellent sense of direction, and I seem always to be able to find a town's cemetery. I realize that this is not a large talent, and perhaps not everybody is as interested in cemeteries as I am. When I was a child, in the days before our family or our neighbors owned automobiles, my mother entertained us children on sunshiny Sunday afternoons by taking us for a walk around the cemetery. In temperament, Mother was almost professionally Irish, and she often said that to her there was great comfort in a grave. As I think back on the matter, I do not believe she found comfort in *any* grave or *every* grave, but she had many dark forebodings, and a green, well-kept graveyard was a very pleasing sight to her. I either adopted or inherited this interest, because I, too, like cemeteries, and frequently travel twenty-five or fifty miles to visit the grave of somebody whom I have admired or I have loved.

That morning in Asheville, by instinct, I very easily found Riverside Cemetery, where the Wolfe family lot is situated. We drove through the gates and slowly on, I hoping that my intuition would lead us to the exact spot. In a minute or two, I saw a caretaker mowing grass, and I stopped and asked if he could direct us to Thomas Wolfe's grave. He said that he would take us there, and that it was not far away. I parked the car, and Dr. Dabney went with me, because he, too, always enjoyed seeing a nice grave. I picked up the copy of "Look Homeward, Angel," so that I could write down the inscription in the back of it.

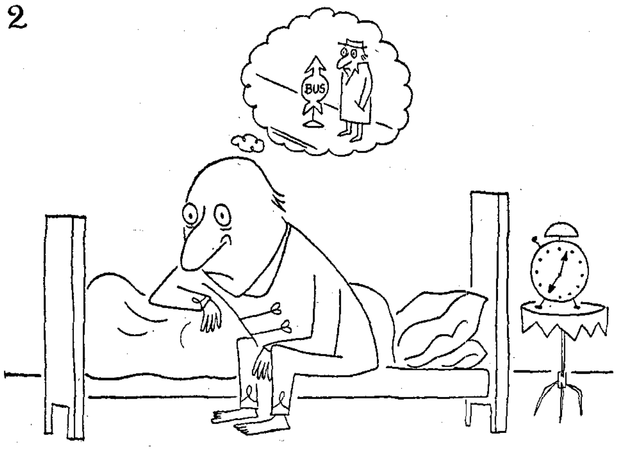
We walked across a hill shaded with many trees, the guide moving a little ahead of us. "If you're looking for the graves of American authors," he called


TAXI STAND
25¢ FIRST 2,000,000 10¢ EACH ADDITIONAL 1,000,000 MILES
25¢ FIRST 2,000,000 10¢ EACH ADDITIONAL 1,000,000 MILES
25¢ FIRST 2,000,000 10¢ EACH ADDITIONAL 1,000,000 MILES
O. SOGLOW

1



2



back, "have a look at that one." It was the grave of O. Henry. He, too, had been my favorite, in his period of my life, but right now I did not want to be diverted from my search for the grave of Thomas Wolfe, which we found almost immediately. The inscription on the big monument read:

TOM
Son of
W. O. and Julia E.
A Beloved American Author
October 3, 1900—September 15, 1938

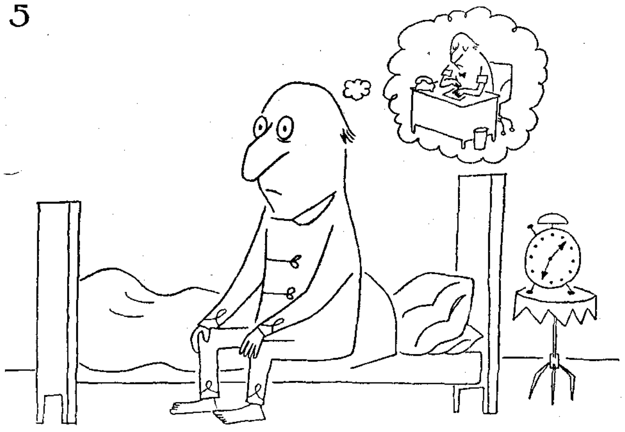
"The last voyage, the longest, the best."
Look Homeward, Angel

"Death bent to touch his chosen
son with mercy, love and pity,
and put the seal of honor on
him when he died."
The Web and the Rock

After a few minutes, we walked away, and got in the car, and drove back into town. I was confused by the experiences of the morning. The Wolfe house had obviously needed a coat of paint, and Mrs. Wolfe had looked shabby. I kept thinking wasn't it strange that a boy from that house had become the greatest writer in America but that it didn't seem to have improved the house? There had been no grass in the yard, and no flowers, and here the mother was, still running a cheap boarding house, as she had been doing for thirty years. She had probably never been out of the house, I decided, while her son had been seeing the great world and writing great books. It seemed unfair and puzzling.

I had read everything about Thomas Wolfe that I could find, but I thought of stopping in at the Asheville Library to see if they had anything more. Dr. Dabney considered it a fine idea, and he went in with me, because he wanted to see how many of his own books they had in the library. The librarian was kind, and brought out a clipping file. I spent about half an hour looking through it. Most of the items were book reviews, but what interested me were the small-town social notes that mentioned members of the Wolfe family. I was surprised at how many times Mrs. Wolfe or a daughter or a son had been in New York visiting the novelist. There were at least seven or eight such visits, and the Asheville newspapers had also printed an account of a banquet that Wolfe's publishers had given, with Mrs. Wolfe as a guest of honor; among the other guests were several literary figures whose names I recognized. At the time of his funeral, in Asheville, a number of very important people had come from New York, and I thought of them walking up those unpainted steps, as I had done.

5

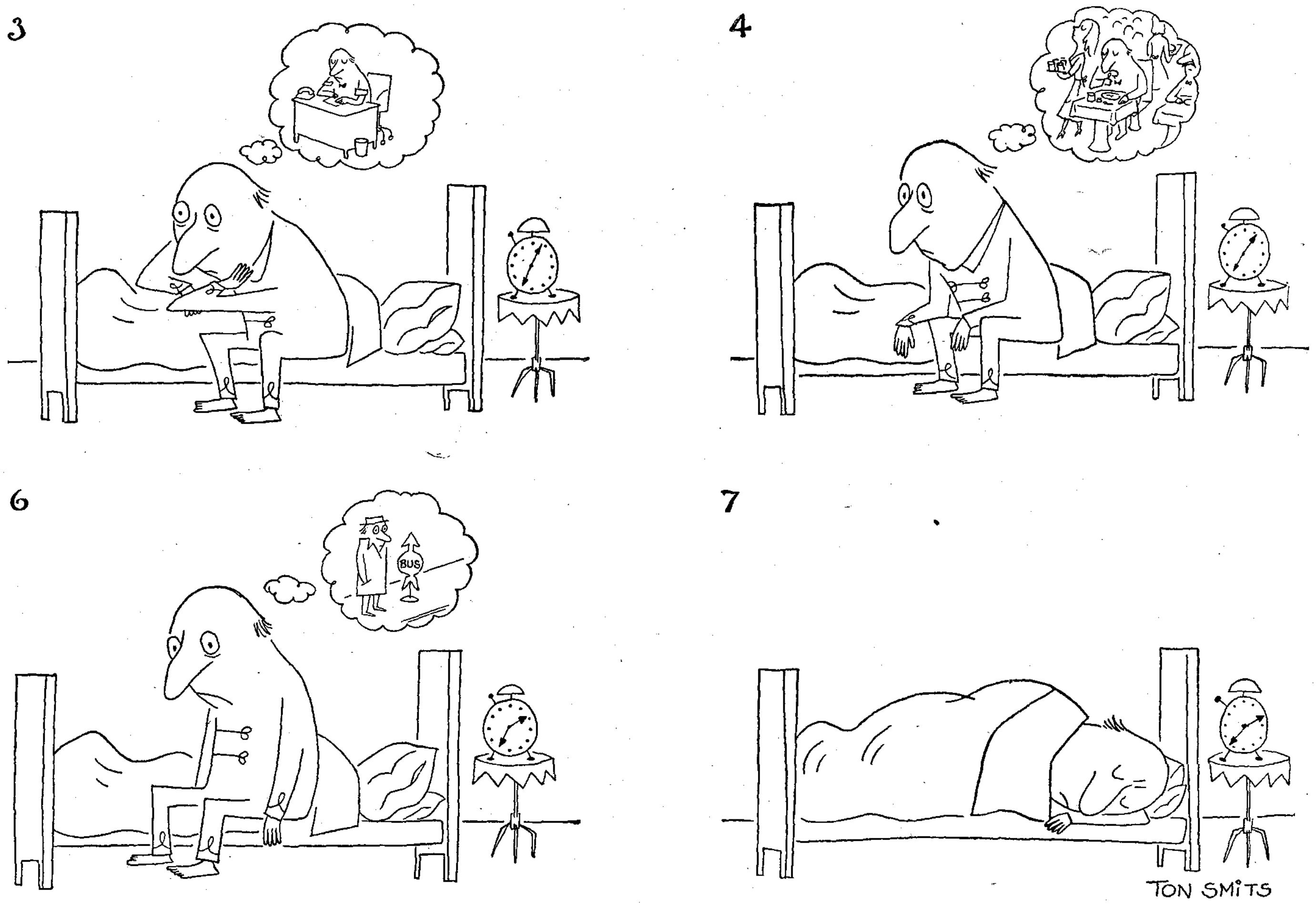


DR. DABNEY and I ate some lunch, and exchanged the yellow convertible for his black car, and we took an afternoon ride around the streets. At a minute before four o'clock, I was back at My Old Kentucky Home, and, as she had promised, Mrs. Wolfe was ready for me. I did not even have to ring the bell. She opened the door just long enough for me to get inside, and, with her handkerchief, shooed away an angry fly that had almost got in. She was wearing a black dress with a little pattern of flowers, and I was embarrassed by the fact that the right side was torn almost from the armpit to the bottom hem and a pink rayon undergarment was showing. At her neck was a pin—a cameo, as I remember. Her face had been patted hurriedly and extravagantly with a starch-white powder, and she wore a round dot of rouge in the center of each cheek.

As she guided me down the hall, I saw that there was a formal front parlor on the left, with some easy chairs and a davenport. An upright piano was placed diagonally across one corner, and on it was a framed copy of the picture of Thomas Wolfe that was familiar to me from the dust jackets of his books. There were also two enlarged tintypes on the wall, of almost identical babies. She led me back to what used to be called a sun parlor. I noticed that one or two windowpanes were missing and had been repaired with newspaper. The freshest break had not been repaired at all. The central light fixture had sockets for six bulbs, but there were only one or two. As in the parlor, the chief item of furniture was an upright piano, again placed across a corner, and there was also a mission-oak davenport, a window seat with cushions on it, and a table with potted plants.

Mrs. Wolfe and I sat down together on the davenport, and I didn't know quite how to begin conversation. Finally I said, "I can't help noticing that you have arthritis in your fingers. My mother does, too. I hope it doesn't give you a lot of trouble." I saw that she had two or three inexpensive Woolworth rings forced as far as they would go on her fingers.

"I work so hard," she said. "Like this



morning, I was up with the birds and out there at that cemetery. I try to get out every morning and do the weeding around the graves. That's why my fingernails don't look so nice. Some days I don't make it at all. I had this help coming today, and I didn't want you to think I was rude, but I work right along with them, and that way I get my money's worth. People don't seem to want to work any more."

I asked if the pictures in the parlor were of the twins, Grover Cleveland and Benjamin Harrison, and she said that was right. She seemed to appreciate my knowing their names—they are in "Look Homeward, Angel"—and almost instantly she began to cry. "They were the most beautiful babies you ever did see. And, of all my children, Grover was my favorite. I lost him when he was twelve. Wouldn't you know he'd get taken from me early? Oh, I've had a sad life."

As our conversation had reached the funeral level in the first five minutes, I asked if she would mind telling me about Thomas Wolfe's last sickness, and she seemed pleased. She laid down her handkerchief and began an extended monologue, which struck me with such impact that I have always remembered it word for word.

"He decided to go on this trip out to Seattle. He never had been clear across the country, although he'd been to Europe lots of times, and he thought he should. He hadn't been feeling well, and then, when he got out there to Washington, he caught pneumonia. You'd think those doctors out there would understand pneumonia, like we do, but they don't seem to. Do you know they had him lying out in the open on a cot? When he first knew he was real sick, he telephoned me, collect, and he said, 'They're trying something new on me, Mama. They've got me out on a porch on a cot.' Well, he got sicker and sicker. Those doctors of his were always on the phone to me. They called me for three days straight, always collect, and once they called me twice in one day. And great big bills. Two-sixty-seven. Three-sixty-eight. Another time it was four-sixty-three. I finally said to them, 'If you want to get in touch with me, why don't you send me a night letter?' Well, one day they said they were going to send him east to that Johns Hopkins Hospital, in Baltimore. I didn't know what to think about that, but when I heard he was leaving, I thought I ought to go and meet him halfway. Tom was always fond of peaches, so I got a great big sack of Georgia peaches, and I got on the train, and I went to Chicago. I was waiting for him in that big depot, and I saw the man in the white jacket pushing him along in a wheelchair. I just wondered how sick he really was, so after they got past me, I went up behind him and I put my hands over his eyes and I said, 'Do you know who this is, Tom?' And he says, 'Why, it's Mrs. Julia Wolfe.' That was always a little joke of ours he often played on me. Sometimes he wouldn't call me Mama but he'd say 'Hello, Mrs. Julia Wolfe.' Well, I knew right then he wasn't as sick as those doctors in Seattle said. Then I tried another thing on him. After we were settled on the train, I opened up my pocketbook, and I had a little bottle of perfume in it he'd given me that spring, for Mother's Day. He'd taken this cabin down in the mountains near here to do some writing, and he had a man there to wait on him, but he'd come into town to see me, and when he came in for Mother's Day, he brought me this perfume. I never had opened it—just carried it with me. And I got it out, and I waved it back and forth in front of his eyes, and I said, 'Tom, you know what this is?' And he said, 'That's what I gave Mrs. Julia Wolfe for Mother's Day.' Well, I thought, he is just *not* as sick as those doctors said. We had a real nice trip on to Baltimore together. I kept peeling peaches for him and sticking pieces in his mouth. Tom didn't look very good, but I thought one of those good Eastern hospitals would fix him up. But I guess it was too late. We were there for just six days, and I'd go over twice a day and sit by his bedside. Then, the last time I was with him, he was whistling an aria from some opera. Most people didn't know that Tom was so fond of music. He was sitting up in bed, and he was whistling, and then suddenly the most terrible look came into his eyes, and he just slumped down. Later that day it was all over. They'd had to operate on him, and do you know that when they split open his skull, those doctors told me that from one ear to the other it was a solid mass of tubercular cells?"

She stared out a window, and I couldn't figure quite where to take the conversation. After a few seconds, I said, "You know, Mrs. Wolfe, I think your son was a great, great man. And the thing I always wonder is, when you have several children, do you know right away which is going to be the outstanding one and which ones aren't?"

A smile came over her face. "Oh, I always knew about Tom," she said. "I'd brought up a big family before he came along, and I knew he was different. Take with reading. I never could get one of the others to read a book, and Tom used to bring home as many books as the library would allow him. One day I met the lady who ran the library on the street, and she said to me, 'Mrs. Wolfe, you are just going to have to move to another place, because your boy Tom has read every book we have.' Oh, yes, I knew he was different."

"He was very fond of you, wasn't he?" I said.

"He and I always got on just fine," she said. "There was an awful lot of hullabaloo when that first book of his came out. People in this town were sore as could be, and Tom didn't dare come back for a while. But all his characters were made up out of his head. Folks kept saying I was Eliza Gant. Why, I'm not Eliza Gant. I'm Julia Wolfe. Both of us just ran boarding houses, that's all. Tom picked up material wherever he went, but I'm not Eliza Gant."

I could tell that this idea troubled her, and decided that it was time for me to leave.

"Mrs. Wolfe, I guess I should go," I said, "but before I do, I wonder if it would be possible for me to have something that belonged to your son. Most of all, I would like to have a book that he had owned and that he had signed his name in."

As she got up, she said, "I'm not selling anything of Tom's, and don't you try to steal anything out of this house. I have people every day who want to see this place, and see Tom's bedroom, and I have to watch them like a hawk."

"I wouldn't think of stealing anything," I said, "but I knew what a great reader he was, and I thought maybe you had more books of his than you knew how to deal with."

We passed the parlor door, and I looked once more at that familiar picture on the piano.

"I knew you wouldn't steal anything, or I wouldn't have let you in," she said. "I've been in business a long time, and I can tell about people from their face." She opened the door, and we went out onto the porch. "I don't have much of anything of Tom's here anyway. All his things are still in barrels in that apartment of his in Brooklyn. I kept it, and I get up there three or four times a year. There are so many things there, and someday they're going to be worth a lot of money. Do you ever get to Brooklyn? If you do, drop in and see me."

I said that I had never been to Brooklyn and doubted whether I ever would.

"If I had a pencil, I'd write you down the address, but you can just call my publishers. They always know where to find me. I love that little place in Brooklyn. It only costs a nickel on the subway to get there, and I can get back and forth to my publishers in half an hour. I'm little and wiry, and I just dart in and out of that subway. Brooklyn's a right confusing place, as my son said in that story, 'Only the Dead Know Brooklyn,' but I do get around, and I'm still alive, and I see a lot. My children say I'm too old to go running around in a city, but I love it."

We looked out toward the street and the car. Dr. Dabney was sitting very erect, as usual, in the front seat, still reading. "You've changed your car since this morning, I notice," she said. "You had a yellow one when you came before—a sporty one."

I explained why, and held out my hand and thanked her again for letting me come to see her. She seemed reluctant to have the visit end.

"I always enjoy talking about Tom," she said. "He was a funny one. See that bush there by the steps? It's a rose of Sharon. One day Tom came running home from school and said, 'Mama, Mama, I got to have ten cents to buy a tree.' Well, Tom never knew much about money, and I said, 'What kind of a tree do you think you can buy for ten cents?' He told me that they were having something called Arbor Day, and the teacher said everybody that brought ten cents to school in the afternoon would get an oak tree to plant in their yard. I gave him the dime, and when he came home that evening I said, 'Son, where's your oak tree?' In his hand he had an envelope with a twig in it, and he said, 'Here it is.' Well, I laughed about it and told him to bring it out here and plant it. Every single morning, before he went to school, he'd come out with a pail of water and pour it on, and there it still grows. But it turned out to be rose of Sharon. He was so proud of it. The last time he was home, when he was starting to catch the train back to New York, he stood right there where you're standing now, and he said, 'Goodbye, Mrs. Julia Wolfe, and don't forget to take good care of my oak tree.' Yes, he was quite a boy."

—STEWART JOHNSON

•

THE COCKNEY AMORIST

Oh, when, my love, my darling,
You've left me here alone,
I'll walk the streets of London,
Which once seemed all our own.

The vast suburban churches
Together we have found,
The ones that smelt of gaslight,
The ones in incense drown'd—
I'll use them now for praying in
And not for looking round.

No more the Hackney Empire
Shall find us in its stalls
When on the limelit crooner
The thankful curtain falls
And soft electric lamplight
Reveals the gilded walls.

I will not go to Finsbury Park
The putting course to see
Nor cross the crowded High Road
To Williamsons' to tea,
For these and all the other things
Were part of you and me.

I love you, oh, my darling,
And what I can't make out
Is why since you have left me
I'm somehow still about.

—JOHN BETJEMAN

A GIFT FROM THE CITY

LIKE most happy people, they came from far inland. Amid the mysteries of this city, they had grown closer than ever before. When the phone on his desk rang, he knew it was she.

"Jim? Say. Something awful has happened."

"What?" His voice had contracted and sounded smaller. He pictured his wife and small daughter attacked by teen-agers, derelicts, coal men, beneath the slender trees of Tenth Street. If only love were not immaterial! If only there were such a thing as enchantment, and he could draw, with a stick, a circle of safety around them that would hold, though they were on Tenth near Fifth and he forty blocks north.

"I guess it shouldn't be awful, but it's so upsetting. Martha and I were in the apartment. We had just come back from the park, and I was making tea for her tea party—"

"Nnn. And?"

"And the doorbell rang. And I didn't know who could be calling, but I pressed the buzzer and went to the stairs, and there was this young Negro. It seemed strange, but then he looked awfully frightened and really smaller than I am. So I stood at the banister and he stood on the middle of the stairs, and he told me this story about how he had brought his family up from North Carolina in somebody else's truck and they had found a landlord who was giving them a room but they had no furniture or food. I couldn't understand half of what he said." Her voice broke here.

"Poor Liz. It's all right, he didn't expect you to."

"He kept saying something about his wife, and I *couldn't* understand it."

"Are you O.K.?"

"Yes, I'm O.K. Let me finish."

"You're crying."

"Well, it was awfully strange."

"What did he *do*?"

"He didn't *do* anything. He was very nice. He just wanted to know if there were any odd jobs I could let him do. He'd been all up and down Tenth Street, just ringing doorbells, and nobody was at home."

"We don't have any odd jobs."

"That's what I said. But I gave him ten dollars and said I was sorry but this was all I had in the house. It's all I did have."

"Good. That was just the right thing."

"Was it all right?"

"Sure. You say the poor devil came up in a truck?" James was relieved: the shadow of the coal man had passed; the enchantment had worked. It had seemed for a moment, from her voice, that the young Negro was there in the apartment, hugging Martha on the sofa.

"The point is, though," Liz said, "now we don't have any money for the weekend, and Janice is coming tomorrow night so we can go to the movies, and then the Bridges on Sunday. You know how she eats. Did you go to the bank?"

"Damn it, no. I forgot."

"Well, *dar*ling."

"I keep thinking we have lots of money." It was true; they did. "Never mind, maybe they'll cash a check here."

"You think? He was really awfully pathetic, and I couldn't tell if he was a crook or not."

"Well, even if he was, he must have needed the money. Crooks need money, too."

"You think they will cash a check?"

"Sure. They love me."

"The really awful thing I haven't told you. When I gave him the ten dollars, he said he wanted to thank you—he seemed awfully interested in you—and I said, Well, fine, but on Saturdays we were in and out all day, so he said he'd come in the evening. He really wants to thank you."

"He does."

"I told him we were going to the movies, and he said he'd come around before we went."

"Isn't he rather aggressive? Why didn't he let *you* thank me for him?"

"Darley, I didn't know *what* to say."

"Then it's not the Bridges we need the money for, it's him."

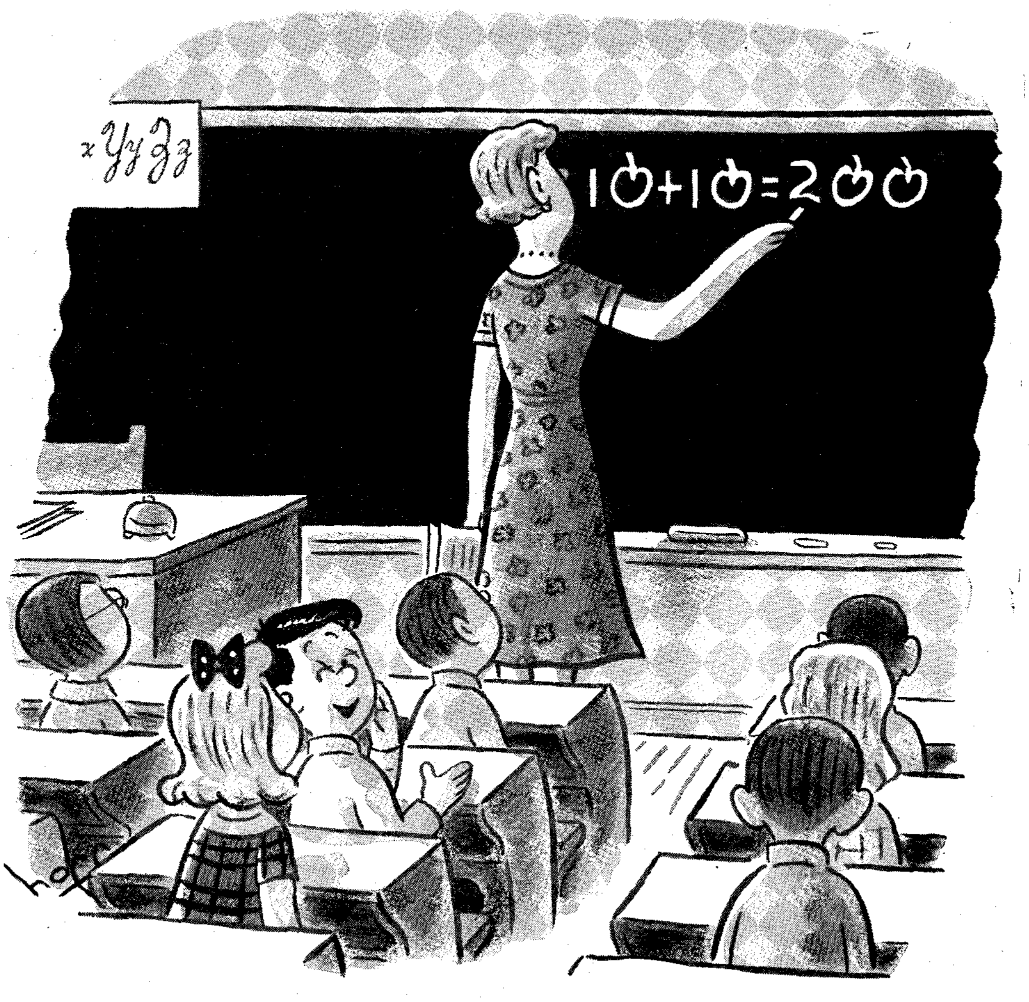
"No, I don't think so. You made me forget the crucial part: He said he has gotten a job that starts Monday, so it's just this weekend he needs furniture."

"Why doesn't he sleep on the floor?" James could imagine himself, in needful circumstances, doing that. In the Army he had done worse.

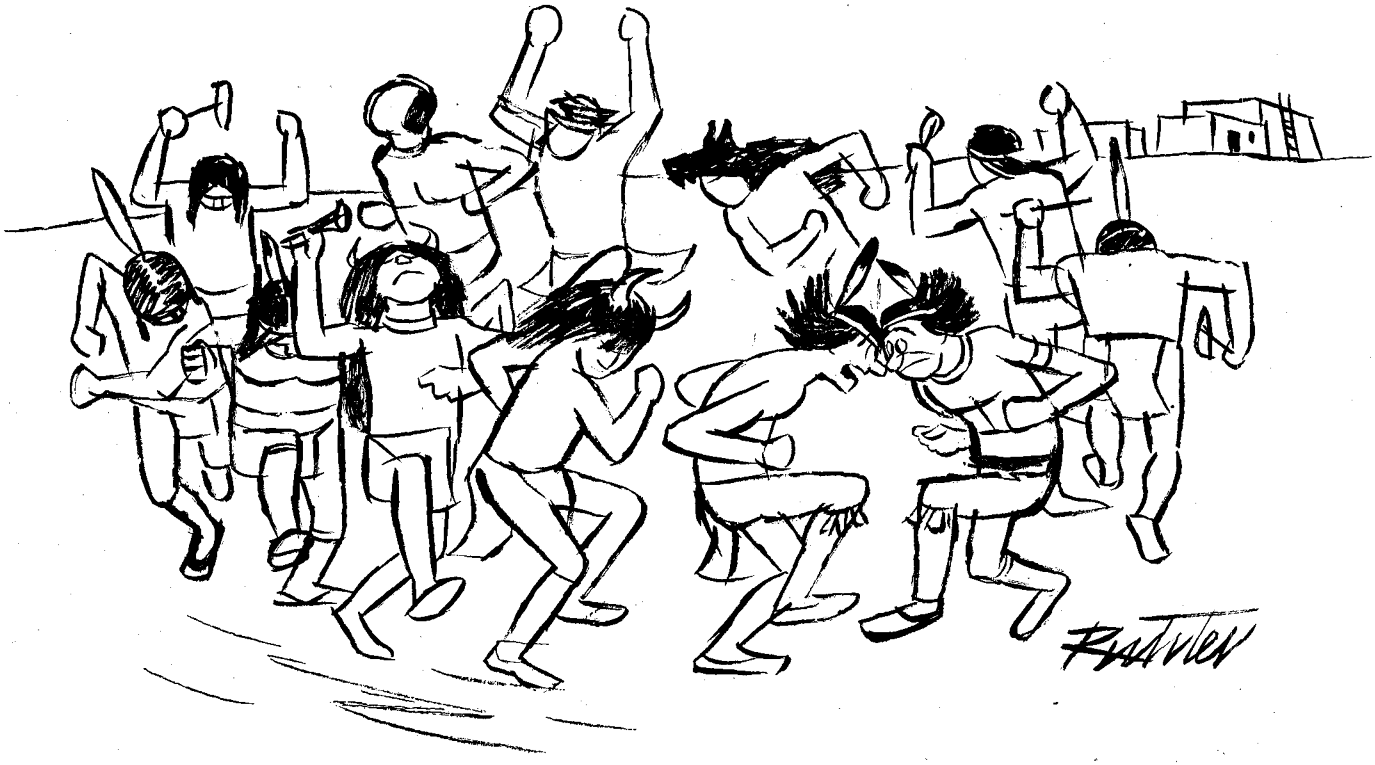
"He has this *fam*ily, Jim. Did you want me not to give him anything—to run inside and lock the door? It would have been easy to do, you know."

"No, no, you were a wonderful Christian. Anyway, if he comes before the movie he can't very well stay all night."

This pleasant logic seemed firm enough to conclude on, yet when she



"Being a scientist is going to be a lot easier than I thought."



"Counter-clockwise, stupid!"

had hung up and her voice was gone, the affair seemed ominous again. It was as if, with the click of the receiver, she had sunk beneath an ocean. His own perch, twenty-two stories above Park Avenue, swayed slightly, with the roll of too many cigarettes. He ground his present one into a turquoise ashtray, and looked about him, but his office at Dudevant & Smith (Industrial and Package Design) offered an inappropriate kind of comfort. His youth's high hopes—he had thought he was going to be a painter—had been distilled into a few practical solids: a steel desk, a sponge chair, a drawing board the size of a dining table, infinitely adjustable lighting fixtures, abundant draftsman's equipment, and a bulletin board so fresh it gave off a scent of cork. Oversized white tacks fixed on the cork several flattering memos from Dudevant, a snapshot, a studio portrait of Liz, and a four-color ad for the Raydo shaver, a shaver that James had designed, though an asterisk next the object dropped the eye to the right-hand corner, to Dudevant's name, in elegantly modest sans-serif. This was all right; it was in the bargain. James's anonymity had been honestly purchased. Indeed, it seemed they couldn't give him enough; there was always some bonus or adjustment or employee benefit or Christmas present appearing on his desk, in one of those long blue envelopes that spelled "money" to his mind as surely as green engravings.

His recent fortunes had been so good, James had for months felt that some harsh blow was due. Cautious, he gave Providence few opportunities to instruct him. Its last chance, except for trips in the car, had been childbirth, and Liz had managed so swiftly and easily even her doctor was surprised. As the months passed harmlessly, James's suspicion increased that the city itself was poised to strike. He placated the circumambient menace the only way he knew—by giving to beggars. He distributed between fifty cents and a dollar a day to Salvation Army singers, degraded violinists, husky blind men standing in the center of the pavement with their beautiful German shepherds, men on crutches offering yellow pencils, mumbling drunks anxious to shake his hand and show him the gash beneath their hats, men noncommittally displaying their metal legs in subway tunnels. Ambulatory ones, given the pick of a large crowd, would approach him; to their vision, though he dressed and looked like anyone else, he must wear, with Byzantine distinctness, the aureole of the soft touch.

Saturday was tense. James awoke feeling the exact shape of his stomach, a disagreeable tuber. The night before, he had tried to draw from Liz more information about her young Negro. "How was he dressed?"

"Not badly."

"Not badly!"

"A kind of sport coat with a red wool shirt open at the neck, I think."

"Well why is he all dolled up if he has no money? He dresses better than I do."

"It didn't seem terribly strange. You know he would have *one* good outfit."

"And he brought his wife and *seven* children up here in the cab of a truck?"

"I said *seven?* I just have the feeling it's seven."

"Sure. Seven dwarfs, seven lively arts, seven levels of Purgatory . . ."

"It couldn't have been in the cab, though. It must have been in the truck part. He said they had no furniture or anything except what they wore."

"Just the rags on their backs. Son of a bitch."

"This is so unlike you, darling. You're always sending checks to Father Flanagan."

"He only asks me once a year, and at least he doesn't come crawling up the stairs after my wife."

James was indignant. The whole tribe of charity seekers, to whom he had been so good, had betrayed him. On Saturday morning, down on Eighth Street buying a book, he deliberately veered away, off the curb and into the gutter, to avoid a bum hopefully eying his lapels. At lunch the food lacked taste. The interval between the plate and his face exasperated him; he ate too fast, greedily. In the afternoon, all the way to the park he maintained a repellent frown. When Liz seemed to dawdle, he took over the pushing of the carriage himself. A young colored man in Levis descended the steps of a brick four-story and peered up and down the street. James's heart tripped. "There he is."

"Where?"

"Right ahead, looking at you."

"Aren't you scary? That's not him. Mine was really short."

At the park his daughter played in the damp sand by herself, depressingly. No one seemed to love her; the other children romped at selfish games. The slatted shadow of the fence lengthened as the sun drew closer to the tops of the N.Y.U. buildings. Martha tottered from the sandbox to the seesaw to the swings, in her element and fearless. Strange, the fruit of his seed was a native New Yorker; she had been born in a hospital on Twenty-ninth Street. He rescued her at the entry to the swing section, lifted her into one, and pushed her from the front. Her face dwindled and loomed, dwindled and loomed; she laughed, but none of the other parents or children gave a sign of hearing her. The metal of the swing was icy. A chill March breeze stroked the backs of his hands.

When they returned to the apartment, after four, safe, and the Negro was not there, and Liz set about making tea as on any other day, his fears were confounded, and he irrationally ceased expecting anything bad to happen. They gave the baby her bath and ate their dinner in peace; by pure will he was keeping the hateful doorbell smothered. And when it did ring, it was only Janice their baby-sitter, coming up the stairs with her grandmotherly slowness.

He warned her, "There's a slight chance a young Negro will be coming here to find us," and told her, more or less, the story.

"Well don't worry, I won't let him in," Janice said. "I'll tell him you're not here and I don't know when you'll be back." She was a good-hearted, unfortunate girl, with dusty tangerine hair. Her mother, in Rhode Island, was being filtered through a series of hopeless operations. Most of her weekends were spent up there, helping her mother die. The salary Janice earned as a stenographer downtown was consumed by train fares and long-distance phone calls; she never accepted her fee at the end of a night's sitting without saying, with a soft one-sided smile wherein ages of Irish wit were listlessly deposited, "I hate to take it, but I need the money."

"Well, no, don't be rude or anything. Tell him—and I don't think he'll come, but just in case—we'll be here Sunday."

"The Bridges, too," Liz pointed out.

"Yeah, well, I don't think he'll show. If he's as new here as you said he said he was, he probably can't find the place again."

"You know," Janice said to Liz, "you really can't be so softhearted. I admire you for it, and I feel as sorry for these people as you do, but in this town, believe me, you don't dare trust anybody, literally *any*body. A girl at work beside me knows a man who's as healthy as you or me, but he goes around on crutches and makes a hundred and twenty dollars a week. Why, that's more than any of us who work honestly make."

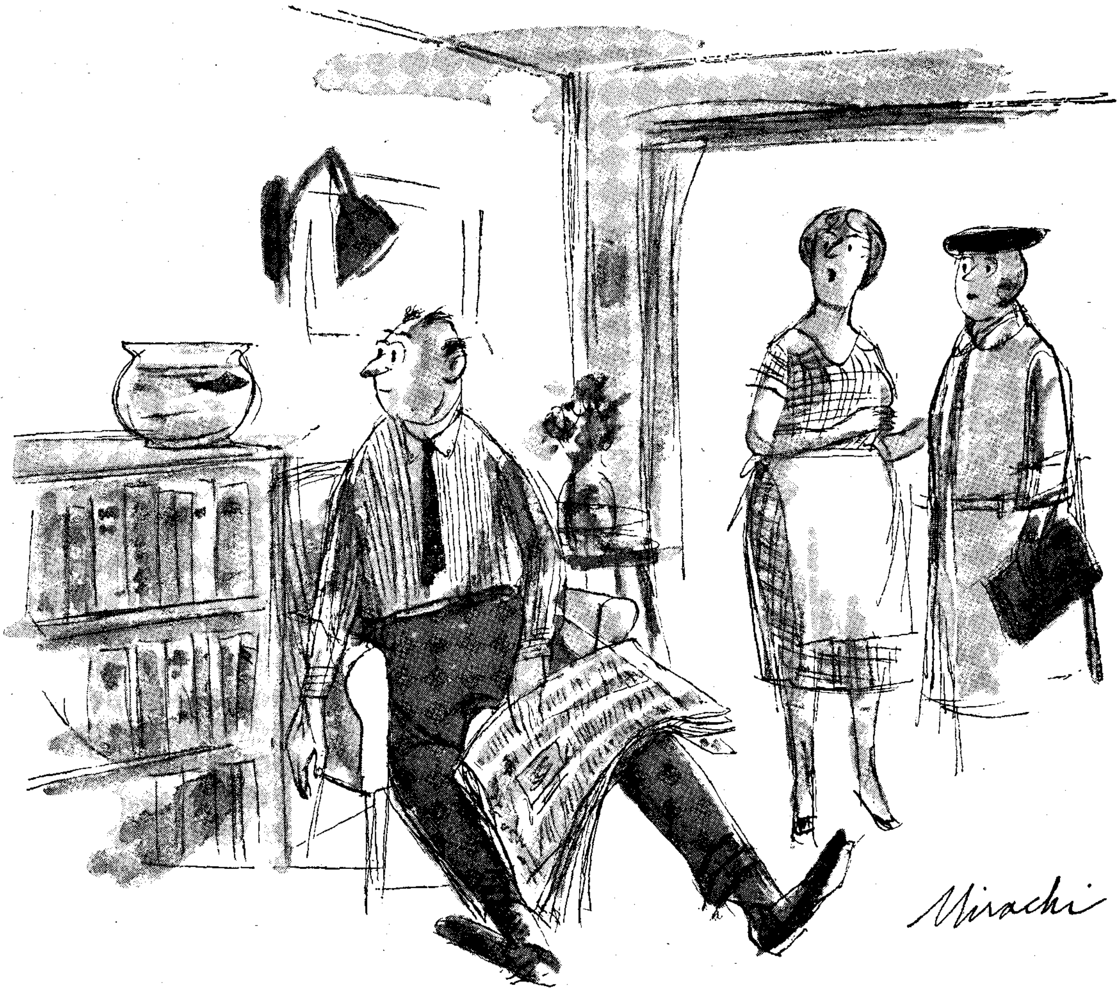
James smiled tightly, insulted twice; he made more than that a week, and he did not like to hear he was being defrauded by pitiable souls on the street who he could see were genuinely deformed or feeble-minded or alcoholic.

After a pause, Liz gently asked the girl, "How is your mother?"

Janice's face brightened and was not quite so overpowered by the orange hair. "Oh, on the phone last night she sounded real high and mighty. The P.-T.A. has given her some job with a drive for funds, something she could do with pencil and paper, without getting up. I've told you how active she had been. She was all for getting out of bed. She said she can feel, you know, that it's out of her body now. But when I talked to the doctor last Sunday, he said we mustn't hope too much. But he seemed very proud of the operation."

"Well, good luck," James said, jingling the change in his pocket.

Janice shook her finger. "You have a good time. He isn't going to get in if I'm here, *that* you can depend on," she



"Excuse me a moment, Harriet. Herbert has been mesmerized by that damn goldfish again."

assured them, misunderstanding, or perhaps understanding more than necessary.

As they advanced down Tenth from Fifth, after watching Rock Hudson's hair through two hours turn blue, James saw a slight blob by their gate which it seemed simply squinting would erase. He did not expect ever to see Liz's Negro, who had had his chance at dinner. Yet when it was clear that a man *was* standing there, wearing a hat, James hastened forward, glad at last to have the Negro life-size and under scrutiny. It felt as if they knew each other well. James called "Hi!" and grasped the quickly offered hand, the palm waxy and cool, like a synthetic fabric.

"I just wanted . . . *thank* . . . such a fine gentleman," the Negro said, in a voice incredibly thin-spun, the thread of it always breaking.

"Have you been waiting long?" Liz asked.

"No, well . . . The lady upstairs, she said you'd be back. When the man in the taxi let me go from the station . . . came on back to thank such wonderful people."

"I'm awfully sorry," James told him. "I thought you knew we were going off to the movies." His own voice sounded huge—a magnificent instrument. He must not be too elaborately courteous; Liz was terribly alive to him in regard to vanity or condescension. She was unfair; his natural, heartfelt impulse at this moment was toward elaborate courtesy.

"You were at the police station?" Liz asked. Their previous encounter seemed to have attuned her to the man's speech.

". . . how I do appreciate." He was still speaking to James, ignoring Liz completely. This assumption that James, as head of the family, superseded all its other elements, and that in finding him the Negro had struck the fountainhead of his good fortune, made James panicky. He had been raised to believe in democratic marriages. Further, the Negro seemed to need specifically maternal attention. He trembled softly under his coat, and it was not that cold; the night was warmer than the late afternoon had been.

The Negro's clothes, in the dimness of outdoors, did not look as shabby as James would have liked. As for his being young, James could distinguish no marks of either youth or age.

"Well, come on inside," he said.

"Aaaah . . . ?"

"Please," Liz said.

They entered the little overheated vestibule, and immediately the buzzer rasped at the lock, signalling that Janice had been watching from the window. She ran to the banister and shouted down in a whisper, "Did he get in? Has he told you about the taxi-driver?"

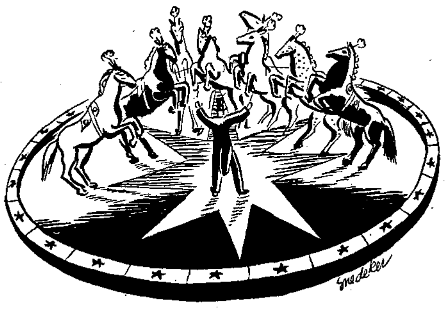
James, leading the group, attained the top of the stairs. "How was Martha?" he asked, rather plainly putting first things first.

"An absolute angel. How was the movie?"

"Quite good, really. It really was."

"I was honestly afraid he'd kill him."

They shuffled each other into the room. "I gather you two have met, then," James said to Janice and the Negro. The girl bared her teeth in a kindly smile that made her look five years older, and the Negro, who had his hat already in his hands and was therefore unable to tip it, bent the brim slightly and swiftly averted his head, confronting a striped canvas Liz had done, titled "Swans and Shadows."



At this juncture, with Janice and the Negro showing signs of a sinister rapport, Liz deserted him, easing into the bedroom. She was bothered by fears that Martha would stop breathing among the blankets. "Before the doorbell rang, even," Janice talked on, "I could hear the shouting on the street—Oh, it was something. He said terrible things. And then the bell rang, and I answered it, like you had said to, and *he* said—" She indicated the Negro, who was still standing, in a quiet plaid sport coat.

"Sit down," James told him.

"—and *he* said that the taxi-driver wanted money. *I* said, 'I don't have any. I don't have a red cent, honestly.' You know when I come over I never think to bring my purse."

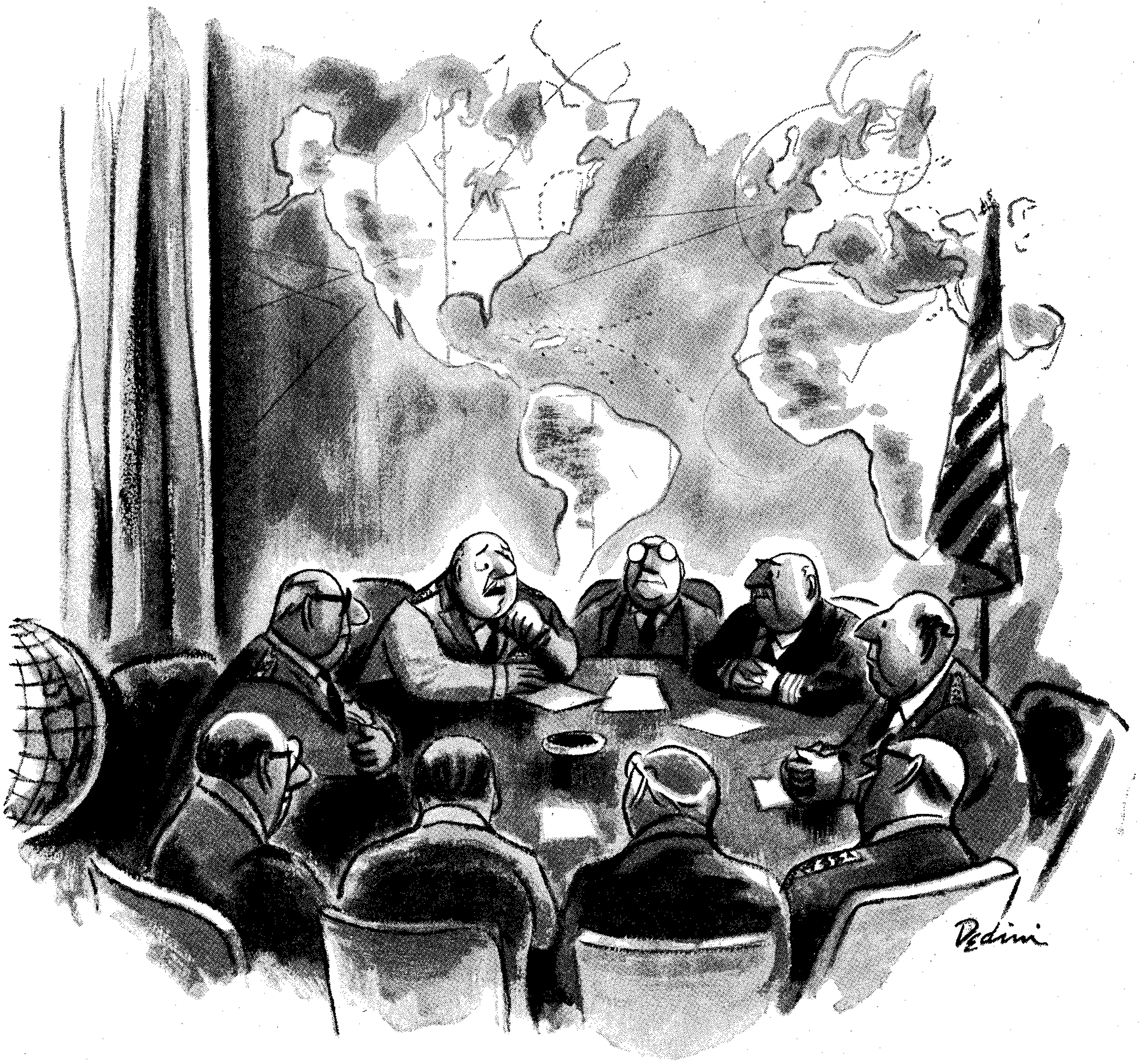
ASPECTS OF SPRING IN GREATER BOSTON

Stirring porch pots up with green-fingered witchcraft,
from ditch-delicious outskirt trailing moon-struck
cats, with twitch of toad, of mummied broomstalk,
hag Spring in a wink blacks the prim white magic
of winter-wimpled Boston's every mate-sick
splinter of spinster landscape.
Under the matchstick
march of her bridgework, giggling, the Lady Mystic
twitches her sequins coyly, but the calls
of her small tugs entice no geese. Canals
take freight; the roads throw up stiff hands; and the Charles
arches. Spring comes like a life raft smack to the waters
of Walden, or like a butt-slap.
And yet she loiters.
Where is song while the lark in winter quarters
lolls? What's to solace Scollay's drugstore-floaters
and sing them to their dolls? and yet,
strange musics—
migrant melodies of exotic ozarks—
twitter and throb where the bubble-throated jukebox
lurks iridescent by these lurid newsracks.
Browser, leafing here, withhold your wisecracks—
tonight, in public, straight from overseas,
her garish chiaroscuro turned to please
you and her other newsstand devotees,
the quarter-lit Diana takes her ease.

So watch your pockets, cats, hang onto your hearts,
for when you've drunk her glitter till it hurts—
Curtain. Dark scurries to dark. Full-feasted
Spring, like an ill bird, settles to the masthead
of here and there an elm. The streets are misted.
A Boston rain, archaic and monastic,
cobbles the blacktop waters, brings mosaic
to dusty windshields, to the waking, music.

—George Starbuck

• •



"One thing has become apparent. If there is a nuclear war, we can be assured of peace for the next thousand years."

• •

James recalled she could never make change. There was usually an amount she was left owing them, "toward next time."

"I *tol* him there were these fine people," the Negro said, "in this house here. The lady in there, she tol me you'd be *here*."

James asked, "Where did you take a taxi *from*?"

The Negro sought refuge in contemplation of his hat, pendent from one quivering hand. "Please, Mister . . . The lady, she knows about it." He looked toward the bedroom door.

Janice rescued him, speaking briskly: "He told me the driver wanted two thirty, and I said, 'I don't have a cent.' Then I came in here and hunted, you know, to see if you left any around—sometimes there's some tens under the silver bowl."

"Oh, yes," James said.

"Then I went to the window to signal—I'm scared to death of going downstairs and locking myself out—and down on the street there was this crowd, from across the street at Alex's, and it looked like when he went back to tell the driver, the driver grabbed him. There was a lot of shouting, and some woman kept saying 'Cop.' "

Liz reëntered the room.

"He grab me here," the Negro humbly explained. He touched with his little free hand the open collar of his red wool shirt.

"So I guess then they went to the police station," Janice concluded lamely, disappointed to discover that her information was incomplete.

Liz, assuming that the police-station part of the story had been told when she was out of the room, took this to be the end, and asked, "Who wants some coffee?"

"No, thanks, Betty," Janice said. "It keeps me awake."

"It keeps everybody awake," James said. "That's what it's supposed to do."

"Oh, no, Ma'am," the Negro said. "I couldn't do that." Uneasily shifting his face toward James, though he kept his eyes on the lamp burning above Janice's head, he went on, "I tolem at the station how there were these people. I had your address, cause the lady wrote it down on a little slip."

"Uh-huh." James assumed there was more to come. Why wasn't he still at the police station? Who paid the driver? The pause stretched. James felt increasingly remote; it scarcely seemed his room, with so strange a guest in it. He tilted his chair back, and the Negro sharpened as if through the wrong end of a telescope. There was a resemblance between the Negro's head and the Raydo shaver. The inventive thing about that design—the stroke of mind, in Dudevant's phrase—had been forthrightly paring away the space saved by the manufacturer's improved, smaller motor. Instead of a symmetrical case, then, in form like a tapered sugar sack, a squat, asymmetrical shape was created, which fitted, pleasingly weighty, in the user's hand like a religious stone full of mana. Likewise, a part of the Negro's head had been eliminated. His eyes were higher in his head than drawing masters teach, and had been set shallowly on the edges where the planes of the face turned sideways. With a smothered start James realized that Janice, and Liz leaning in the doorway of the kitchen, and the Negro, too, were expecting him to speak—the man of the situation, the benefactor. "Well, now, what *is* your trouble?" he asked brutally.

The coffee water sang, and Liz, after wrinkling her expressive high forehead at him, turned to the stove.

The Negro feebly rubbed the slant of his skull. "Aaaah? . . . appreciate the kindness of you and the lady . . . generous to a poor soul like me nobody wanted to help."

James prompted. "You and your wife and—how many children?"

"Seven, Mister. The oldest boy ten."

"—*have* found a place to live. Where?"

"Yessir, the man say he give us this room, but he say he can't put no beds in it, but I found this other man willing to give us on loan, you know, until I go to my job. . . . But the wife and children, they don't have no bed to rest their heads. Nothing to eat. My children are tired."

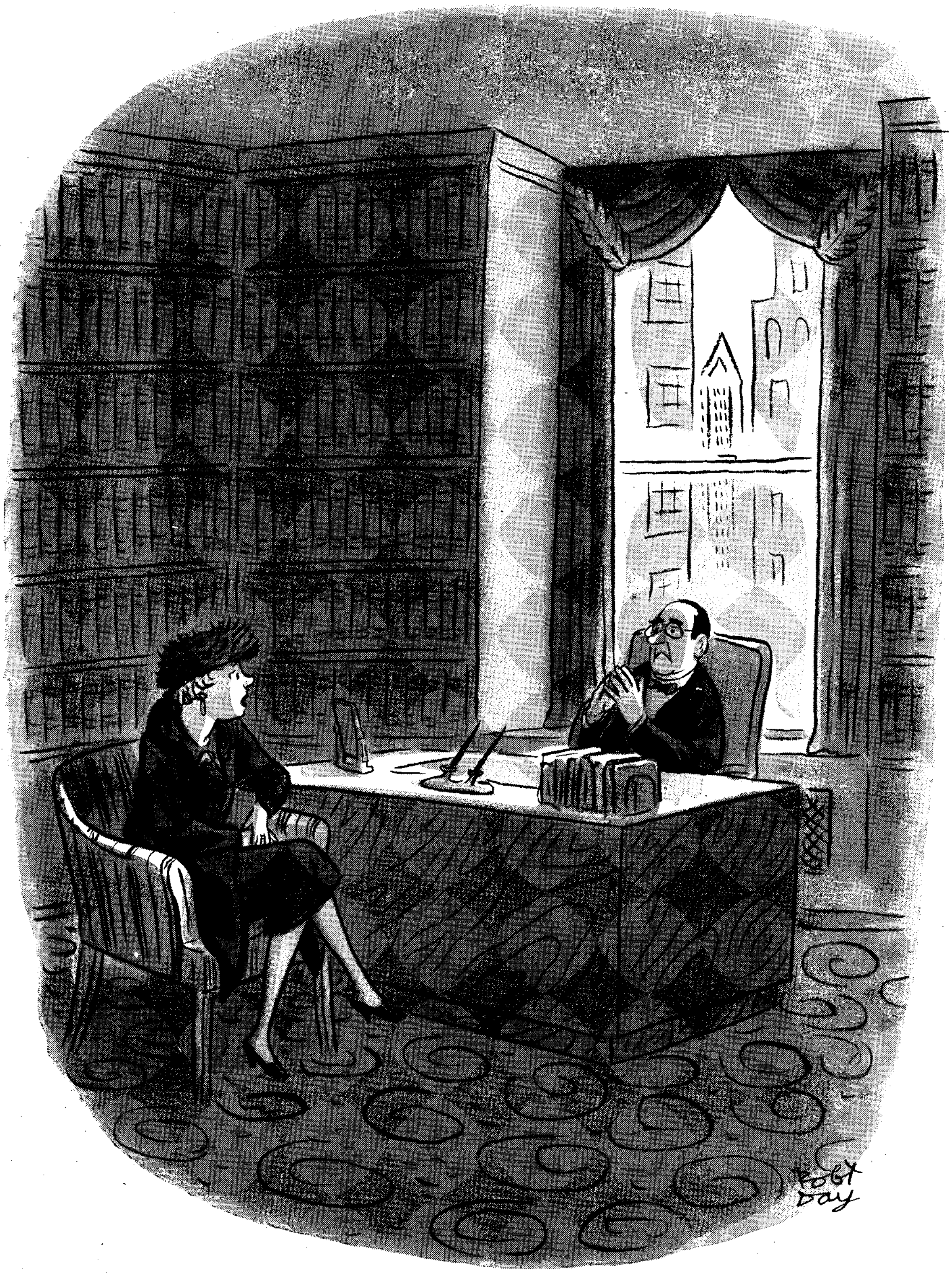
James put a cigarette in the center of his mouth and said as it bobbled, "You say you *have* a job?"

"Oh, yes, Mister, I went to this place where they're building the new road to the tunnel, you know, and *he* tol *me* as soon as I get in one day's work, he can give me that money, toward my pay. He ast if I could do the work and I said, 'Yes, sir, any kind of work you give I can do.' He said the pay was two dollar seventy cents for every hour you work."

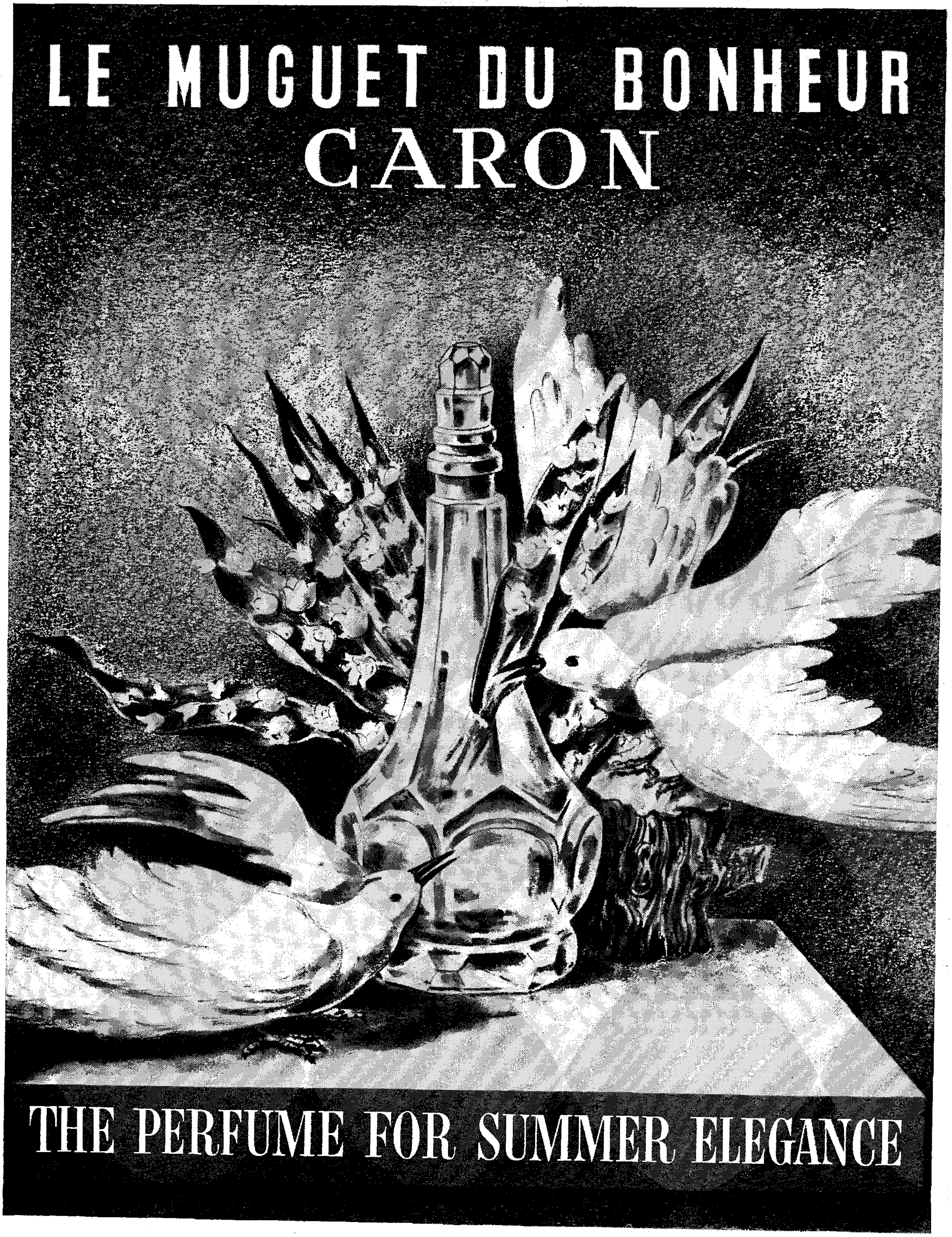
"Two seventy? For heaven's sake. Twenty dollars a day just laboring?"

"Yes, pushing the wheelbarrow . . . He said two seventy. I said, 'I can do any kind of work you give. I'm a hard worker.'"

To James he looked extremely frail, but the happy idea of there existing a broad-shouldered foreman willing to make him a



"Then he slugged me with a rolled-up copy of 'McCall's.'"


LE MUGUET DU BONHEUR
CARON
THE PERFUME FOR SUMMER ELEGANCE

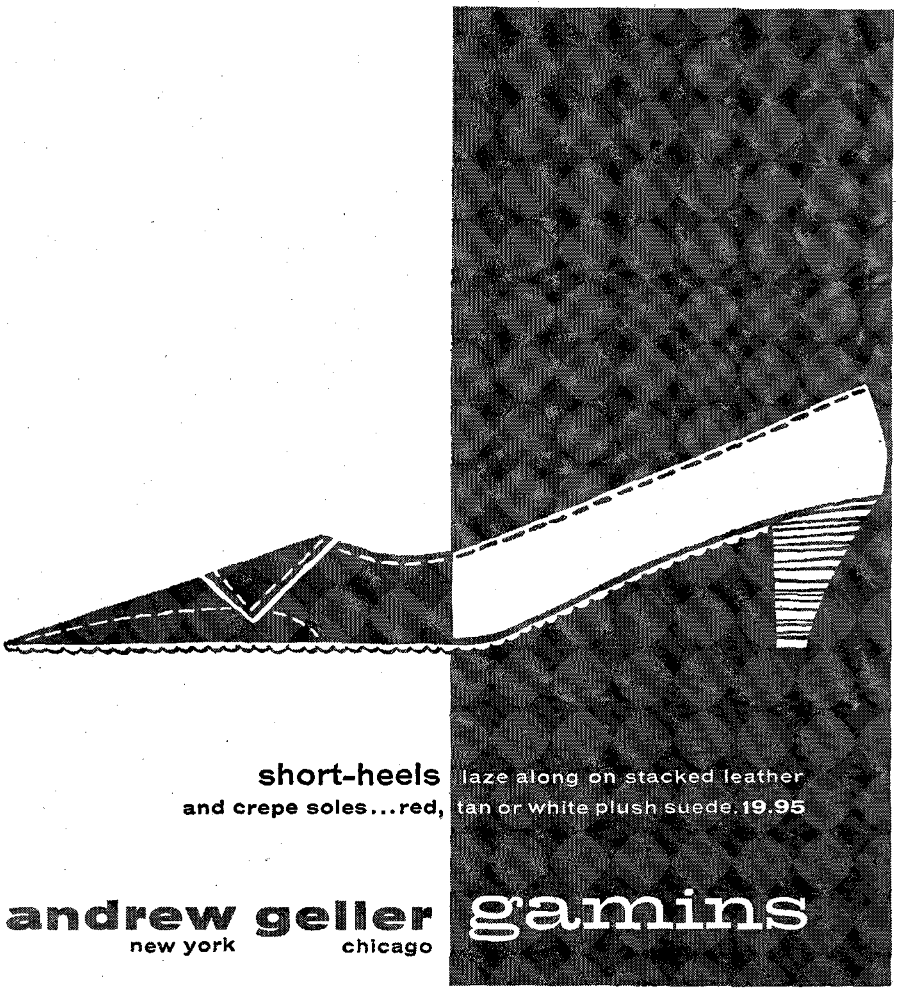
© Caron, 1958

Evan-Picone

You just Know

it's by Evan-Picone—
this artfully simple
chemise in two
beautiful parts—
in a fine cotton
diamond-weave piqué by
Queen Esther Fabrics.
About $23.

BERGDORF GOODMAN NEIMAN MARCUS L. L. BERGER GUS MAYER


short-heels laze along on stacked leather
and crepe soles...red, tan or white plush suede. 19.95

andrew geller
new york chicago
gamins

working citizen washed all doubts away. He smiled and insisted, "So it's really just this weekend you need to get over."

"That's right. Starting Monday I'll be making two seventy every hour. The wife, she's as happy as anybody could be."

The wife seemed to have altered underfoot, but James let it pass; the end was in sight. He braced himself to enter the realm of money. Here Janice, the fool, who should have left the minute they came home, interrupted with "Have you tried any agencies, like the Salvation Army?"

"Oh, yes, Miss. All. They don't care much for fellas like me. They say they'll give us money to get *back*, but as for us staying—they won't do a damn thing. Boy, you come up here in a truck, you're on your own. Nobody help me except these people."

The man he probably was with his friends and family was starting to show. James was sleepy. The hard chair hurt; the Negro had the comfortable chair. He resented the Negro's becoming at ease. But there was no halting it; the women were at work now.

"Isn't that awful," Janice said. "You wonder why they have these agencies."

"You say you need help, your wife ain't got a place to put her head, they give you money to go *back*."

Liz entered with two cups of coffee. Hers, James noticed, was just half full; he was to bear the larger burden of insomnia. The cup was too hot to hold. He set it on the rug, feeling effeminate and soft-skinned in the eyes of this hard worker worth twenty dollars a day.

"Why did you decide to leave North Carolina?" Liz asked.

"Missis, a man like me, there's no chance there for him. I worked in the cotton and they give me thirty-five cents an hour."

"Thirty-five cents?" James said. "That's illegal, isn't it?"

The Negro smiled sardonically—his first facial expression of the evening. "You don't tell them what's legal." To Liz he added, "The wife, Ma'am, she's the bravest woman. When I say, 'Let's go,' she said, 'That's right, let's give oursels a chance.' So this man promise he'd take us up in the cab of the truck he had . . ."

"With all seven children?" James asked.

The Negro looked at him without the usual wavering. "We don't have anybody to leave them behind."

"And you have no friends or relatives here?" Liz asked.

"No, we don't have no friends, and

33
FULL DIMENSIONAL SOUND
INCOMPARABLE HI-FIDELITY
FULL DIMENSIONAL SOUND
OFFENBACH
GAITE PARISIENNE
(Beginning)
the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo
PAO-84
(P1-8405)
SIDE 1
THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
conducted by
FELIX SLATKIN
Capitol
CLASSICS
MARCAS REGISTRADAS

Hear the symbol keep its promise

You'll see the above "FDS" symbol on the label of certain Capitol records. It will also appear on the upper right hand corner of the album cover.

It reads "Full Dimensional Sound" and it's a promise. Probably the biggest promise in the smallest space in all music. Because it tells you—

1. An artist of the first rank has given an exceptional performance.

2. That this performance has been flawlessly recorded by Capitol's creative staff and sound engineers.

3. And that both have been judged by the record rating "Jury" as being worthy of the "Full Dimensional Sound" symbol—denoting the highest fidelity known to the recorder's art.

You'll enjoy hearing how well the symbol keeps its promise—at your favorite record shop.

FREE—TO HI-FI ENTHUSIASTS! *An informative, handsomely designed chart, in full color, that shows you the frequency range (and overtones) of every major instrument in the orchestra. Simply write Capitol Records, P.O. Box A-2391, Hollywood 28, California. (Offer expires June 1, 1958)*

Capitol
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
CLASSICS

I. MAGNIN & CO.
CALIFORNIA • SEATTLE

Your own private flower show features lilies of the valley printed on nylon georgette for the prettiest lingerie to blossom out this summer . . . designed by Saab, in pink, blue or white, sizes 32 to 38, lace-edged gown 25.95, matching slip 19.95

mail orders (please add 55¢ for shipping) to Union Square, San Francisco or telephone your nearest I. Magnin store

WIND SONG

For the young at heart . . .
your gayest, happiest moods,
captured in long-lasting
perfume and cologne parfumée.

Prince Matchabelli

WIND SONG • STRADIVARI • ADDED ATTRACTION • BELOVED • ABANO

until you were so kind to me, it didn't look like we'd find any, either."

Friends! In indignation James rose and, on his feet, had to go through the long-planned action of placing two ten-dollar bills on the table next to the Negro. The Negro ignored them, bowing his head. James made his speech. "Now, I don't know how much furniture costs—my wife gave me the impression that you were going to make the necessary payment with the ten. But here is twenty. It's all we can spare. This should carry you over until Monday, when you say you can get part of your salary for working on the Lincoln tunnel. I think it was very courageous of you to bring your family up here, and we want to wish you lots of luck. I'm sure you and your wife will make out." Flushing with shame, he resumed his post in the hard chair.

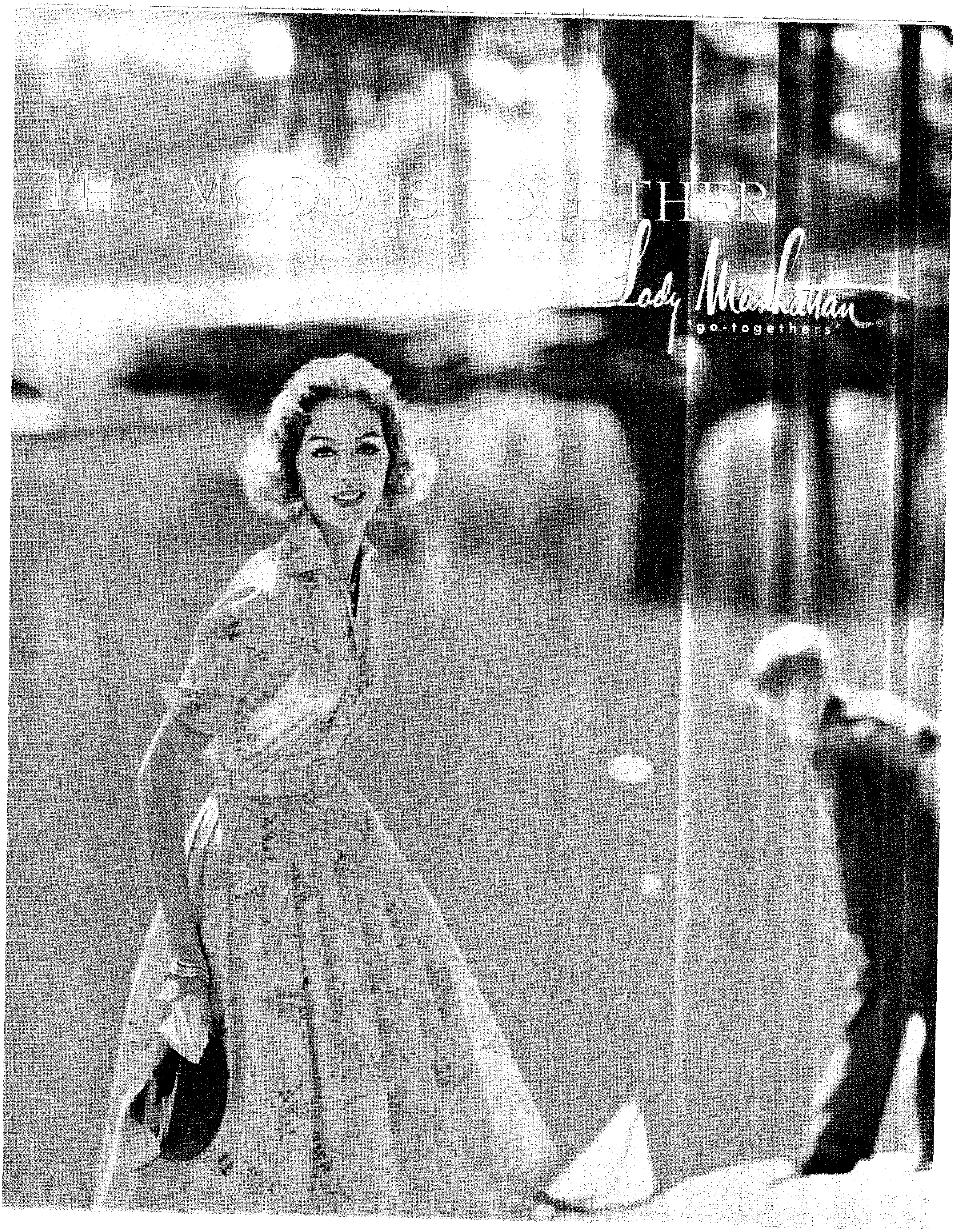
Janice bit her lip to cure a smile and looked toward Liz, who said nothing.

The Negro said, "Aeeh . . . Mister . . . can't find words to press, such fine *people*." And, while the three of them sat there, trapped and stunned, he tried to make himself cry. He pinched the bridge of his nose and shook his head and squeezed soft high animal sounds from his throat, but when he looked up, the grainy whites of his eyes were dry. Uncoördinated with this failure, his lips writhed in grief. He kept brushing his temple as if something were humming there. "Gee," he said. "The wife . . . she tol me, you got to go back and thank that man. . . ."

The Negro's sense of exit seemed as defective as his other theatrical skills. He just sat there, shaking his head and touching his nose. The bills on the table remained ignored—taboo, perhaps, until a sufficiently exhausting ritual of gratitude was performed. James, to whom rudeness came hard, teetered in his chair, avoiding all eyes; at the root of the Negro's demonstration there was either the plight he described or a plight that had made him lie. In either case, the man must be borne. Yet James found him all but unbearable. The thought of his life as he described it, swinging, blithe moron, from one tenuous vine of charity to the next—the truck driver, the landlord, Liz, the furniture man, the foreman, now James—was sickening, giddying. James said courteously, "Maybe you'd better be getting back to her."

"Iiih," the Negro sighed, on an irrelevant high note, as if he produced the sound with a pitch pipe.

James dreaded that Liz would start


THE MOOD IS TOGETHER
and now is the time for
Lady Manhattan
'go-togethers'®

Burlington Cottons

©MSC 1958 PHOTO: FAURER

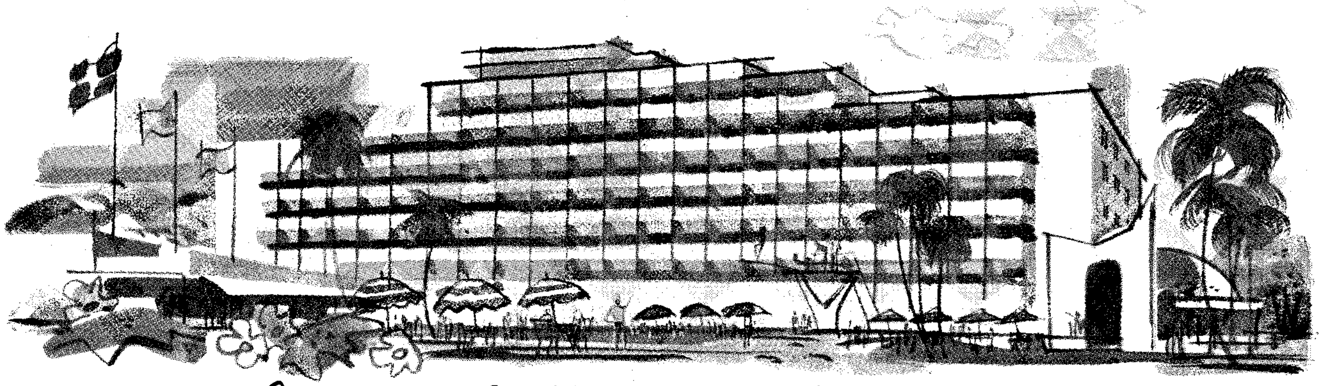
"Go-togethers", in fern printed easy-iron cotton broadcloth by Burlington Cottons. *The shirt boasts the distinctive* virtues of all Lady Manhattan® shirts...precision-cut collars and extra-long, stay-in shirt tails, about $6. Self-belted skirt, *about $11. Sizes 10 to 18 in blue and other fashion colors.* **Lord & Taylor,** New York; **Davison-Paxon,** Atlanta; **The Diamond Co.,** Charleston, W. Va.; **Marshall Field,** Chicago; **Porter's,** Phoenix; **Charles F. Berg,** Portland, Ore. Lady Manhattan®, a division of The Manhattan Shirt Co., 533 Seventh Avenue (1407 Building), New York City 18.

Discover new vacation fun in the exciting Dominican Republic

...Land of Discovery

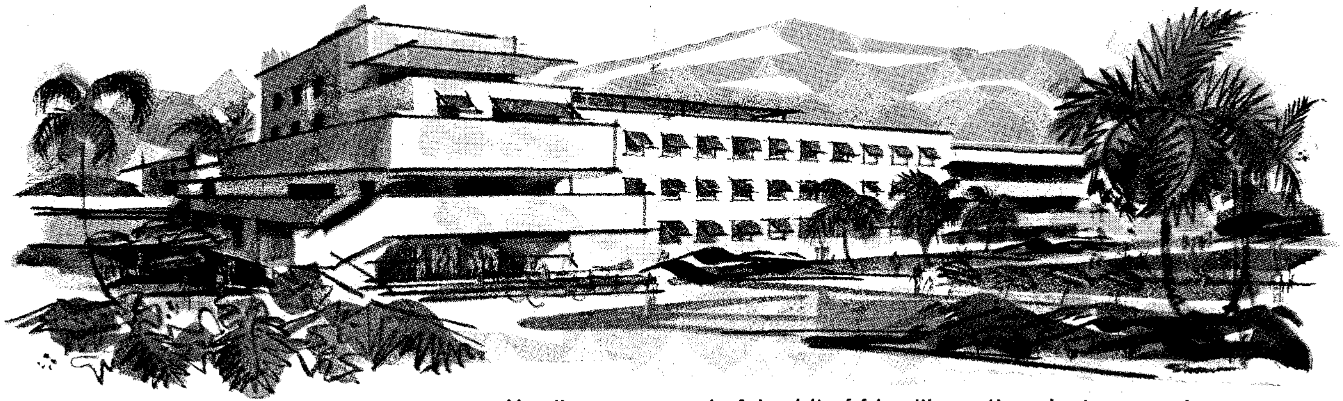
This is a beautiful country, full of fascinating things to see and do. Pleasantly warm all year 'round—you can swim, fish and water ski at famous beaches—golf, watch horse races and polo—play in exciting casinos—see the Theater of Water and Light; the Columbus Castle, Tomb of Columbus; the first church, first monastery and first college in the Western Hemisphere. Come now... you'll enjoy every minute in the Dominican Republic!

FREEPORT SHOPPING *Buy English Cashmeres, French Perfumes, Swiss Watches, Cameras, Fine Jewelry and other exciting imports at savings unsurpassed in the Caribbean!*



Embajador
INTERCONTINENTAL
CIUDAD TRUJILLO, D. R.

One of the world's most beautiful hotels...a vast resort estate, resplendent in tropic beauty...where your holiday dreams will come true! Swim or laze at poolside—golf at the hotel's own 18-hole championship course. Play tennis, other sports. Savor the creations of famous master chefs—thrill to top-flight entertainment in the unique Embassy Supper Club—meet Lady Luck in the exciting gaming Casino. *Nowhere in the Caribbean will you enjoy a more bountiful holiday!*



Jaragua
INTERCONTINENTAL
CIUDAD TRUJILLO, D. R.

You'll sense a wonderful spirit of friendliness the minute you arrive at this delightful seaside resort. Famed throughout the Caribbean, it offers you every opportunity for fun, excitement and relaxation as you like it! Spend pleasant hours at the pool—relax in the congenial cocktail lounge—dine and dance and enjoy fine entertainment on the open patio—try your luck in the gay Casino. Your vacation at the Jaragua is sure to be a memorable one!

For reservations call your Travel Agent or

INTERCONTINENTAL HOTELS

Chrysler Bldg., New York—STillwell 6-5858 Roper Bldg., Miami—FRanklin 1-6661

SAN JUAN INTERCONTINENTAL, San Juan, Puerto Rico
EMBAJADOR INTERCONTINENTAL, Ciudad Trujillo, D. R.
JARAGUA INTERCONTINENTAL, Ciudad Trujillo, D. R.
CURAÇAO INTERCONTINENTAL, Curaçao, N. A.
VARADERO OASIS, Varadero Beach, Cuba
HOTEL NACIONAL DE CUBA, Havana, Cuba

REFORMA INTERCONTINENTAL, Mexico City, Mexico
HOTEL VICTORIA PLAZA, Montevideo, Uruguay
HOTEL DEL LAGO, Maracaibo, Venezuela
HOTEL TAMANACO, Caracas, Venezuela
EL SALVADOR INTERCONTINENTAL, El Salvador, C. A.
EL PRADO INTERCONTINENTAL, Barranquilla, Colombia

HOTEL TEQUENDAMA, Bogotá, Colombia
HOTEL GRANDE, Belém, Pará, Brasil
HOTEL CARRERA, Santiago, Chile
OPENING SOON:
PONCE INTERCONTINENTAL, Ponce, Puerto Rico
PHOENICIA INTERCONTINENTAL, Beirut, Lebanon

offering blankets and food if the Negro delayed further—as he did, whimpering and passing the hatbrim through his hands like an endless rope. While Liz was in the kitchen filling a paper bag for him, the Negro told James that he wanted to bring his wife and all his family to see him and his missis, tomorrow, so they could all express gratitude. "Maybe there's some work . . . washing the floors, anything, she's so happy, until we can pay back. Twenty, gee." His hand fled to his eyes.

"No, don't you worry about us. That thirty dollars"—the record must be kept straight—"you can think of as a gift from the city."

"Oh, I wouldn't have it no other way. You let my wife do all your work tomorrow."

"You and she get settled. Forget us."

Liz appeared with an awkward paper bag. There were to be no blankets, he deduced; his wife's stance seemed edged with defiance.

Talkative as always when a guest was leaving, James asked, "Now, do you know how to get back? For heaven's sake don't take a taxi. Take a bus and then the subway. Where is your place?"

"Aaaah . . . right near where that Lexington Avenue is."

"Where on Lexington? What cross street?"

"Beg pardon, Mister? I'm sorry, I don't make sense I'm so thrilled."

"What cross street? How far *up* on Lexington?"

"The, ah, Hundred Twenty-nine."

When James, with an outlander's simple pride in "knowing" New York, gave detailed instructions about where to board the Fourteenth Street bus, where to find the subway kiosk after so many stops, and how to put the token in the turnstile, the words seemed to bounce back, as if they were finding identical information already lodged in the Negro's brain. "Just try to resist the temptation to jump in a taxicab," James concluded. "That would have cost us two thirty if we'd been home. Now here, I'll even give you bus fare and a token." Dredging a handful of silver from his coat pocket, he placed a nickel and a dime and a token in the svelte little palm and, since the hand did not move, put two more dimes in it, then thought, *Oh hell*, and poured all the coins in—over a dollar's worth.

"Now I'm penniless," he told the colored man.

"Thank eh—you, too, Missis—so much, and you, Miss."

They wished him luck. He shook

The authentic, imported
MACINTOSH
—the standard by which all other weathercoats are judged.

Satisfactions Worth Sharing: The handsomer look and the wonderful feel of finest *English* poplin . . . the noticeable niceties of *authentic* London tailoring . . . the extra *dependability* of Macintosh rain repellency, perfected for "weather" as only the British know it. All his, in the famous man's Macintosh at *$32.50* . . . all hers, in Lady Macintosh at *$32.95* (with matching hat, *$4.95*). Both in classic Macintosh Tan or bright new Dover Sand shades.

At stores below or write Robert Appleby & Co. Inc., 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

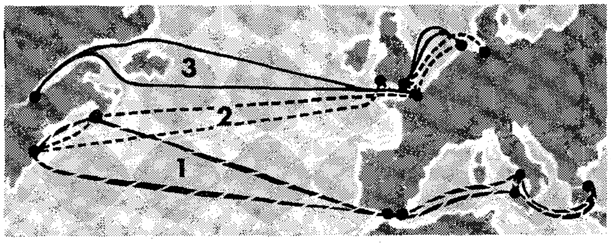
NEW YORK ....Abercrombie & Fitch
Albany, N. Y. ....W. E. Walsh & Sons
Amherst, Mass. ....House of Walsh
Ann Arbor, Mich. ....Wagner's
Atlanta, Ga. ....John Jarrell, Inc.
Baltimore, Md. ......Wm. H. Lohmeyer
Berkeley, Calif. ....George J. Good
Beverly, Mass. ......Johnny Appleseed's
Birmingham, Ala...Henry Porter, Inc.
Boston, Mass. ....Jordan Marsh Co.
Boston, Mass. ..Arthur L. Johnson Co.
Boulder, Colo. ....Scot's Ltd.*
Boulder, Colo. ....Kinsley & Co.
Brockton, Mass. ....Tonis, Inc.
Burlingame, Calif. ..Robert W. Gates
Cambridge, Mass. ....J. August Co.
Carmel, Calif. ....Robert Kirk, Ltd.
Chapel Hill, N. C. ....Milton's
Charleston, W. Va. ....Peck's Inc.*
Charleston, W. Va. ....Schwabe-May
Charlottesville, Va. ....Eljo's
Chicago, Ill. ....V. L. & A.
Cleveland, Ohio ..The Halle Bros. Co.
Columbus, Ohio ....Pumphrey's
Concord, Mass. ......The Country Store
Denver, Colo. ....Gano-Downs
Detroit, Mich. ....Capper & Capper
Duluth, Minn. ....Harry Allenfall
Evanston, Ill. ....Williams
Grand Haven, Mich. ....Reichardt
Grand Rapids, Mich. ....M. B. M.
Greensboro, N. C...Younts De Boe Co.
Greenville, S. C. ....Halfacre Osborne*
Greenville, S. C. ......Alfred T. Smith
Grosse Pointe, Mich. ....Proper's
Hartford, Conn. ....G. Fox & Co.
Hartford, Conn. ....Wm. F. Powers
Houston, Texas ....Norton-Ditto
Indianapolis, Ind. ....L. Strauss & Co.
Kansas City, Mo. ....Farrar's*
Kansas City, Mo. ....Jack Henry
Lexington, Ky. ....Town & Country
Los Angeles, Calif. ....Phelps Terkel
Los Angeles, Calif. ..Boshard Doughty
Louisville, Ky. ....Rodes Rapier Co.
Lynchburg, Va. ....The Millner Co.*
Lynchburg, Va. ....Wills Camp
Madison, Wis. ....MacNeil & Moore
McKeesport, Pa. ....Casual Post*
Memphis, Tenn. ....Julius Lewis, Inc.
Milwaukee, Wis. ....MacNeil & Moore
Minneapolis, Minn. ....Nicolas, Inc.
New Bedford, Mass. ....Marty Sullivan
New Haven, Conn. ....Gentree Ltd.
Newport, R. I. ..Thompson Forbes Co.
New York ....Abercrombie & Fitch
Norfolk, Va. ......Fishback & Lea Ltd.
Oklahoma City, Okla. ....Connolly's
Omaha, Neb. ....Charles J. Assmann
Philadelphia, Pa. ....Jackson & Moyer
Pittsburgh, Pa. ....Surrey*
Pittsburgh, Pa. ....Larrimor's
Portland, Me. ....Kenneth Aherne
Portland, Ore. ......M. & H. H. Sichel
Princeton, N. J. ....The Clothes Line*
Princeton, N. J. ......The English Shop
Providence, R. I. ..Leopold Feldstein*
Providence, R. I. ......Elsbree-Valleau
Raleigh, N. C. ....James Womble
Richmond, Va. ....Berry-Burk Co.
Roanoke, Va...Smartwear-Irving Saks*
Rochester, N. Y. ....Whillock Bros.
St. Louis, Mo. ....Boyd's
San Francisco ....Robert Kirk, Ltd.
San Francisco ....Abercrombie & Fitch
San Francisco ....Bullock & Jones
Seattle, Wash. ....Littler, Inc.
Spokane, Wash...Davenport Sport Shop
Syracuse, N. Y. ....Flah & Co.*
Syracuse, N. Y. ..John F. Zell & Sons
Tacoma, Wash. ....Baker Bros.
Toledo, Ohio..Damschroder Berry, Inc.
Washington, D.C...Lewis & Thos. Saltz
Waterville, Me. ..Dunham's of Maine
Williamstown, Mass. ..House of Walsh
*Carries "Lady Macintosh" only

Cartier
INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED
JEWELLERS SINCE 1847

Clips in 18kt Gold~
Coral rose
with diamond studded leaves, $1,600;
turquoise, sapphire
and diamond bird, $1,650;
multicolored jewelled bird, $3,750.
Shown actual size. Federal Tax included.

FIFTH AVENUE AND 52 STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y. PLaza 3-0111

Your choice of 3 delightful routes to EUROPE
For extra travel pleasure: go and return by different routes!

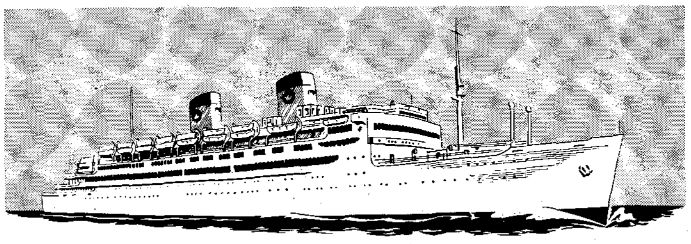


1. S.S. QUEEN FREDERICA
NATIONAL HELLENIC AMERICAN LINE'S popular 21,000-ton liner
Thrilling new vacation idea!
"ROUND VOYAGES" from New York to the MEDITERRANEAN
23 to 26 DAYS combining fun and relaxation with opportunity to spend
9 to 11 DAYS IN SPAIN!
or shorter stay in ITALY OR GREECE!

2. M.S. ITALIA
Home Lines' well known 21,000-ton vessel New York to
ENGLAND • FRANCE
GERMANY

3. S.S. HOMERIC
Home Lines' magnificent 26,000-ton flagship—Montreal or Quebec to
ENGLAND & FRANCE

Only at sea you can relax... rest... and enjoy life at its best!
See your Travel Agent!



HOME LINES
AGENCY INC. *General Agents* **42 Broadway, New York 4, N. Y. Phone Digby 4-6363**

hands all around (he loved shaking hands), hoisted the bag with difficulty into his arms, and walked murmuring through the door James held open for him.

"Four blocks up, to Fourteenth Street," James called after him, adding in a normal voice, "I know damn well he'll take a taxi."

"It's awfully good-hearted of you," Janice said, "but about giving all that money, I—don't—know."

"Ah, well," said James, doing a small dance step. "Money is dross."

Liz said, "I *was* surprised, darley, that you gave him *two* bills."

"You *were*? These are times of inflation. You can't buy seven air-conditioned Beautyrest mattresses for ten dollars. He's shown a great gift for spending; he ran through your ten like a little jack rabbit. We never did find out where it went to."

Janice, Irishly earnest, still grappled with the moral issue. She spoke more to Liz than to him. "I don't doubt he needs the money— Oh, you should have heard the things that cabby said, or maybe you shouldn't. But then who doesn't need money? You and I need money, too."

"Which reminds me," James said. He looked at the electric clock in the kitchen: 11:20. "We came home, didn't we, around ten? Seven-thirty to ten—two and a half. Two and a half dollars. You can't change a ten, can you?"

The girl's face fell. "Honestly, I never remember to bring my purse. But you could owe me to next time. . . ."

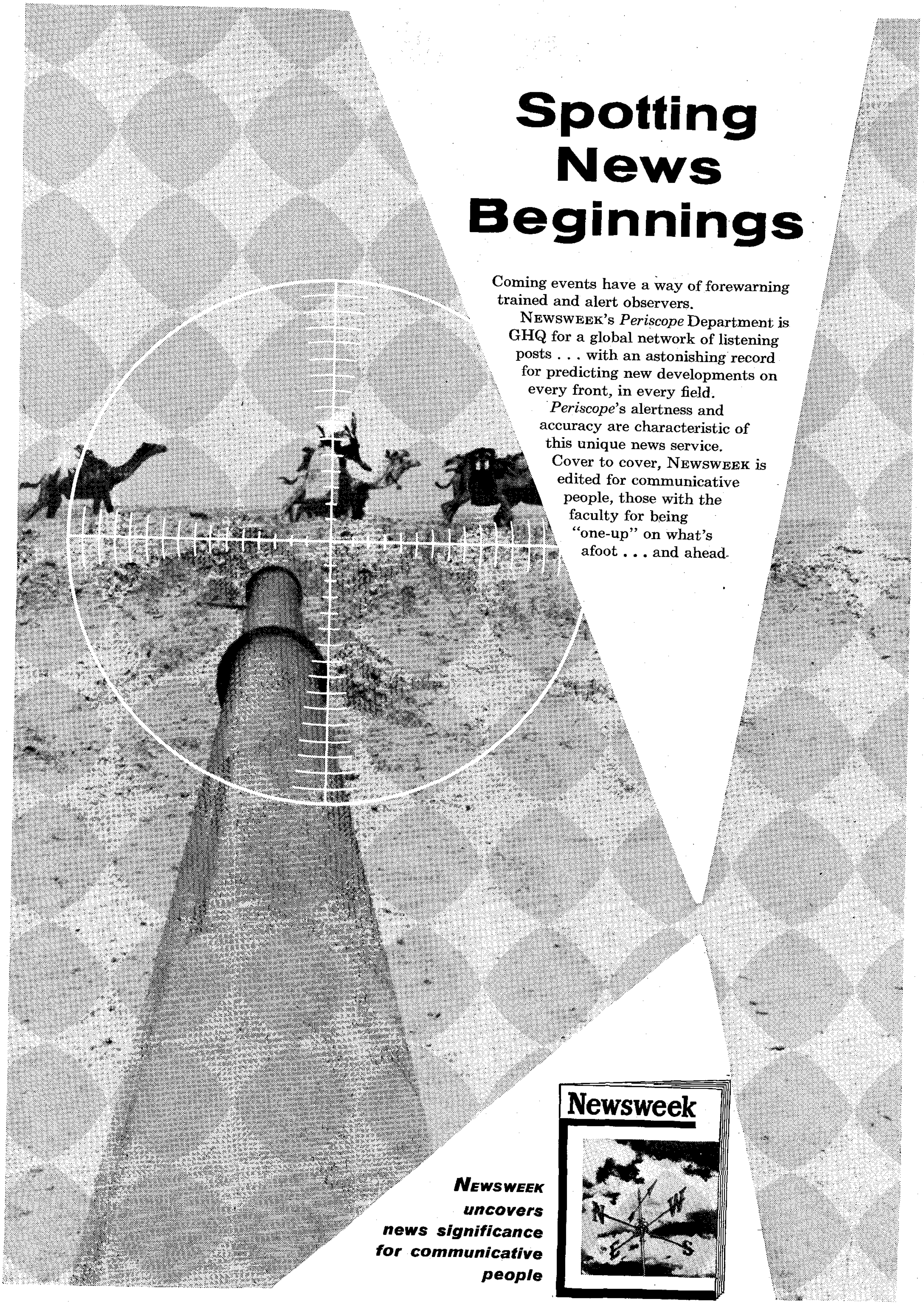
"I hate to do that. You need the money." He couldn't believe the girl would take a surplus of $7.50 from him.

"That—I—do," Janice admitted cheerfully, gathering up her coat.

"Wait," Liz said. "I think in my purse. I lied to him when I said I had nothing in the house but the ten." They found the purse and were indeed able to piece together, out of paper and silver, the fee.

Spited, Janice said, "For your sakes, I sure hope he doesn't bother you again. This little island has more different kinds of crooks on it than you or I could imagine existed. Some of them could out-act old Larry Olivier himself."

"I really don't see how he can do this laboring job," Liz said, with a tactful appearance of agreeing. "Why, just that little bag I gave him almost knocked him over." When Janice was gone, she said, "Do you think she expected us to pay her for the hour and



Spotting News Beginnings

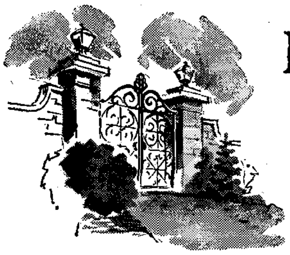
Coming events have a way of forewarning trained and alert observers.

NEWSWEEK's *Periscope* Department is GHQ for a global network of listening posts . . . with an astonishing record for predicting new developments on every front, in every field.

Periscope's alertness and accuracy are characteristic of this unique news service.

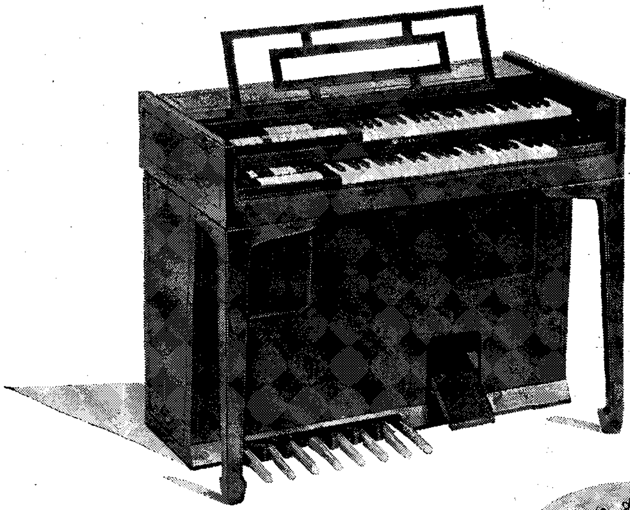
Cover to cover, NEWSWEEK is edited for communicative people, those with the faculty for being "one-up" on what's afoot . . . and ahead.

NEWSWEEK
uncovers
news significance
for communicative
people



Le beau monde...

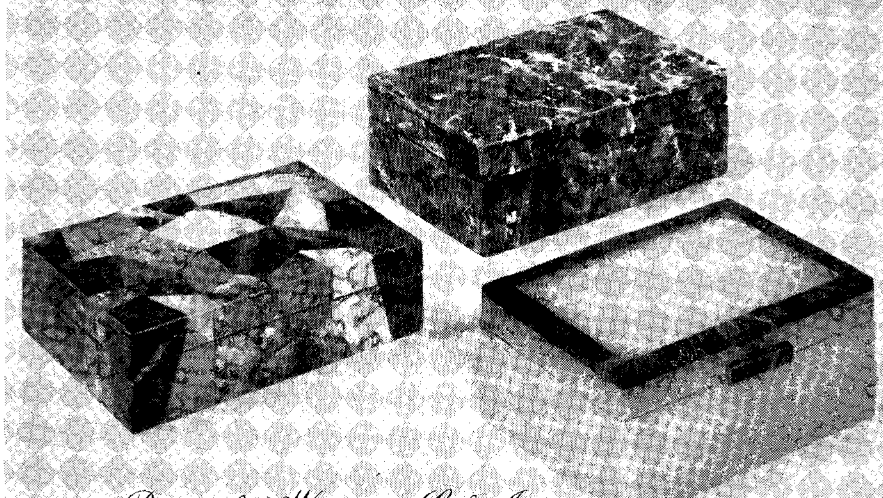
The Lowrey Organ helps bring the good life to you and your family.
Captures the world of music so completely if you are practiced—so easily if you are just learning.



Lincolnwood "Far East" in teak, cabinet crafted by Baker. One of several Lowrey models, each the finest in its price class.

LOWREY organs

The Lowrey Organ Company
7373 N. Cicero Ave., Lincolnwood, Chicago 30, Illinois



Beautiful Wedding Gift Idea...

Imported Marble, Onyx and Semi-precious Stone Cigarette Boxes. Harlequin marble with malachite, lapis lazuli and rose quartz, 125.00 Canadian blue marble, 125.00 Onyx with green verdite border, 38.00 Designed for regular sized cigarettes, king-sized boxes also available. Mail and phone. Add 50c for shipping.

The Bonwit Teller Gift Shop

New York Manhasset White Plains Chicago Cleveland Boston

a half she stayed to watch the Negro?"

"Heaven knows. I feel vile."

"Where?"

"Everywhere. I feel like a vile person."

"Why? You were fine. You were awfully, awfully good."

From her hasty kiss he gathered that, surprisingly, she meant it.

SUNDAY, husk among days, was full of fear. Even in gay times James felt on this day like a nameless statue on an empty plaza. Now he dared not go out, either to church or to the newsstand. Last night's episode had the color of a public disgrace. The Negro was everywhere. James holed up in his inadequate cave. The walls seemed transparent, the floors sounding boards. The Negro's threat to return had smashed the windows and broken the burglar locks. Never on a morning had he wished so intensely to be back in Ontauk, Minnesota, his birthplace. The town had over seven thousand residents now, and a city manager instead of a mayor, and since the war the creek that ran through its center and drained its few mills had been robbed of its Indian name and called the Douglas MacArthur River, but the cars still parked higgledy-piggledy on the crooked, shaded streets, and he would still have a place, his father's son.

Liz and James lived four doors down from an Episcopal church. There was not an inch of air between the masonry of any of the buildings. When the church bells rang, their apartment quivered sonorously. Enveloped in this huge dead hum, he fought the picture of seven black children squeezed into the cab of a truck, roadside lights flickering in their faces, the dark of the Carolina fields slipping away, great whoring cities bristling and then falling back, too, and then the children dozing, except for the oldest, a boy of ten, who remained awake to stare unblinking at the bent-necked blue lights of the Jersey Turnpike, the jet carpet carrying them to the sorcerer's palace, where Harlem was choked with Cadillacs and white men on subways yielded their seats to colored ladies. James hated the Negro chiefly because he was tactless. Janice's mother, the sores of street beggars—this was misery, too, but misery that knew its limits, that kept an orbit and observed manners. But in his perfect ignorance the Negro was like one of those babies born with its heart in front of its ribs. He gave no protection. You touched him and you killed him. Now that he had found this Northern man—the promised man—so free with money, he would be back today, and again tomorrow, with an even greater gift of mumbled debts. Why not? Thirty was nothing to James. He could give away a flat three thousand, and then thirty every week—more than thirty, fifty—and he and Liz would still be richer than the Negro. Between him and the Negro the ground was unimpeded, and only a sin could be placed there as barrier.

By afternoon, the focus of James's discomfort had shifted from the possibility that the Negro had told the truth to the possibility that he had not. Reliving his behavior in this light was agonizing. He shuddered above the depths of fatuity the Negro must have seen in his clumsy kindness. If the story had been a fraud, the impatience of James's charity was its one saving grace. The bits of abruptness, the gibes about the taxi shone like jewels among refuse. The more he thought, the more he raged, aloud and privately. And the angrier he grew at the Negro, the less he wanted to see him, the more he dreaded him, an opponent invincibly armed with the weapon of having seen James as a fool.

Then mercifully it was dark, and the Bridges had come.

Rudy Bridges, too, was from Ontauk, Minnesota. He had been two classes ahead of James in the high school, a scholastic wonder—the more so because his father was a no-account who had died of tuberculosis the year Rudy graduated. In the nine years since, Rudy's buttercup hair had thinned severely, but the spherical head and chubby lips of the prig had remained constant. *His* great hopes had been boiled down to instructing three sections of Barnard girls in American history. His wife came from Maryland. Augustina was a pale and handsome woman with an uptilted nose that displayed its nostrils. She wore her abundant hair strictly parted in the middle—a madonna for the Piston Age. They had no children and, with elaborate managing, just enough money. James loved them as guests. In their own home, Rudy talked too much about the field of his thesis, American fiscal policy between Grant and Wilson, a desert of dullness where the lowliest scholar could be king. And Augustina, careful of the budget, went hungry and thirsty and inhibited everyone. Away from home she drank and ate beautifully.

James tiptoed into the bedroom with their heavy coats. Martha was cased in her crib like a piece of apparatus

The lady brings him luck...

WHEN SEÑOR Jesús Peralta puts on his hat before entering the bullring, he considers it very lucky if a pretty girl witnesses the ceremony.

Chances are excellent that a young lady will be there . . . and that she will be an American, because this promising young *novillero* is from Tijuana, Mexico, just across the border from San Diego.

The fortunate circumstance of San Diego's location right on the international border, where California and Mexico meet, offers visitors two wonderful worlds to enjoy. For here blend two great cultures.

First there is the bustling California playground, with famous restaurants, symphony concerts, plays, parks, beaches and fabulous fishing.

Just a few steps away lies Mexico, complete with matadors, caballeros, beautiful señoritas, old-world bazaars, interesting restaurants and unusual sports events like *jai alai*.

For free illustrated literature, write San Diego Convention and Tourist Bureau, Department N-3, 924 Second Avenue, San Diego, California.

SAN DIEGO
Where California and Mexico meet

This is a REEVES fabric
in
LONDON FOG
MAINCOATS®

CALIBRE CLOTH... the wash and wear wrinkle-free featherweight fabric by Reeves. A blend of 65% Dacron/35% combed cotton. Machine washable, needs only touch-up ironing. Zelan-treated for rain-repellency. Here in the Duchess coat by **London Fog.** About $30.

CALIBRE CLOTH is made exclusively by
REEVES BROTHERS INC., NEW YORK 18, N. Y.
ONE OF AMERICA'S LEADING FABRIC MANUFACTURERS

manufacturing sleep. He heard Liz talking and, returning, asked, "Is she telling you about how we're running the Underground Railway?"

"Why, no, James," Augustina said slowly.

"I was telling them the accident Martha had in the park," Liz said.

"The poor kid just ran right into the swings," he said, no doubt duplicating the story.

"Now, James," Rudy said, "what is this mad tale about the Underground Rail*road*?" Years of teaching had perfected his habit of pronouncing everything, clichés and all, with artificial distinctness. Throughout James's recital of the Negro story he kept saying "Ah yes," and when it was over and, like Janice the night before, James seemed to have reached an insufficient conclusion, Rudy felt compelled to clarify: "So the chances are these seven children are going to show up in the middle of supper."

"Oh dear," Augustina said with mock alarm. "Do you have enough food?"

Rudy, beside her on the sofa, attacked the tale pedantically. "Now. You say he was well dressed?"

"Sort of. But after all it was Saturday night." James didn't get the smile he expected.

"Did you look at his shoes?"

"Not much."

"Would you say his accent was Southern or neutral?"

"Well, your wife's the only Southerner I know. His speech was so peculiar and high, I couldn't tell. Certainly he didn't talk like you. Or me."

"And at one point he used the word 'thrilled.'"

"Yeah, that got me, too. But look: there were odd things, but when a man is in such a dither anyway—"

Augustina broke in, addressing Liz. "Did James *really* just hand him thirty dollars?"

"Thirty-one and a token," James corrected.

Rudy laughed excessively—he had no sense of humor, so when he laughed it was too hard—and lifted his golden glass in toast. Augustina, to back him up, gripped hers, which was already empty. "James," Rudy said, "you're the soul of charity."

It was flattering, of course, but it wasn't the way he thought they should take it. The point really wasn't the thirty dollars at all; hard as it was to explain without seeming to boast, thirty dollars was nothing.

"It doesn't seem to *me*," he said,

LONDON
FOG
MAINCOATS®
GIVE TO CONQUER CANCER
AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

LONDON...single breasted, raglan shoulders, with a stand-up collar for the high-spirited. Wear it... wash it... wear it again without ironing—thanks to Calibre Cloth, our exclusive Dacron* and Cotton blend by **Reeves.** About $30.

*DUPONT TRADEMARK FOR ITS POLYESTER FIBER

MAINCOAT®—for wear sun days and wet days.
LONDONTOWN MANUFACTURING CO., INC.
EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK 1, NEW YORK

"that he would have such an unlikely story, with so many authentic overtones, unless it were true. He didn't look at all like a Harlem Negro, his head was uncanny, and he seemed to know about North Carolina and the relief agencies—"

"Nonsense, James. There are a hundred—a thousand—ways of obtaining such information. For instance: He quoted thirty-five cents an hour as his old wage. Well, *you* could research that. *Is* thirty-five cents an hour standard pay in the cotton belt? To be frank, it sounds low to me."

"That was the thing," Liz said, "that made me begin to wonder."

James turned on her, surprised and stung. "Damn it, the trouble with people like you who are passed from one happy breadwinner to the next without missing a damn meal is that you refuse to admit that outside your own bubble anybody can be suffering. Of *course* people starve. Of *course* children die. Of *course* a man will pay a quarter an hour if nobody makes him pay more. Jesus."

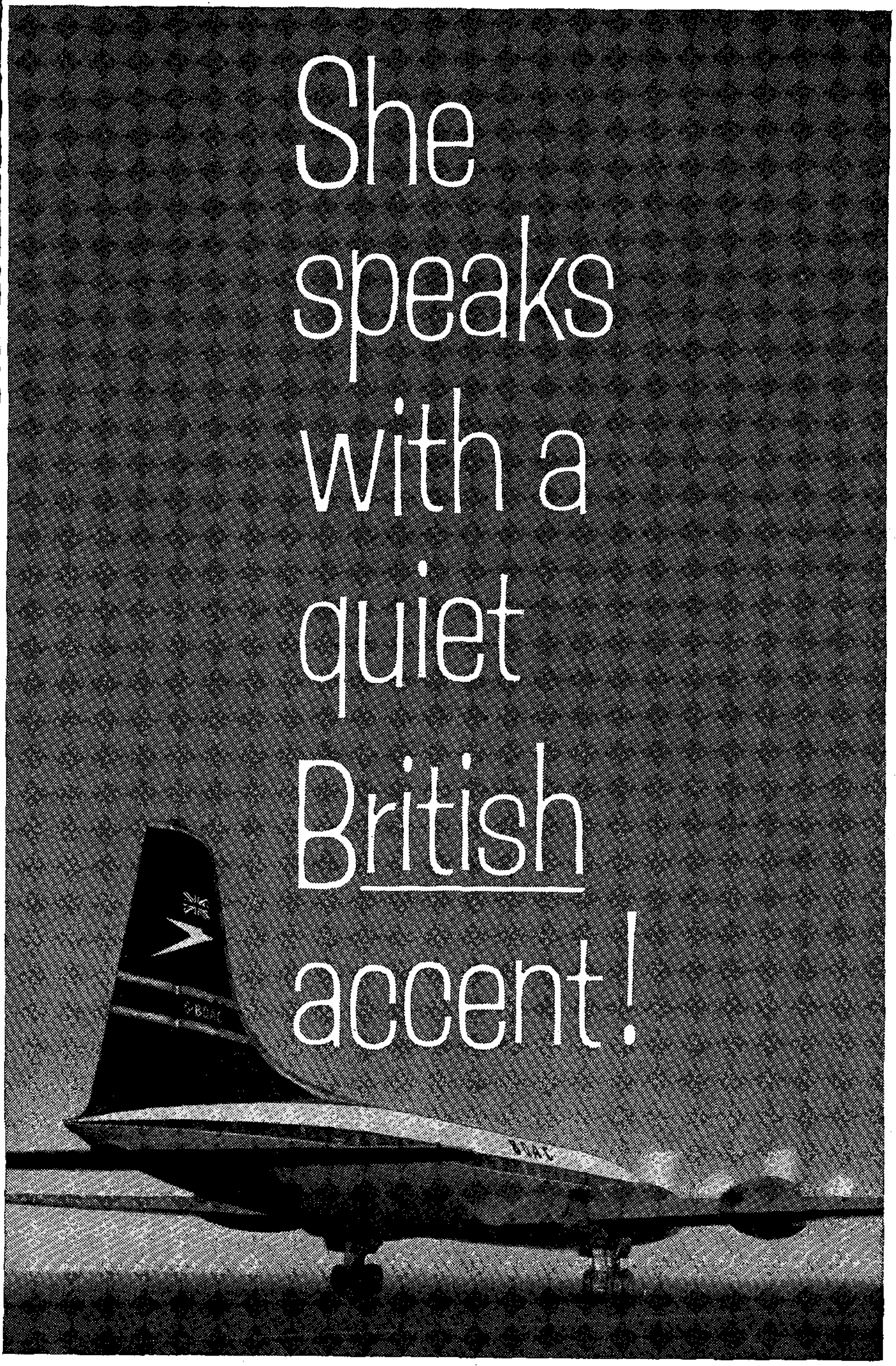
"However," Rudy went on, "mere dollar-and-cents quotations mean very little; the relative value, purchasewise, of, for instance, ten cents, 'a thin dime'—"

James's harangue had agitated Augustina; her nostrils darted this way and that, and when she heard her husband's voice drone, she turned those marvellous, staring apertures directly on him. Not insensitive, he slowly climbed out of his brain, sensed the heat in the room, and, the worst thing possible, fell silent.

The silence went on. Liz was blushing. James held his tongue, by way of apology to her. Rudy's brittle gears shifted, his mouth flipped open, and he considerately said, "No, joke about it as we will, a problem in sheer currency can very seriously affect real people. To take an example, in the states of the Confederacy in the decade after the surrender of Appomattox—that is, from the year 1865 to the year 1874 . . ."

ON Monday, James's office was waiting for him. The wastebasket had been emptied; a blue envelope lay on the steel desk. Otherwise, not so much as a pen nib had been disturbed; the drawing he had been working on when Liz called still lay by the telephone, its random placement preserved like the handiwork of a superbly precious being. He did his work all day with great precision, answering letters, making order. One job he gave his mind was

Flights of BOAC's Britannia...largest, fastest airliner in the world today... start from San Francisco, Chicago, Detroit, New York!



Even the most experienced travelers have never experienced flying like this!

Nearly noiseless and free of tiring vibration, hours faster! (Over 6 miles a minute, New York non-stop to London.)

The personal attention you receive aboard BOAC's Britannia *is as British as her name.* Her chief steward and his staff carry on a British tradition in their manner of serving you.

Book on BOAC Britannia at your Travel Agent or call upon any BOAC office. What-ever class of ticket you buy, it costs you no more to fly in the world's largest, fastest airliner...*jet-prop* Britannia!

World Leader in Air Travel **B·O·A·C** **takes good care of you**

FIRST jet service across the Atlantic

BOAC Direct Service Cities: New York, Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Miami, San Francisco, Montreal.
Other offices: Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Washington, Dallas, Toronto, Vancouver, Winnipeg.

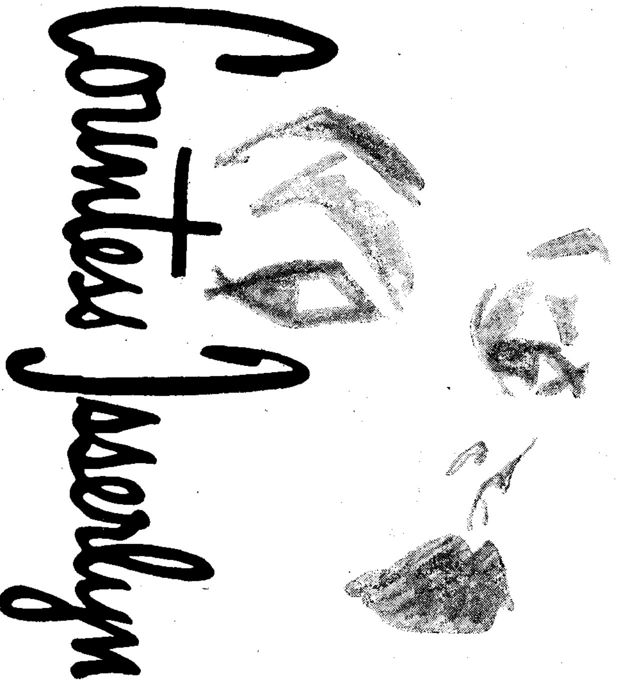
AQUAMARINES

RAYMOND C. YARD Inc. 607 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.
Jewelers

1. Aquamarine ring with diamonds . . . . $ 835
2. Aquamarine ear clips with diamonds . . 1,050
3. Aquamarine brooch with diamonds . . . 1,500
4. Aquamarine bracelet with diamonds . . 6,350
5. Aquamarine ring with diamonds 1,550

All prices include Federal Tax

Close-up of a beautiful skin wearing COUNTESS ISSERLYN liquid make-up. Costliest in all the world . . . this flawless loveliness is blended to use like liquid gold, by the drop . . . From 20.00. Only at a few fine stores. By *Anatole Robbins* Hollywood 28, California.



to keep the phone from ringing. Whether the Negro came or not, with his tattered children or not, from ten to five let the problem belong to Liz. It was of her making. There should be in a man's life hours when he has never married and his wife walks in magic circles she herself draws. It was little enough to ask; he had sold his life, his chances, for her sake. The phone did not ring, except once: Dudevant, effusive.

As he made his way home, through indifferent crowds, the conviction grew that she had wanted to call and had been balked by the cold pressure he had applied at the other end of the line. He would find her clubbed, and his daughter cut in two. He wondered if he would be able to give a good enough description of the Negro to the police. He saw himself in the station stammering, blushing, despised by the policemen. Had it been their wives, they would have been there, knotting their fists, baring their teeth. Through this daydream ran the cowardly hope that the killer would not still be there, lingering stupidly, and James would not have to struggle with him, and be himself injured.

Liz waited until he was in the apartment and his coat was off before she communicated her news. Her tone was apprehensive. "He came again, when Martha was having her nap. I went to the stairs—I was terribly busy cleaning up. He said the man who promised to sell him the furniture wouldn't give him the beds if he didn't give him ten dollars more, and I asked him why he wasn't at his job, and he said something about Wednesday, I don't know. I told him we had given him all we could, and I didn't have a dollar—which was true; you went off with all the money and we have nothing for supper. Anyway, he seemed to have expected it, and was really very nice. So I guess he *was* a crook."

"Thank God," he said, and they never saw the Negro again, and their happiness returned. —JOHN UPDIKE

•

"The Living Past" is translated from the German by J. Maxwell Brownjohn, who presumably is responsible for a number of awkward phrases and unfortunate clichés. Several egregious errors of fact (confusing Cortez and Pizarro, stating that there are 90,000,000 Parsees in India today when there are only 140,000 in all Asia) are probably typographical mistakes that escaped the proofraeder.—*Orville Prescott in the Times.*

Listen, *nothing* escapes a proofraeder.

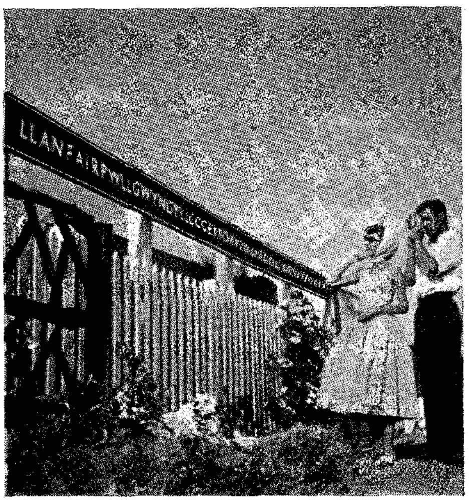
Can any American win this British travel quiz?

(Try it on your family — tonight)

Why is a bobby called a bobby? Britain's chivalrous police force was founded by Sir Robert (Bobby) Peel in 1829. The nickname stuck. All the world loves a bobby. Travelers in particular.

Why do Scotsmen honor the haggis? The custom of saluting this Highland dish with bagpipes was probably started by Burns. He named it "great chieftain of the pudding race." And so it is.

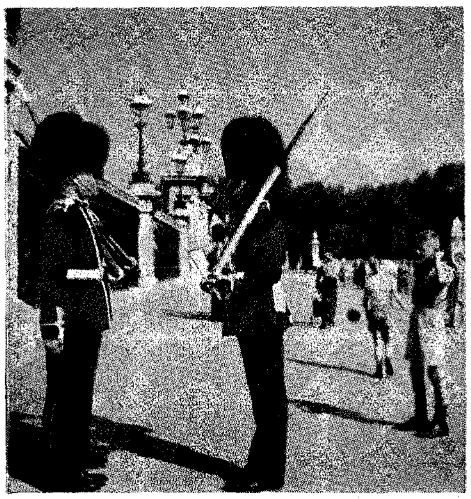
How do they make Devonshire cream? Let the cream rise on a gallon of milk. *Scald* over a slow fire. When the cream is the same shape as the *bottom* of the pan, it is ready. Mysterious—but it works!



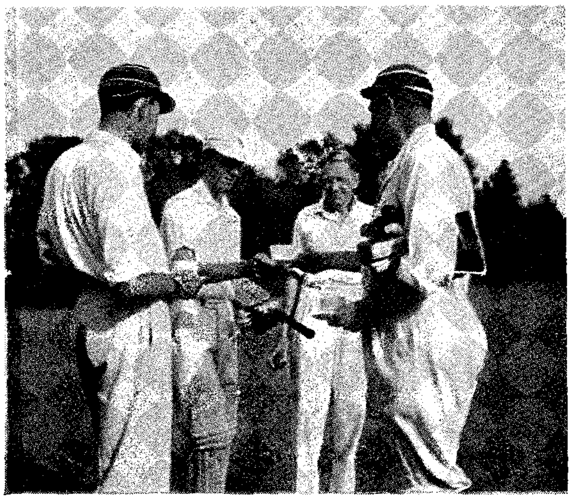
Do they really speak Welsh in Wales? Yes. The Welsh are poetic in two tongues. The village name, above, means "the church in the hollow of white hazel by a whirlpool"—and more besides.

Do all Englishmen wear Derbies? No. The Derby (or bowler) gets its major support from executives, fox hunters and Guardsmen off duty. Men's tailoring in Britain is superb. Order a suit.

Do the British ever talk on trains? Of course they do. But they respect your right to be alone with your thoughts. Gentle manners and a common language make it easy to strike up a friendship.



What is a Guardsman's hat made of? The fur comes from a grizzly bear. It is stretched over a wicker frame and is worn exclusively by the five regiments of Foot Guards. They call it a *bearskin.*



Does everything stop for tea? Trains and busses don't. Cricket and housewives do. Tea is that *extra* meal you get at 4 p.m. It usually includes scones, tarts, muffins and exquisite little sandwiches.

For free literature on vacationing in Britain, see your travel agent or write Box 130, British Travel Association. In New York—336 Madison Avenue; In Los Angeles—606 South Hill St.; In Chicago—39 So. La Salle St.; In Canada—90 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

Glamour job? Baloney!

"Your big break, they said. New small outfit, going places. You'll work with Mr. Big himself. Stimulating! Meet interesting people . . . But nobody told me I'd get stuck with the mail every night . . . Licking and sticking itsy bitsy stamps and envelope flaps. Utterly medieval! Tomorrow Mr. B gets a postage meter—or a new girl" . . .

Get a postage meter—and you get rid of stamps and lick-and-stick mailing. Print postage as you need it, for any kind or class of mail. You always have the right stamp on hand. Mail fast and easy, save time and postage. And your *metered* mail needs less handling in the postoffice, often catches earlier trains and planes!

Today, *any* office can have a postage meter and the prestige of metered mail—with the little DM, desk model. One user in three spends less than $1 a day for postage! Electric models for larger mailers. Call the nearest PB office. Or write for free illustrated booklet.

PITNEY-BOWES

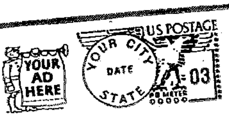
Postage Meter

Made by the leading manufacturer of mailing machines . . . Offices in 107 cities. In Canada: Pitney-Bowes of Canada, Ltd., Dept. 355, 1156 Bay St., Toronto

A postage meter . . .
seals as well as stamps envelopes; most models stamp and seal simultaneously.

- Protects postage from loss, damage, misuse. Does its own accounting. And saves trips to the postoffice.
- Provides *parcel* postage on special gummed tape, with a *dated* postmark.
- Prints your own postmark ad with the meter stamp, if you like.
- Requires no minimum mail volume; anyone can easily use a postage meter!

FREE: *Handy desk or wall chart of postal rates with parcel post map and zone finder.*



To: Pitney-Bowes
1655 Pacific St.
Stamford, Conn.

Send free ☐ *booklet,* ☐ *Postal Rate Chart to:*

*Name*________________________

*Address*______________________

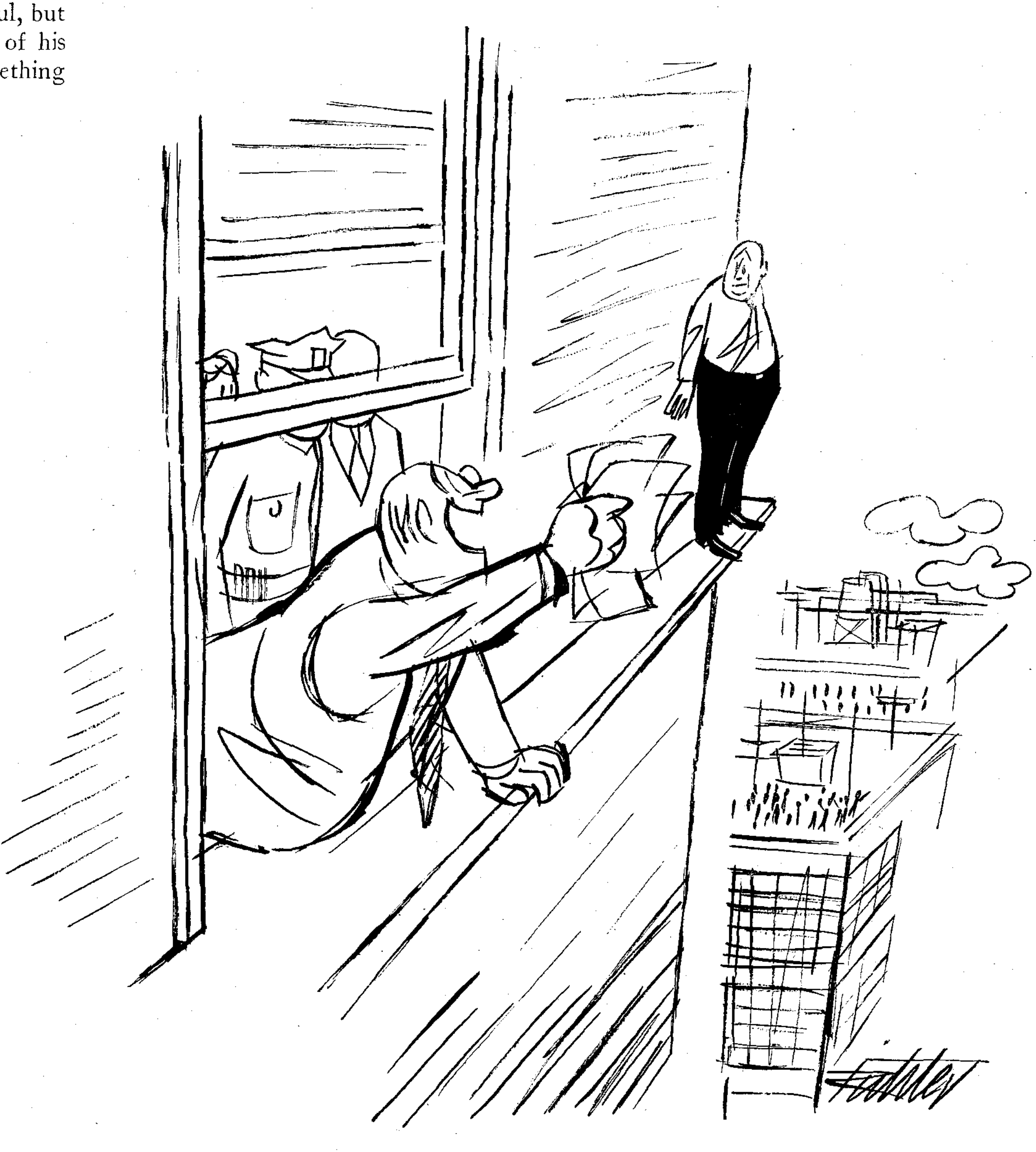
THE THEATRE

BISSELL ON BISSELL

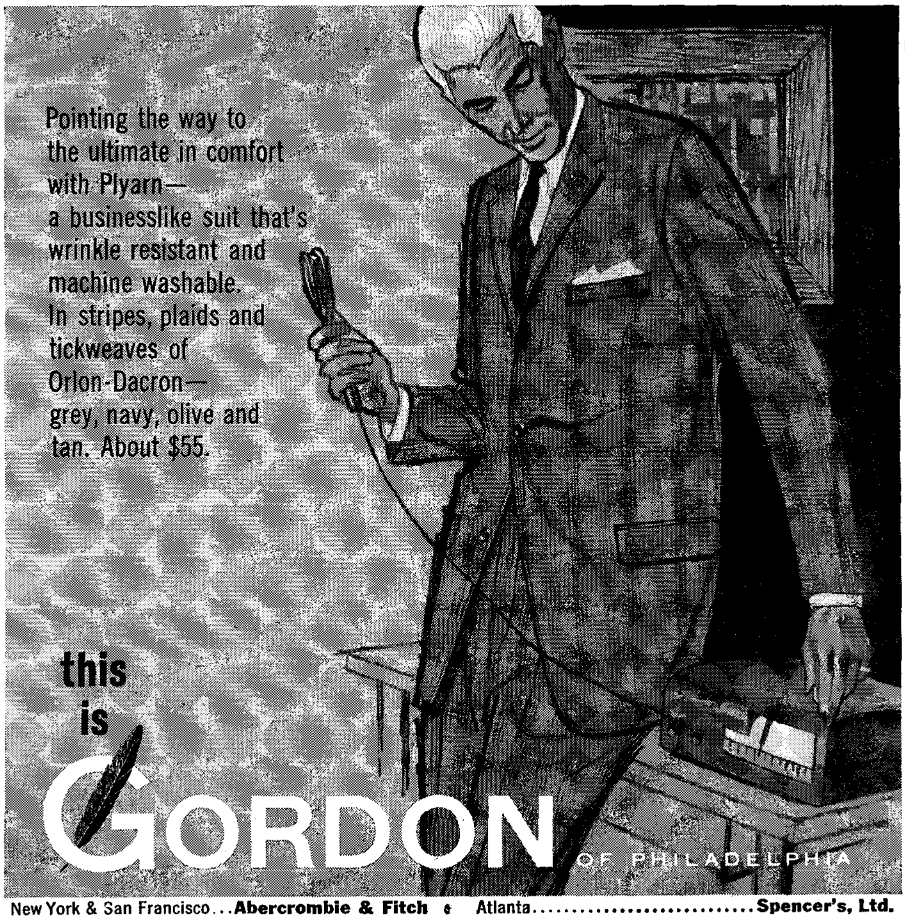
EVEN in a day when it is not unheard of to make plays out of old motion pictures, the genesis of the operation called "Say, Darling," at the ANTA Theatre, is a little tangled and peculiar. Set down as tidily as possible, the facts are these: About five years ago, a man named Richard Bissell wrote a book called "7½ Cents," which dealt with a strike in a pajama factory. I never read this work, but I assume it was facetious, because shortly after that, prodded by various persons, including George Abbott, Mr. Bissell converted his novel into a musical comedy entitled "The Pajama Game." This venture was gratifyingly successful, but apparently the personal oddities of his collaborators, as well as something vaguely irrational about the whole project, remained to trouble Mr. Bissell's dreams, and presently he was seeking relief in the writing of another novel—this one, of course, about the experiences of an author who has agreed to assist in turning a book of his into a musical comedy. It would be reasonable to suppose that the whole process would stop right there, on the ground that the utmost had now been extracted from materials that were pretty special in the first place, but reason has little to do with the theatre, and consequently we have "Say, Darling," an offering defined in the program as "a comedy about a musical . . . based on the best-selling novel by Richard Bissell," and containing certain readily identifiable persons, among them Mr. Abbott. I can imagine no further steps in this progression, but the force of Mr. Bissell's enchantment with his own literary adventures is such that I wouldn't care to bet.

In spite of these forebodings of perpetually repeating images in a succession of mirrors, however, I am happy to report that "Say, Darling" seems to me an exceptionally cheerful entertainment. The plot could hardly be more innocent or familiar. The hero is a simple Iowa boy who has come East to write the libretto for a musical based on a collection of his stories about a river pilot. Almost at once, both his artistic integrity and his marriage are threatened by all the horrors that habitually beset creative effort in New York. Things reach their lowest point when his wife leaves him and a New Haven tryout of the play turns out to be disastrous, but they improve just as abruptly when the author somehow persuades his colleagues to put the damn thing on the way he wrote it in the first place. It is as simple as that, and obviously not much of a story. The form, however, is ingenious, in that it permits the introduction of perfectly horrible songs, for satiric purposes, and of quite good ones, which, by contrast, often sound wonderful; pretentious ballets to underline the modest merits of some rather nice dancing; and a lot of knowing reference to persons and practices in the theatre, which you can attempt to unravel or can just ignore, depending on your mood. In spite of a few jokes ("Sure I can sing your songs. I can even sing the ones you stole them from") that have the air of having been swept out from under a columnist's desk, the humor is generally bright, and the love stories (there are the customary two) are of a pleasantly unobtrusive nature.

The principal performers in "Say, Darling" are David Wayne, whose portrayal of the author includes the singing of a Methodist hymn with almost overpowering charm; Vivian



"Hold it, Mr. Corwin! We've found a loophole!"


Pointing the way to
the ultimate in comfort
with Plyarn—
a businesslike suit that's
wrinkle resistant and
machine washable.
In stripes, plaids and
tickweaves of
Orlon-Dacron—
grey, navy, olive and
tan. About $55.

this
is
GORDON
OF PHILADELPHIA

New York & San Francisco...**Abercrombie & Fitch**
Chicago...**Von Lengerke & Antoine**
Cincinnati...**Shillito's**
Buffalo...**Peller & Mure**
Atlanta...**Spencer's, Ltd.**
Los Angeles...**Atkinson's**
Savannah...**John B. Rourke**
Milwaukee...**Harley's**

For other stores write: **GORDON-FORD SALES COMPANY,** EMPIRE STATE BLDG., NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Jamaica
Calypso CRUISES®

8 DAYS, 7 NIGHTS $289 UP

That Old Jamaica Magic, 140-mile Island Auto tour, 2 sightseeing trips . . . hotels, most meals, transfers, Super Constellation air fares all included. CALYPSO CRUISE folder from your Travel Agent or

AVIANCA
OLDEST AIRLINE IN THE AMERICAS
342 Madison Avenue, New York 17. ST 6-0600

PAN AMERICAN
General Agents

Blaine, who plays a fine, brassy chanteuse with all her well-known style; and Johnny Desmond, who may conceivably bear down just a little too heavily in the part of an egomaniac composer. Their assistants include Constance Ford, as a not especially long-suffering wife, and Jerome Cowan, Horace McMahon, Robert Morse, and Walter Klavun, who are all excellent as assorted Broadway types—all strange, and all, it suddenly develops, pretty lovable under their demoniacal exteriors. Mr. Bissell's collaborators on the book are Marian Bissell and Abe Burrows, the second of whom also directed; the songs are the work of Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Jule Styne; Oliver Smith and Alvin Colt designed the sets and costumes, respectively; and Matt Mattox staged the dances, in which he also appears with distinction. I guess that covers everybody.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

Agency to plan four new newspaper ads for El Pato. Same size as current ads, but using new art and new format.

New ads to feature the following four items:

Spaghetti and meatballs (or just meat balls).

A new ad on chili and beans.

Hamburger.

Scrambled eggs.

Delete Los Angeles Times from advertising schedule. Add Fresno and San Jose papers, and La Opinion.

Agency suggested obtaining a mailing list of restaurants in some test district. Send a letter to all owners or chefs of this particular group of restaurants, suggesting the use of El Pato sauce in preparing more interesting, more zesty dishes for the menu. Invite restaurant owner, or chef, to send an enclosed post-card to Walker Mfg. Co. for two free sample cans of El Pato for experimenting with new dishes. Suggestion disapproved. *—From a conference report of a Beverly Hills advertising agency.*

Next suggestion.

•

DEPT. OF UTTER CONFUSION

[*From The Stute, Stevens Institute of Technology*]

NOTICE

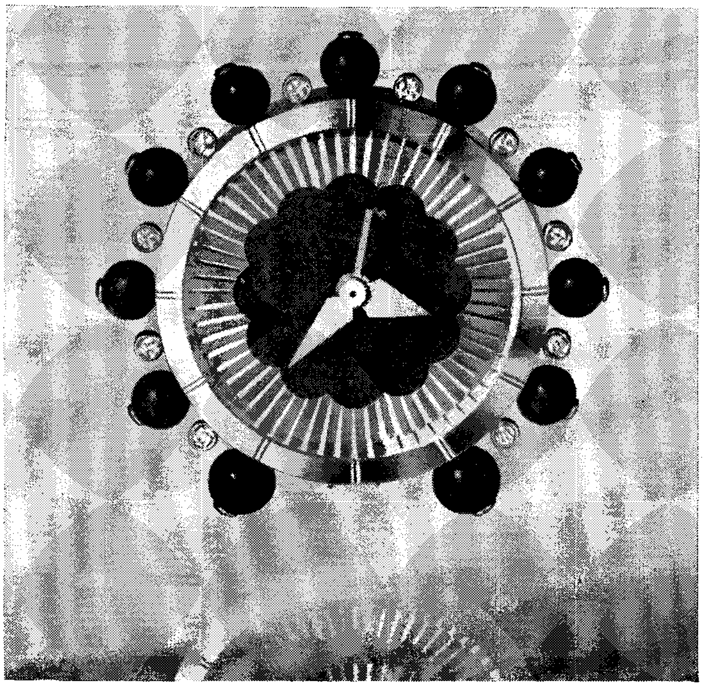
This Friday and Saturday, contrary to popular opinion, is not Monday and Tuesday, respectively, but will follow Thursday as Friday and Saturday. The first Monday and Tuesday of this term were omitted from the schedule since the first week of last term was omitted and made up through the term. Monday through Friday were made up this way but Wednesday and Saturday were left out to make room for Tuesday and Thursday. Therefore Monday and Tuesday, from the beginning of the term, will be left off and not Friday and Saturday.

The crowning achievement in imported gin ...Ballantine's

Ballantine's
PORTED
ESTD. 1827
Ballantine's
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
PRODUCT OF ENGLAND
BOTTLED BY
George Ballantine & Son Ltd
London, England
imported by
"21" Brands, Inc.
New York City
BALLANTINE'S
Ballantine's

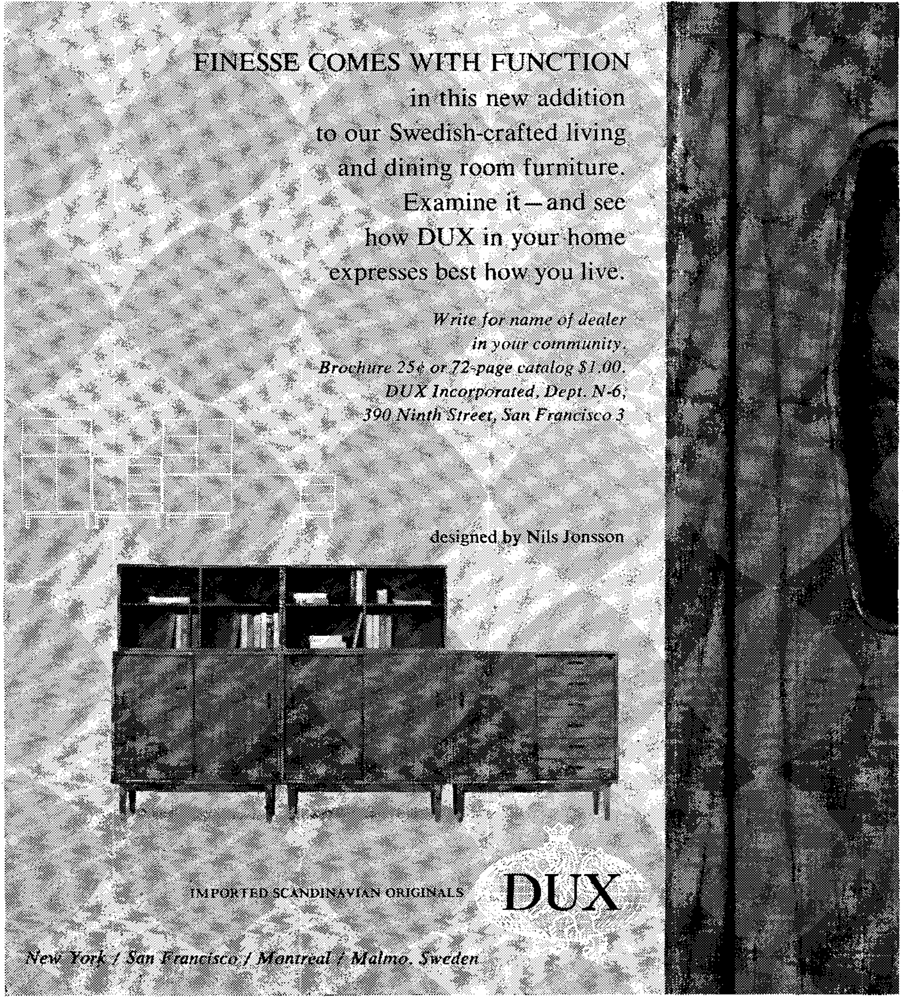
London's dryest . . . in the famous Ballantine's bottle

"21" BRANDS, INC., N. Y. C., 94.4 PROOF, DISTILLED FROM GRAIN



Tiffany's new and feminine jeweled clock.
Eighteen karat gold, wreathed with lapis lazuli and diamonds, the dial of lapis lazuli and fluted gold. Fifteen jewel movement with alarm.
Shown actual size. Velvet-lined traveling case.

TIFFANY & CO.
NEW YORK



FINESSE COMES WITH FUNCTION
in this new addition
to our Swedish-crafted living
and dining room furniture.
Examine it—and see
how DUX in your home
expresses best how you live.

Write for name of dealer
in your community.
Brochure 25¢ or 72-page catalog $1.00.
DUX Incorporated, Dept. N-6,
390 Ninth Street, San Francisco 3

designed by Nils Jonsson

IMPORTED SCANDINAVIAN ORIGINALS DUX

New York / San Francisco / Montreal / Malmo, Sweden

MUSICAL EVENTS

Bonanza

THE New York première of Douglas Moore's opera "The Ballad of Baby Doe," which was presented last Thursday night at the City Center, turned out to be all I had hoped for and expected—a very important event in the current history of music. It is both a genuine opera and a genuine expression of our peculiarly American way of looking at things—a combination that might seem a bit incongruous to those who think of opera as a formal outgrowth of the European romantic drama, but one that Mr. Moore has proved is as normal, natural, and thoroughly enjoyable as anything else in the contemporary theatre. If any habitués of the Broadway playhouses wandered in to see the performance (and no doubt a few did), they must have found themselves on fairly familiar ground. The tunes Mr. Moore provided are as beautiful as those in any musical show, differing from them only in the operatic complexity of their structure and in the challenge they pose to singers of a highly cultivated sort. The drama, written by the late John Latouche, is a heartwarming tale of the Colorado mining country during the eighties and nineties, and, but for the fact that it ends in poignant tragedy and includes several quite penetrating studies of human character, does not stray far from the conventions of popular show business. What the visitors from Broadway probably did not realize, however, is how new all this is in the world of opera, and the extent to which Mr. Moore, in grafting a healthy American shoot onto the age-old operatic tradition, has furthered what is beginning to look like an artistic revolution. The work is, actually, a sort of declaration of independence—independence from all the fashionable highbrow fiddle-faddle and mysterious technical mumbo-jumbo that during the past forty years have tended to reduce the art of opera to a feeble caricature of itself. Mr. Moore, who is as learned a composer as you are likely to find, has renounced all this pretentiously learned clutter and returned to fundamentals. He has a distinguished melodic gift—something very rare among contemporary opera composers—and he is not afraid to exercise it in vocal writing of the purest and most revealing sort. His arias and ensembles are all deft and graceful, and they succeed in making you like, and sympathize with, the characters involved. The result is a completely enchanting work of art—one that points to a bright future in which people will attend contemporary opera not out of a grim sense of cultural duty but simply because it is so infectious that they can't bear to stay away from it.

The plot of the opera, as I have said, is laid in the still fairly wild and primitive West during the silver-mining boom three-quarters of a century ago, and most of its characters are real historical figures. Its hero, Horace A. W. Tabor—a middle-aged self-made silver king, mayor of Leadville, Colorado, and, eventually, United States senator from that state—falls hopelessly in love, as middle-aged men sometimes do, with a beautiful divorcee half his age, in this case a lady named Mrs. Elizabeth (Baby) Doe. While Leadville is shaken by the scandal of the thing, the imperious Mr. Tabor divorces his elderly and rather embittered wife and hustles Baby Doe off to Washington, where he marries her and holds a grand wedding party, attended by, among others, President Chester A. Arthur. From here on, however, things go downhill for Horace Tabor. Despite the championing of the cause of the silver miners by William Jennings Bryan (whose political oratory in the opera turns out, unsurprisingly, to be very operatic indeed), the country adopts the gold standard, and Tabor faces sudden financial ruin. While the once bustling silver communities of Colorado are falling into decay, Tabor, now a desperate pauper, visits the opera house he built in Denver, and there, in the dark and empty auditorium, dies in the arms of his faithful young wife.

All this is, of course, reminiscent of hundreds of stories of the pioneer West, but as far as I can see, that is nothing against it. Moreover, the beauty of Mr. Moore's music, together with Mr. Latouche's skill at drawing character, relieves it of any suggestion of banality. The domineering, visionary Tabor, his proud, inflexible, and broken-hearted first wife, Augusta, and the sweet, devoted Baby Doe all emerge as individuals of great dignity, capable of entangling the emotions of the audience in their fate; the setting—so recent in time that many of us can remember great-uncles who belonged to the era—has

introducing
one of the most exotic
and fabulous restaurants
in the world . . .
TRADER VIC'S

Bringing to New York all the atmosphere, the foods and the splendor of the South Sea Islands, TRADER VIC'S presents savory barbecued meats from Chinese ovens, Cantonese delights, delectable curried dishes, skillfully prepared Continental cuisine and an endless variety of delicious rum drinks.

Opening Monday, April 14th

Luncheon, Cocktails, Dinner and Supper

OPEN EVERY DAY INCLUDING SUNDAYS

RESERVATIONS: call Trader Vic, ELdorado 5-2600

TRADER VIC'S

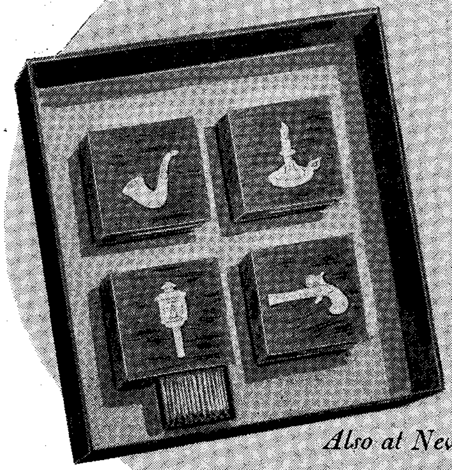
AT THE SAVOY-PLAZA

A HILTON HOTEL

ENTRANCE AT 7 EAST 58TH STREET

its own nostalgic magic; and the work as a whole has the sweep and power of true tragedy. The production, which included the scenery and costumes designed by Donald Oenslager for the opera's world première, in Central City, the summer before last, was nothing less than a triumph of engaging stagecraft. The handsome young soprano Beverly Sills was perfectly cast as Baby Doe; Walter Cassel made a highly convincing Tabor; Martha Lipton provided a distinguished dramatic portrait of Augusta; and the numerous lesser roles, ranging from eminent politicians to Tabor's two children, were handled with uniform spirit and charm. Emerson Buckley, who conducted the performance, gave the score just the right touch of lusty Americanism and lyric grace.

EARLIER in the week, Martha Graham, after a protracted absence, returned to the stage with what is undoubtedly the most ambitious work of her career—an evening-long ballet entitled "Clytemnestra." Not unexpectedly, it turned out to be a brooding, subjective affair in the typical Graham tragic manner, in which this gifted modern dancer and choreographer used Greek mythology as a basis for her own kind of Surrealist fantasy. The work was quite lucid, as Graham fantasies go (it had a well-defined dramatic scenario, with Miss Graham herself undertaking the agonies of the title role), and parts of it were assuredly impressive, both as drama and as dance. I should hate to have to listen to the score—something provided by an Egyptian composer named Halim El-Dabh—in a concert hall, but that, I suppose, is beside the point. As an accompaniment to this particular spectacle, it seemed appropriate enough, since it wailed and thudded with the requisite atmosphere of melodrama. The Surrealist scenery and props, designed by Isamu Noguchi, seemed appropriate, too. "Clytemnestra" is not the sort of thing one goes to in



B Bloomingdale's

Teak "Match Mates"

boxed for giving

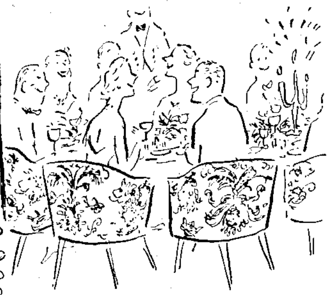
Now good things come in fours! Four neat, teak match holders inlaid with stainless steel motifs and handsomely packaged for the gift with imagination! Designed by Jens Quistgaard of Denmark, we have imported them as part of our new Dansk Staved Teak collection. Set of 4, 5.00

Au Gourmet, 6th Floor

Also at New Rochelle, Fresh Meadows, Stamford

Mail and phone orders filled.

Bloomingdale's • Lexington at 59th, New York 22, N.Y. • EL 5-5900



For your private parties —

Entertaining at the Ritz

the Ritz Cuisine
served by
the Ritz staff

in the Carlton Suite
the Carlton Room
or the Carltonette —

accommodating from six
to two hundred and fifty

is Entertaining at its Best

at Carlton House

GASTON LAURYSSEN, PRESIDENT
RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL COMPANY
MADISON AVENUE AT 61st STREET, NEW YORK CITY. TEmpleton 8-3000

search of a pleasant evening's entertainment, but for those who like the adventure of meeting Miss Graham's subconscious mind halfway it is unquestionably a very imaginative and, at times, even a moving theatrical performance.

—Winthrop Sargeant

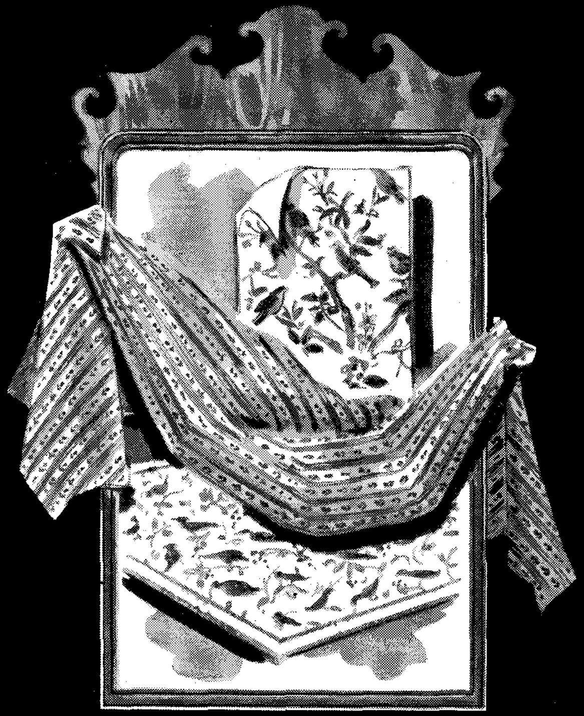
JAZZ

Non-Stop

"The 'Village Voice' Presents Jazz with Jean Shepherd," a concert held at Town Hall last Saturday at eight-thirty—there was a repeat performance at midnight—turned out to be a memorable lesson in the perils of jazz as strictly solo music. The affair included, among others, Miles Davis, Dizzy Gillespie, J. J. Johnson, and Stan Getz, who, unhindered by any intermissions, peeled off a steady series of variations—some new, some well tested—that seemed, after a time, to merge into the longest single jazz solo ever played. This approach is extremely fashionable at present. The gradual disappearance of collective enterprises like the big jazz band and the genuine New Orleans and Dixieland groups, together with the inviting plains-like space of the L.P. record and the emergence in the past decade of such persuasive and enormously gifted soloists as Davis, Charlie Parker, and Sonny Rollins, has resulted in this new type of jazz, in which a performer, often accompanied only by a spotty rhythm section, may solo for five or ten minutes, or until he succumbs from sheer exhaustion. (The Modern Jazz Quartet and the various groups led by Charlie Mingus, Gerry Mulligan, and Jimmy Giuffre are exceptions.) The early jazz soloists rarely attempted such independence, and if Davis, Rollins, and Thelonious Monk occasionally carry it off, it is because they have at hand, in addition to their talents, a wide variety of harmonic and rhythmic devices that were largely unused in jazz twenty years ago.

The concert was presented from a stage jammed with spectators, who slowly increased throughout the evening until it seemed that the musicians, huddled in a space the size of a small ice floe, would eventually be pinched right off the stage. The musicians were also surrounded by babble. Jean Shepherd, a disc jockey and the m.c. of the concert, delivered a ten-minute opening monologue, twenty minutes late, which began, "Hello, can you hear? Good evening, fellow-sufferers. Do you think it's going to happen tonight?," and went on to such matters

Your home reflects you!



You'll be proud in a setting of

Schumacher's

Fabrics • Carpets • Wallpapers

Whether you plan to decorate a country estate or a modest city apartment ... how smart of you to start with Schumacher's distinctive fabrics, unusual carpets and fine wallpapers.

Available through decorators and decorating departments of fine stores.

Quality is a Schumacher Tradition

The public is cordially invited to visit our showrooms where our complete collection is on display.

F. SCHUMACHER & Co. • 60 W. 40th St., N. Y. 18 • Fabrics • Carpets • Wallpapers • Waverly Fabrics

as stoicism, twentieth-century man, abstract sounds, and pure emotion. The proceedings closed with a second ten-minute talk by a young singer, Lonnie Sattin, who, after trading jokes with Gillespie, sank into a lachrymose eulogy of the late W. C. Handy, whom he described as "immortal" and a "musical scientist." In between, Sonny Stitt, alto and tenor saxophone, and J. J. Johnson, trombone, performed separately as soloists, backed by Hank Jones on piano, Oscar Pettiford on bass, and Osie Johnson on drums. Stitt is a reliable and sometimes exciting Parker disciple who appeared to be collecting choice phrases from his past solos, while Johnson, whose work seems finished in patent leather, did much the same. Pettiford, accompanied by piano and drums, played a long and stately solo version of "Willow Weep for Me," and then the Miles Davis quintet (the leader, trumpet; Julian Adderley, alto saxophone; Red Garland, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; and Philly Joe Jones, drums), plus John Coltrane, tenor saxophone, ran through six lengthy numbers that were notable for Jones' Big Bertha drumming, some extraordinarily facile but meaningless runs from Coltrane, and, in a couple of blues, some thoughtful statements by Davis, which were, however, marred by some disastrous lunges into the upper register. The Jones-Pettiford-Osie Johnson rhythm section returned, and Don Elliott, playing the mellophone, embroidered three numbers, then gave way to Getz, a cool tenor saxophonist, who, though he sounded here and there like a hushed string ensemble, delivered several perfect stop-time choruses in a blues called "Jumpin' with Symphony Sid." Dizzy Gillespie did "Sometimes I'm Happy," and was joined in a pleasant medium-tempo blues by Stitt, who, in the middle of his solo, abruptly switched into a straight chorus of rock 'n' roll. After Sattin's dissertation, Gillespie and Stitt were joined by J. J. Johnson for a rendition of the "St. Louis Blues," which was barely completed when the curtains were closed, with such vehemence that they nearly snapped. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

The greatest vote-getter in Canada's history received the news that the Conservative Party, inspired by his eloquence and campaign artistry, had reached new heights in his hotel room.—*Toronto Globe & Mail.*

Any complaints from the other guests?

The new Ship Shape by Celeste. Sailing into Summer — the new look silhouette in a breezy two-in-one dress of boat-white pique with fully-lined navy or red broadcloth jacket. 3 to 6x $12.95, 7 to 12 $14.95. Order it from *B. Altman & Co.* Fifth Avenue . . . White Plains . . . Manhasset . . . Short Hills.

Her Fashion Future Begins with Celeste

1350 Broadway, New York 18

LOWER AIR FARES TO EUROPE

THAN ANY OTHER SCHEDULED TRANSATLANTIC AIRLINE

YOU SAVE UP TO $127 ROUNDTRIP

$127.00 less than Economy and Thrift fares

FULL TOURIST SERVICE
2 complimentary full-course meals, Cognac, midnight snack.
SHORTEST OVER-OCEAN FLIGHTS
(never more than 400 miles from an airport). From New York via Reykjavik to
NORWAY • SWEDEN
DENMARK
BRITAIN • GERMANY

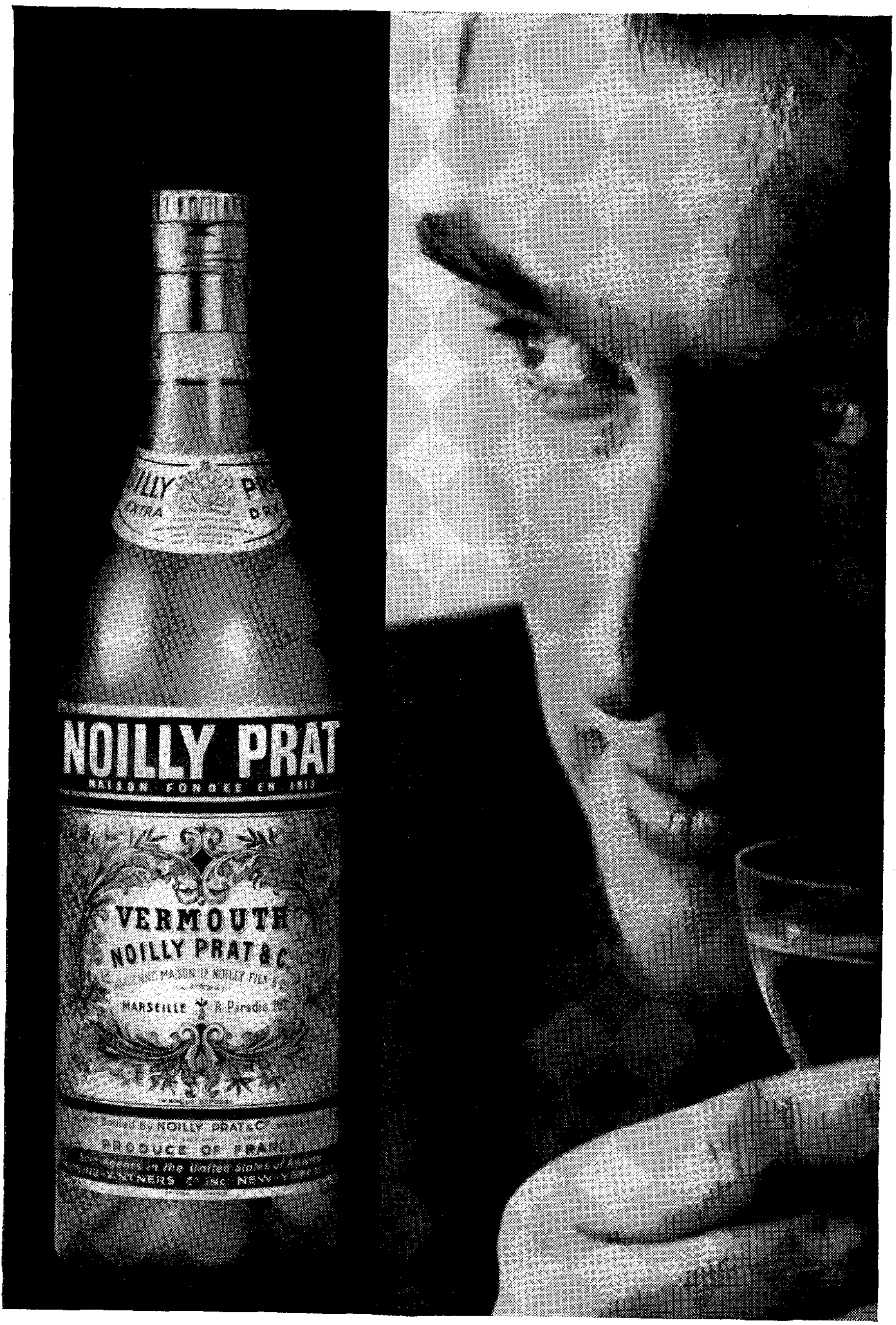
ASK ANY TRAVEL AGENT

LOFTLEIDIR

IAL
ICELANDIC AIRLINES
15 West 47th St., New York 36
PL 7-8585

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO

MAKES YOUR COCKTAILS COME ALIVE!


NOILLY PRAT
MAISON FONDEE EN 1813
VERMOUTH
NOILLY PRAT & C
MARSEILLE
PRODUCE OF FRANCE

Your cocktails come to life, quite literally, when you use Noilly Prat! These superb French vermouths—*Extra Dry* for Martinis, *Sweet* for Manhattans—are *natural* vermouths. They make a *vital* difference in your cocktails. And both are delicious to drink by themselves. Try them straight—on-the-rocks. You'll enjoy them.

DON'T STIR WITHOUT

NOILLY PRAT

TWO KINDS: EXTRA DRY AND SWEET

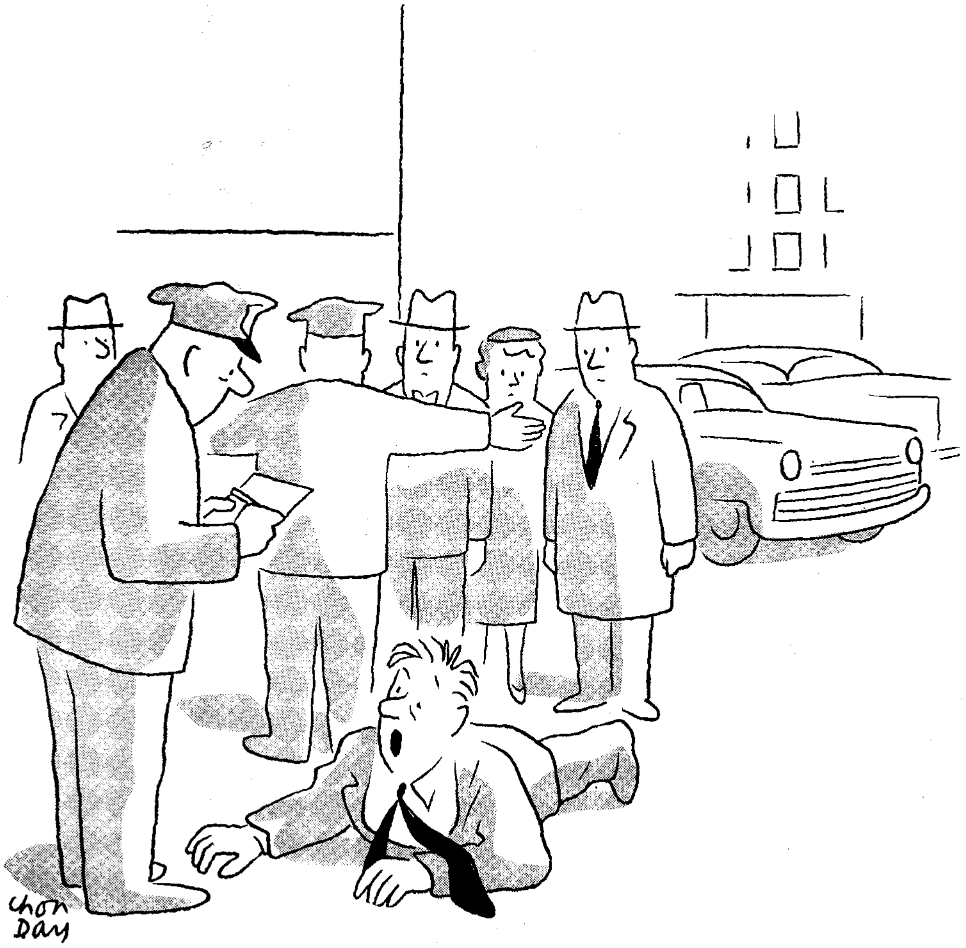
BROWNE VINTNERS CO., INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. SOLE DISTRIBUTOR FOR U. S. A.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

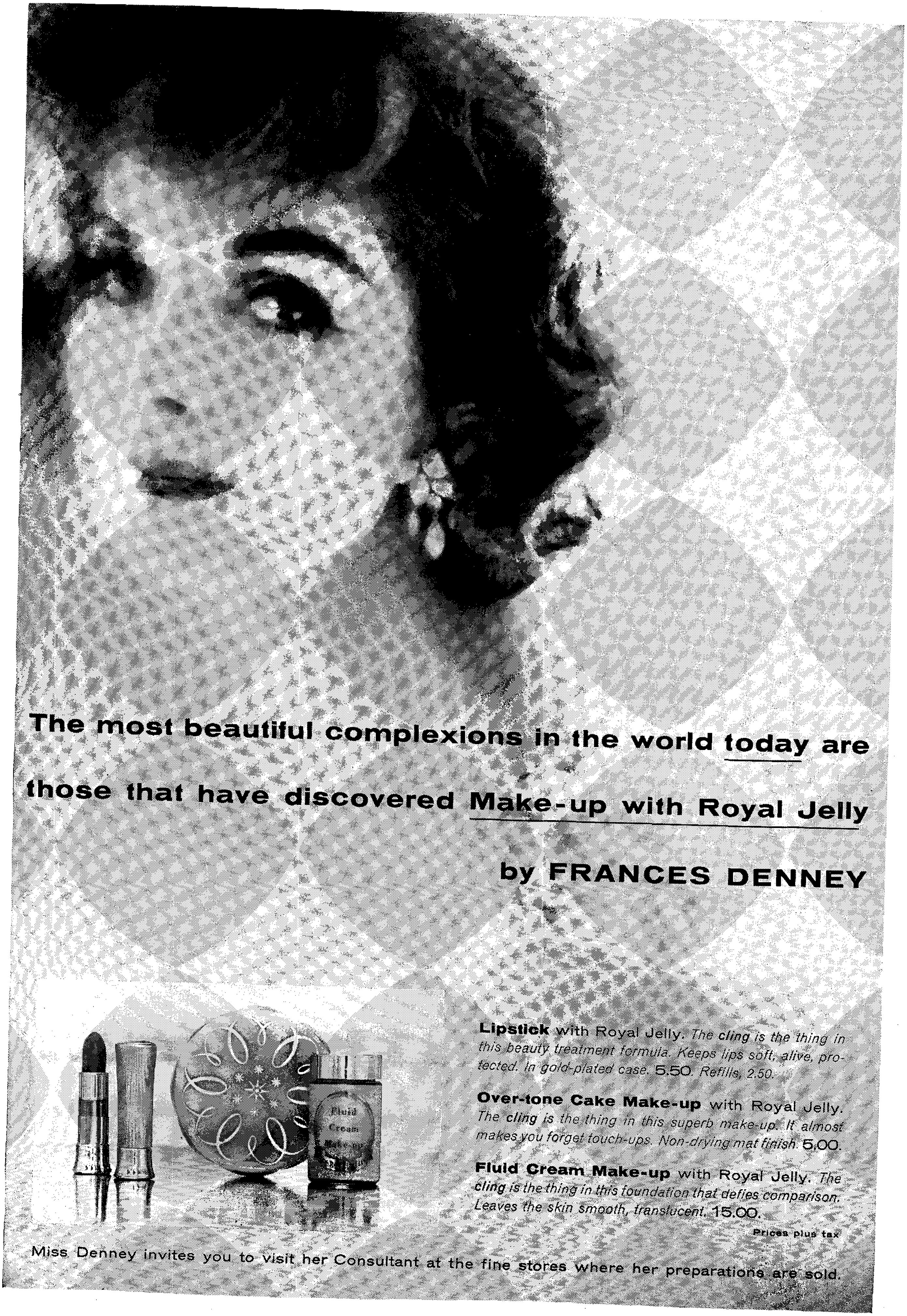
FEMININE FASHIONS

ALARM has been the disorder of the day ever since the great fashion upheaval of 1958, an upheaval in which the waist went completely to seed. But most of the more freakish lines were simply trial balloons, such as the so-called "little-girl" look, flaring wildly from just below the bosom outward and downward to the knees. At its worst, it looked like a little girl, all right—a little girl who has just come from the attic in Mama's tulle petticoat with the waistband up under her armpits *and* wearing Mama's shoes. (Did you ever, by the way, see anything like the splayfooted stance our mannequins are assuming nowadays in their pointed 10AAAAs?) But exaggeration is disappearing, as usual, and as the ferment dwindles, a lot more charm and shapeliness than the first fashion sketches and photographs would allow one to believe possible are becoming visible. There is plenty of sheerness barely veiling the fact that the slip beneath is snug to the body, and plenty of bloused detail, jacket detail, or bolero detail that invariably dips way down on the hips in back and thereby gives a tucked-under look to the buttocks and a raised look to the diaphragm. This is the sort of shape the likes of Elizabeth Arden and John Robert Powers have always thought desirable for our birthday suits. Quantities of back panels either float or are caught in at the hem with harem drapes, and they don't need a photographer's wind machine to give them sweep. Women with neat waistlines needn't despair, either, especially after the sun goes down, for some of the most enchanting dance dresses have snug tops above skirts that balloon and billow right down to the end, which is at the knees. It's baby-doll stuff, but even Mainbocher, who deals with anything but a baby-doll clientele, startled himself by making a dress of the sort, using a fabric that is one-foot checkerboards of white faille and white satin. Elizabeth Arden's ready-to-wear has lots of these powder-puff beauties; her Count Sarmi has never done better by her.

AN idea that took almost everyone both by surprise and by storm has come from Dior's daring young heir, Yves St. Laurent. Bonwit Teller's Custom Made Salon is only one of the New York houses that imported his "trapeze" design, which will fly high for some time, it's that becoming. A conservative example is of black shantung, with sloping shoulders, an overblouse hanging straight to the hipbone, and a self band and bow at the waist; the skirt is attached to a straight camisole top and swings out circular all around. St. Laurent's tops are likely to hint at an Empire waistline, because of a bow below the bosom or a cut that gives a caved-in effect on the diaphragm. Some suits are equipped with jackets that go to the hipbone and with skirts that are deeply pleated and flaring. This sort of stuff *can* look clumsy. Variations appear in every fabric, from heavy tweeds to chiffons. Bonwit shows an exaggerated one of a ribbed peach chiffon, gathered on a wide, oval yoke in back and billowing out there like mad, peignoir style. But the front is caught in at the side seams as far as the waist, to indicate the body, and the sheerness of the fabric prevents any look of bulk. That bow appears under the bosom. Cardin, another bright young Frenchman, is represented at Bonwit by a couple of suits that I dearly love. One, of beige-and-ivory tweed, has a collarless bateau neck and a bunchy top that is given a slightly bloused look by means of darts at hipbone level. The other, of the same type, is shown in pink linen and there's a big self bow at the neck. Among the further goodies around Bonwit is Heim's barrel coat of tweed hopsacking, with a fold around it below the arms. (There are fake bolero folds everywhere these days.) This goes over a dress of cocoa shantung with a low, bloused back and a band of stitching that arches into a bow under the breast. Heim's two-piece dress of red silk is awash with tiny black polka dots, and the loose top hangs casually to the hipbone. Maggy Rouff contributes both a chemise of black crêpe (to my mind, the very stark, unadorned chemise will *not* survive except for young figures, so what were the men yelling about, anyway?) and a patterned-taffeta dance dress with wide shoulder straps and a buoyant skirt that's draped up to a deep V décolletage in back. This makes it look like folded in-



"I think it was a Lincoln. It had that big-car feel."



The most beautiful complexions in the world today are those that have discovered Make-up with Royal Jelly

by FRANCES DENNEY

Lipstick with Royal Jelly. *The cling is the thing in this beauty treatment formula. Keeps lips soft, alive, protected. In gold-plated case.* 5.50. *Refills, 2.50.*

Over-tone Cake Make-up with Royal Jelly. *The cling is the thing in this superb make-up. It almost makes you forget touch-ups. Non-drying mat finish.* 5.00.

Fluid Cream Make-up with Royal Jelly. *The cling is the thing in this foundation that defies comparison. Leaves the skin smooth, translucent.* 15.00.

Prices plus tax

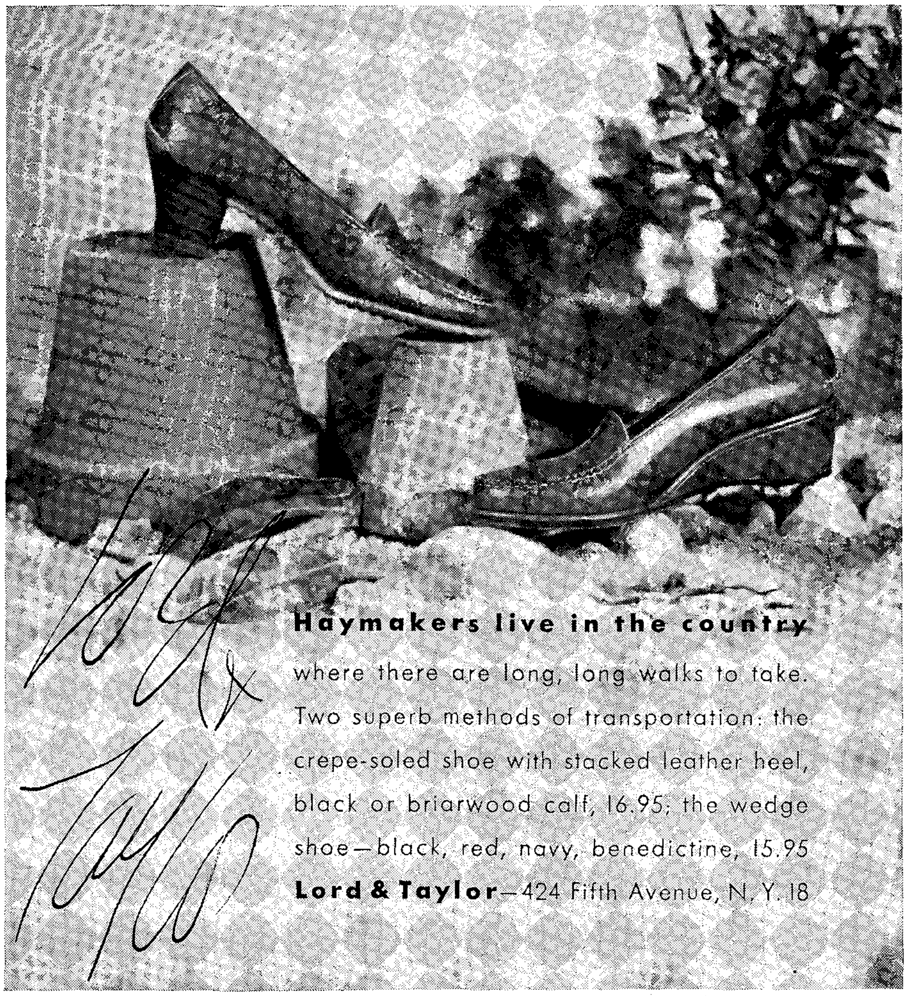
Miss Denney invites you to visit her Consultant at the fine stores where her preparations are sold.

sect wings. These are just a few of the things that a well-dressed but conservative group of customers like for a gala late spring and a gala summer.

BERGDORF GOODMAN'S comprehensive custom collection of the best Paris offerings includes Dessès' suit of lavender wool-and-linen tweed with a jacket that is down to the hips in back, bunched above, and slit at the sides. Another slouchy jacket is of yellow tweed, low in back but ascending in front to tie on the stomach. Real bravura for the dance is offered by Balenciaga—a strapless arrangement of sheer black straw cloth wrapped up to one hip. Huge ends of the fabric shoot out behind the hips, and black lace does the edging. Quite another mood is represented by Balmain's triumph in pink-and-white taffeta. This is all horizontal folds through the tight bodice. Three bows down the back bravely but not quite successfully try to cover the bare skin that is evident to a point a bit below the waistline. And Balmain really rings the belles with his formal black-dotted white chiffon, draped up on one side to the strapless top, in Grecian-Empire style.

THE French models at Hattie Carnegie that are being copied to order indicate an appreciation of both Balmain and Cardin art, the second of which is exemplified there by a suit with a loose, three-button jacket and folds down the skirt to give a Zouave look at the sides. Cardin's, too, is a coat of black wool that is buttoned down the front. Crossed, bee's-wing drapery occurs in back below the cowl fold. On the accompanying dress, of bright-green satin, the bee's-wing effect reappears at the front of the balloon skirt, on which roses are placed well below the waist.

As for news on the home front, admirers of the Carnegie New York custom clothes have already found that, by some alchemy, things can be "typically Carnegie" and in step with the new French doings at the same time. Evolution has brought more straightness to suit jackets, for instance, and they have been semifitted for some time. The collection abounds with the new notion of having the fabric seem to be blown against the diaphragm below the bust, thus nicely suggesting an Empire waistline. A dress of bright-blue shantung has two bows under the breast and a wide, smooth panel below the high waistline in back. Navy silk-and-wool makes a dress with a loose, over-the-head top extending to the waist; looped Zouave folds appear before both hips on



Haymakers live in the country
where there are long, long walks to take.
Two superb methods of transportation: the crepe-soled shoe with stacked leather heel, black or briarwood calf, 16.95; the wedge shoe—black, red, navy, benedictine, 15.95
Lord & Taylor—424 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 18

Alike in quality...delectably different in flavor!

BERTOLLI

VINROSA
BERTOLLI
CHIANTI CLASSICO
BERTOLLI
1953

A delicate, light, fragrant wine
VINROSA

A rich, hearty, robust wine, a REAL
CHIANTI

SCHENLEY IMPORT COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

the skirt. Some of the silk-print or wool dresses have overblouses of the trapeze type, buttoning down the back and often with detail high on the diaphragm. Sometimes the overtop is high enough in front for a snug midriff underneath, but it invariably drops to the waist or lower in back. Among the full-length coat costumes is one involving a coat of red faille with sloping shoulders and fastened by bows under the chest; the dress, of rose-printed white satin faille, has a bolero top that is caught in flat above the waist and is longer and loose in the rear. Another combination concerns a coat of navy ribbed silk, with two bows high in back and one button high in front, plus a dress of white shantung printed with red, red roses. This has a drawstring peasant neckline and belt; an inverted pleat down the back gives extra blousiness to the act. The drawstring neck also appears on one of the many doll dresses here—of bright-pink crinkled chiffon, with red geraniums at the waist and an apple-green petticoat emerging under the fat skirt.

MAINBOCHER also maintains his ageless principles, though he rolls gracefully with the punches 1958 is throwing. His suit jackets are often straight almost to the hipbone; a new whimsey is narrow self waistbands at the top of his skirts, and other narrow self bands as sedate trimming. A sample of principles *cum* roll-with-the-punches is a suit of red-and-white checked wool with a little band and a bow just under the bust and a repeat on the pink overblouse. Seven-eighths coats for his ensembles are another pet device. A barrel-back one of lichen-green tweed goes over a dress of Dupioni silk with set-in bands descending from the breast to cross in a casual X on the diaphragm. The front view of the bolero fold under each arm of the coat suggests a pocket. Mainbocher's cotton-picking is perfect. Such as the bright-blue-and-white checked cotton tweed of a suit with a semifitted short jacket; such as the Tattersall-checked cotton (both these fabrics look like wool) of a dress with a self band across the front at mid-thigh and a flounce below; such as the cotton jersey, in a pink-and-white print like your second-best china, of a coat that goes to just above the knees and a skimpy dress with a tiny string belt. (Sleeveless, snug tops with round necks and those three strands of pearls are still a Mainbocher trademark.) His feeling for brown-and-white prints is also expressed in cotton. And for dancing evenings he does a gauzy coat of cerise-

HARBURT

Gentlemen's morning stripes of woven cotton—tailored with all the fine detailing of men's custom-made clothes. In brown or grey combinations. Sizes 8 to 18. Left: flip top jacket and matching skirt, about $10 each. Right: dacron and cotton shirt, $6; pants, about $10. At fine stores everywhere or write Harburt, Inc., 1407 Broadway, New York 18.

BLOOMINGDALE'S, New York City, Stamford, New Rochelle, Fresh Meadows

MY SIN

. . . a most provocative perfume!

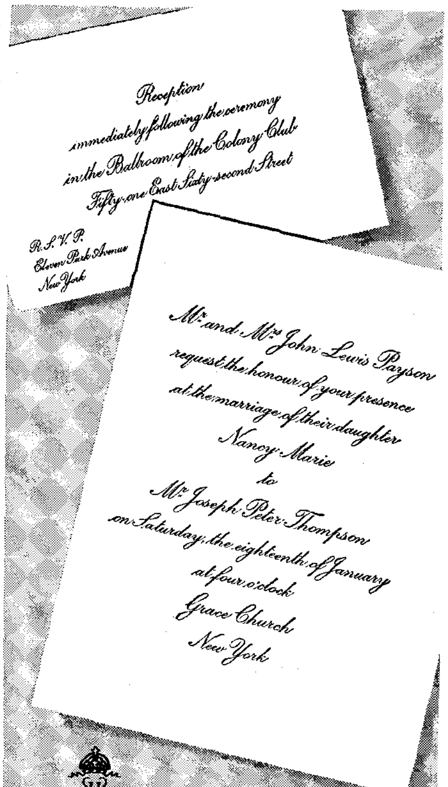
LANVIN

the best Paris has to offer

and-white organza, fiercely gathered on a high back yoke, that floats over a shoulder-strap sheath of Dupioni in the cerise. On the other hand, his theatre suit of black Dupioni is completely opaque. There's a white feather-boa collar on the straight, tailored jacket, and the dress has a deep oval décolletage in front and a deeper one behind; unpressed pleats make the skirt flare.

OLDRIC ROYCE's urbane, nothing-to-it-really philosophy guides his custom collection. There's charcoal silk-and-wool for a waist-length cutaway jacket that goes over an overblouse of gray-and-white printed surah, which shows through the link buttons down the front; a pair of buttons makes a pretense of holding the box pleat in the back of the skirt together. For dancing, we have Royce's lovely sheath of black poult-de-soie, with white poult shoulder straps, a band around the top of the bodice partially veiled by an edging of black lace, a white panel down the back of the skirt with more lace overlay at the sides, and green grosgrain ribbon to emphasize the line of demarcation between the black of the dress and the white of the panel. A tight sheath of warp-printed taffeta (red and violet flowers are implicated) has a self band starting at the hipbones in front and curving well down in back, whence a loop descends into bouffant harem drapery at the hem. All this is only a small indication of the kind of effortless elegance that prevails at Royce.

IN any dissertation on designers who are staunch *in* their beliefs but flexible in details, I must include Sophie of Saks Fifth Avenue and her co-conspirator, Stephen Erklin. They are doing suits of Pesante or silk-and-wool or wool, the jackets sometimes straight, sometimes nipped as of old. The middy-overblouse look shows up here in, for example, a dress of navy Pesante. The top suggests a Cuban guayabera, or workman's shirt—up-and-down tucks at each side of the buttoned front band and more pleats in a wide panel below the yoke in back. Among the many new coat-and-dress ensembles (and these are a specialty of this designing team) is a special favorite of mine. The coat is of red wool, with three bows down the chest and diaphragm as fastenings. There are similar bow tabs (the lowest a bit past the waist, to elongate the body) on the print dress beneath. The daytime mood, you can see for yourself, is young and tailored and alive, even when there are those prevalent bands



Reception
immediately following the ceremony
in the Ballroom of the Colony Club
Fifty-one East Sixty-second Street

R.S.V.P.
Eleven Park Avenue
New York

Mr. and Mrs. John Lewis Payson
request the honour of your presence
at the marriage of their daughter
Nancy Marie
to
Mr. Joseph Peter Thompson
on Saturday, the eighteenth of January
at four o'clock
Grace Church
New York

Wedding stationery from Jensen's . . . in impeccable taste. Samples on request.

GEORG JENSEN Inc.
667 5th Ave. New York 22

3 fascinating foreign lands for one low fare!

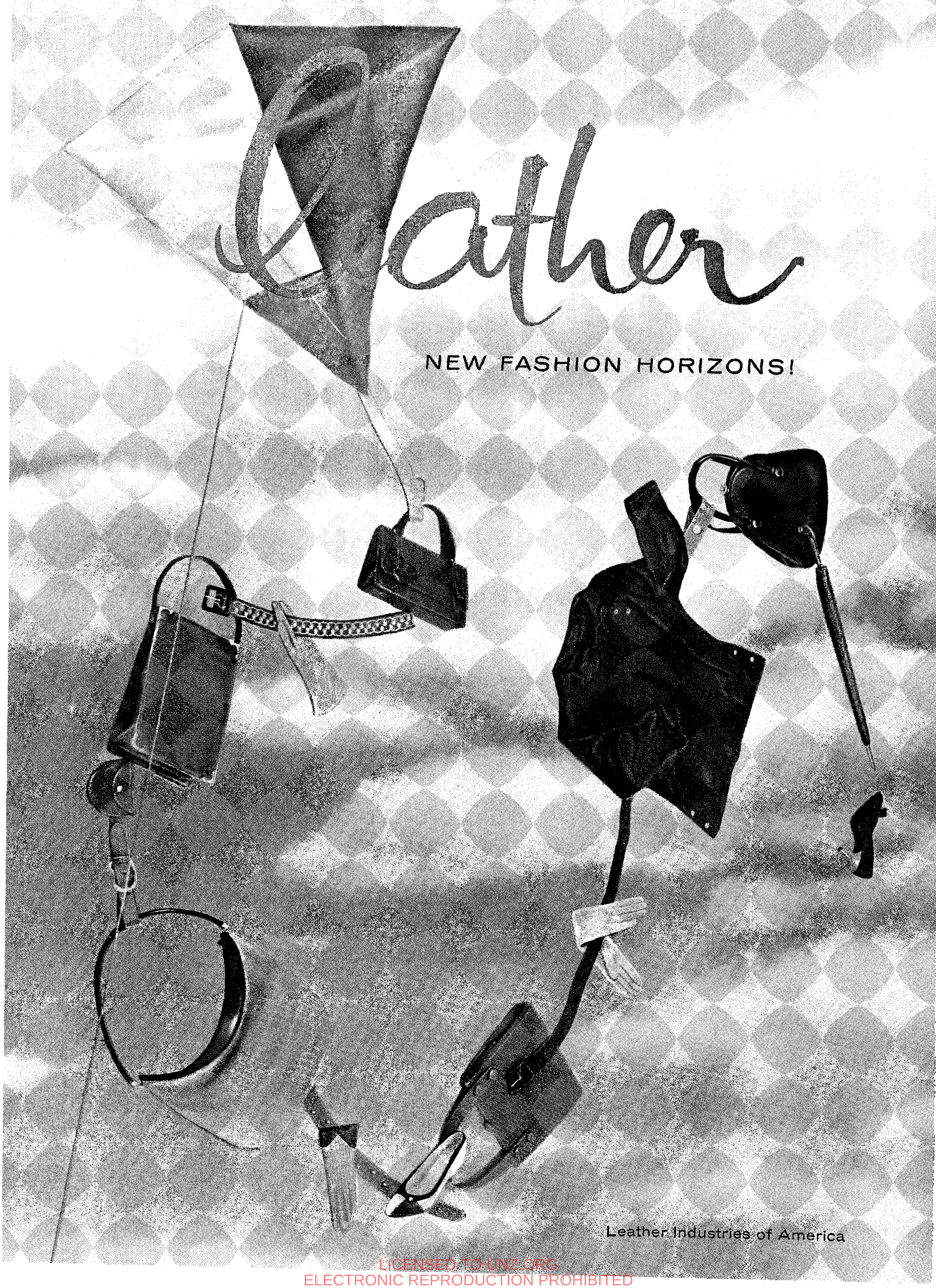
Grand Cayman
Costa Rica
Panama

$145 **Round Trip from Miami via LACSA Airlines**

Enroute to Panama see *both* Grand Cayman, B.W.I. and San Jose, Costa Rica —at *no* extra fare!

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT TODAY
. . . or write for free color folder, to LACSA, Dept. Y, 232 Plaza Bldg., Miami 32, Fla.

LACSA Affiliate of PAA
INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES
Serving the Heart of the Americas


Leather
NEW FASHION HORIZONS!
Leather Industries of America

Ed Sullivan invites you to compare Mercur

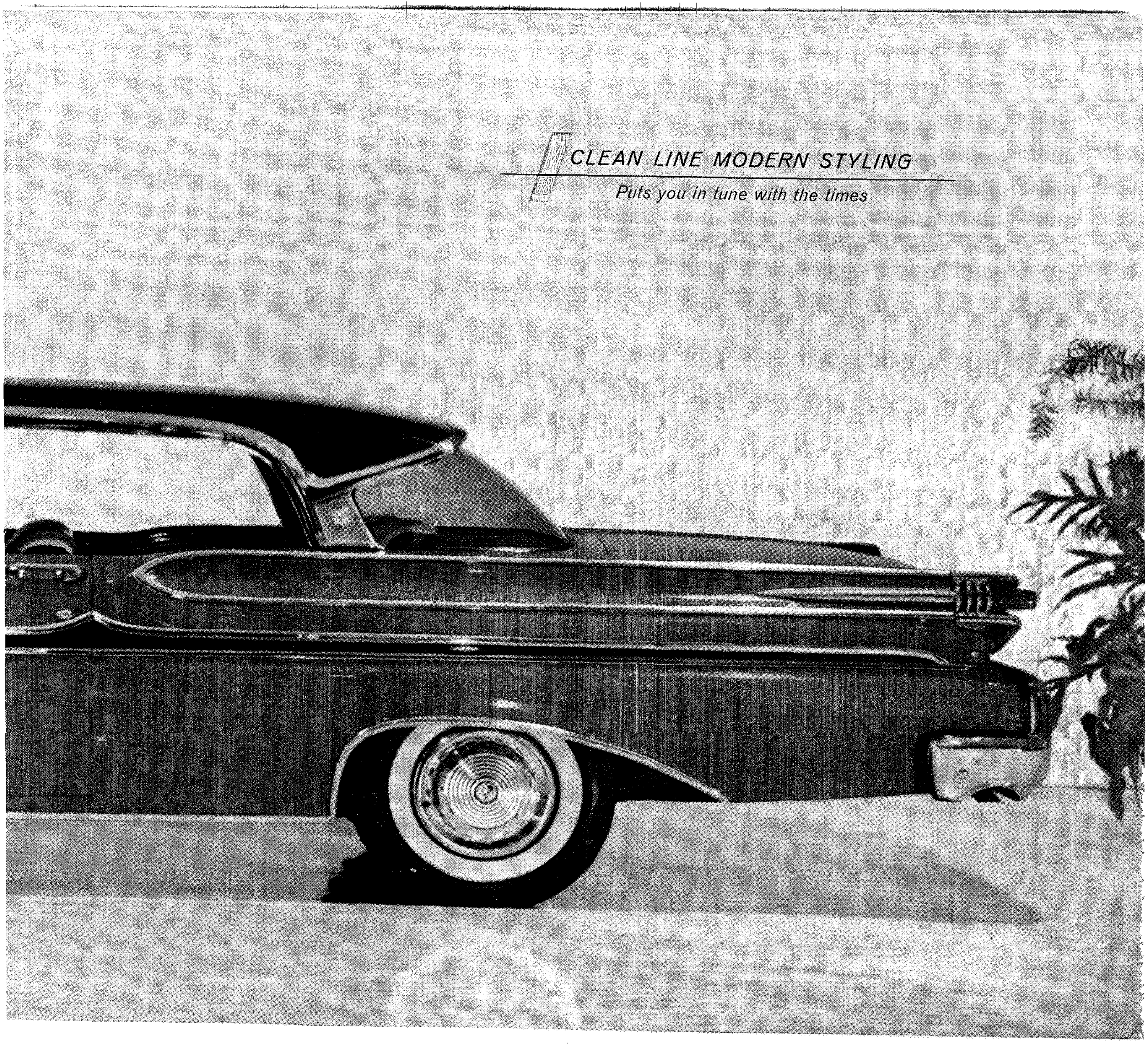
"TAKE A TIP FROM SULLIVAN. BEFORE YOU BUY ANY CAR, TRY THE PERFORMANCE CHAMPION FOR '58 AT YOUR MERCURY DEALER'S.

"Prices start below 42 models of the 'low-price 3'—You read it right the first time. It's now easier to own a Mercury than many 'low-price 3' cars. Mercury has just introduced a brand-new series with new low prices. And believe me, this full-sized Mercury is big—*really* big—measures up to 8.6 inches longer, 3.4 inches wider than the smaller cars—and weighs in up to 369 pounds heavier.

"And wait till you try the money-saving engine! You'll discover it's a real hill-flattener—but as stingy with gas as a miser with his first dollar.

"Leads its field for all-around bigness—Although prices start in the small-car class, Mercury beats even medium-priced cars for bigness. Mercury brings you an outstanding road-smoothing combination of size and weight. Here's a solid, luxurious car—that rides so quietly, you can hear your watch tick.

"Outperforms the highest priced cars. When it comes to performance, Mercury can make any car say 'uncle.' Because Mercury offers you up to 360 horsepower—more than any other American car except one costing almost


CLEAN LINE MODERN STYLING
Puts you in tune with the times

with any car for price, size, performance

$1000 more. Even more important, Mercury has more power-per-pound than even the highest priced cars.

"So accept your Mercury dealer's invitation to try and compare the Performance Champion for 1958 with any other car. Once you've tried the new Mercury you'll never want to go back to ordinary driving."

MERCURY
PERFORMANCE CHAMPION FOR 1958

SMIRNOFF
80 PROOF
SMIRNOFF
VODKA

BERNARD DE HAAN, FAMOUS DIAMOND CUTTER, WITH GEMS FROM THE WINSTON COLLECTION.

THE VODKA OF VODKAS This is the One, of purest ray serene—the Most, the Greatest, by world consent. *And it is yours for the asking, every time you buy vodka or order a vodka drink!* Always ask for Smirnoff *by name.* And look for the Smirnoff bottle, for from this will flow the driest of Dry Martinis, the smoothest of Screwdrivers, the smartest of Bloody Marys, and all those other delicious drinks that made Smirnoff an American institution.

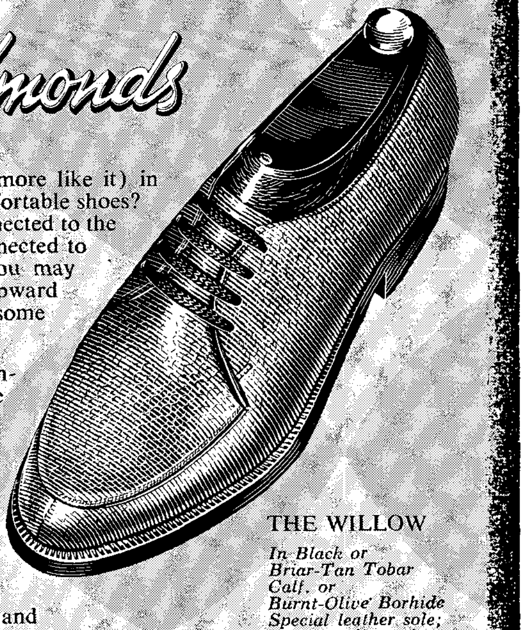
®Smirnoff
THE GREATEST NAME IN VODKA

80 AND 100 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS. (DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN), HARTFORD, CONN.

low on the skirts; the evening mood is sheer romance. Lots of evening costumes include sweeping mantles. One is of charcoal satin printed with red and pink fruit blossoms. It swings wide and handsome over a simple, belted, swirling dress of chiffon in the same print.

NEATNESS and a freshness that amounts to impertinence are Carrie Munn touches. She is consistent in her devotion to slim waists, trim tops with beautiful necklines, and big skirts. A day dress of navy faille has swag gathers at the hem to give it a nice soufflé air. Three pink carnations are embroidered on the bodice, and appliquéd white Val lace froths along the petals; baby-blue satin bows tie the stems. Carnations are also dotted about a dreamy ball gown of white organdie over shell-pink taffeta. This trails a trifle in back. It's the epitome of *jeune-fille* stuff that a woman could wear without feeling too foolish. A perfect day costume of chintz with horizontal inch-wide stripes in a herringbone pattern (black on white) makes a square-necked little-girl dress with a round, pleated skirt. Over it goes a lightly quilted chintz pyramid coat. Bits of red grosgrain here and there enliven this charming costume. Munn is still doing her short, buoyant dance dresses. For one of these, she uses taffeta with a print depicting the mirrored ballroom of Versailles, in deep, twilight blues and cocoas. The dress is narrow at the hem, but great folds make it jog out high in both front and back. The result is a most saucy profile. This kind of thing, all of it custom, is at her salon; ready-to-wear examples of her joyous state of mind are to be found at Polly's (480 Park Avenue, at 58th Street), to name one.

ELIZABETH ARDEN stands for unabashed femininity, and Count Sarmi's latest ready-to-wear collection in her honor reflects this point of view to perfection. Sheer candy-box prettiness characterizes some white dance dresses—tiers and tiers of white embroidered cotton with scalloped edges lying flat across the rounded bell skirt in front but ruffling out in back. One of the dresses is strapless, and a blue velvet bow appears at the trim waist front and back. Then, a dress of white lace has endearing baby-blue satin bows at the sides of the waist, and the sash, of the same satin, shows a bit under the lace around the waistline. There are tons of puffball-skirt dresses in warp taffetas and chiffons and so on. To



Livin' on easy feet

Allen-Edmonds

Do your feet live ("exist" is more like it) in the perpetual gloom of uncomfortable shoes? What with the ankle-bone connected to the leg-bone and the leg-bone connected to the knee-bone, and so on, you may find their malaise spreading upward to give your life an unwholesome cast. Poor Show.

The thing to do is try Allen-Edmonds shoes, which are guaranteed comfortable from the first step or your money back. We make them from the top 10% of fine shoe leathers, cut with the grain and stitched all around (no nails!) for utter flexibility without pinching or burning. We'd like you to try them. Most styles, $26.95. At these and other fine stores . . . or order direct.

THE WILLOW
In Black or Briar-Tan Tobar Calf, or Burnt-Olive Borhide Special leather sole; "soft-shoe" comfort.

Aberdeen, FEINSTEIN'S • Appleton, HECKERT'S • Atlanta, DAVISON'S • Aurora, WEINGART & PILLATCH • Bay City, PENROD'S • Baton Rouge, HOLMES • Beverly Hills, ROBINSON'S • Billings, SHOE DEN • Birmingham, LOVEMAN'S Boise, ROPER'S • Boulder, BUFF SHOE SHOP • Bowling Green, DOLLAR BROTHERS • Brooklyn, MARTIN'S • Buffalo, RIVERSIDE MEN'S SHOP • Butte, KEENES • Cedar Rapids, WOERDERHOFF'S • Cedarhurst, ACTIVE STEP SHOES Charleston, FRANKENBERGER'S • Cheyenne, FOWLER'S • Chicago, ROTHSCHILD'S • Clarksburg, PARSON-SOUDERS Cleveland, STONE SHOES • Columbus, DALTON-PAYNE • Crawfordsville, MILLER'S SHOES • Davenport, M. L. PARKER Dallas, SANGER'S • Des Moines, HERMAN KUCHARO • Detroit, PHILLIP LAYNE SHOES • Elizabeth, GERSHEN'S East Orange, STUART-GORDON • Elkhart, KEENE'S • Evanston, ROTHSCHILD'S • Fort Dodge, LARSON'S • Fairmont, SHARP HAMILTON • Fort Lauderdale, SHOE FAIR • Fort Wayne, C & H SHOE • Green Bay, C. A. GROSS Grand Rapids, WILLIAM KLEIN • Greenville, STEWART-MERRITT • Hammond, E. C. MINAS • Houston, FOLEYS Hattiesburg, McINNIS, LTD. • Hollywood, MACK BRANDT • Huntington, AMSBARY-JOHNSON • Huntsville, BILL'S Indianapolis, WM. H. BLOCK • Jackson, KENNINGTON'S • Jacksonville, DONALDSON'S • Joliet, EAGLE • Kalamazoo, CLAY'S MILWOOD • Kansas City, THE JONES STORE • Kenosha, CHIAPPETTA'S • Little Rock, GUS BLASS La Crosse, ORA'S • Lansing, RACKLEY SHOES • Logan, JOHNSON'S MEN'S SHOP • Long Beach, QUALITY BOOT Longview, MARITZKY'S • Los Angeles, ASAHI SHOE • Los Angeles, ROBINSON'S • Louisville, RODES • Madison, DYER'S • Manitowoc, KOUTNIK & SCHWARTZ • Marion, BALL STORES • Memphis, IZZY ROSEN'S • Michigan City, CUSH & LAMBKA • Miami, RICHARD'S • Milwaukee, T. A. CHAPMAN CO., VAN'S, HAUBRICH'S • Minneapolis, ROTHSCHILD'S • Missoula, MISSOULA MERCANTILE • Moline, MAYER & JOHNSON • Montgomery, LOVEMAN'S Mount Clemens, TECK & MARKS • Muncie, BALL STORES • Nampa, NAFZIGER BANKS • New York, TOM AUSTIN'S Nashville, DAVITT'S • New Rochelle, MANNERLY SHOP • New York, LAPKIN'S • Oklahoma City, ROTHSCHILD'S B & M Oshkosh, CALLINAN'S • Pittsburgh, SCHMIDT'S SHOES • Pontiac, DIEM'S • Prestonberg, BOB FRANCIS Portland, NUDELMAN'S • Richmond, MILLER & RHOADS • Roanoke, MITCHELL CLOTHING • Rochester, PARMELEE • Rock Hill, LANGSTON'S • Rome, HILBURNS • Saginaw, HEAVENRICH'S • Salt Lake City, HIBBS CLO. CO. • St. Paul, ROTHSCHILD'S • San Antonio, NOBILINGS • Santa Fe, THE GUARANTEE San Diego, MARSTON'S • Santa Barbara, RODENBECK'S • Savannah, ALAN BARRY • Sheboygan, HARTER'S • South Bend, M. GILBERT & SONS • Spokane, JACK WINSTON • Toledo, LION STORE Trenton, FISCHER'S FOOTWEAR • Tucson, STEINFELD'S • Tulsa, CLARKE'S • Twin Falls, HUDSON'S • Washington, D.C., WOODWARD & LOTHROP • Warren, GENTRY'S • Wichita, THE FAIR • Winston-Salem, BELCHER'S • Wheeling, NAY'S • Youngstown, I. MOONEY

ALLEN-EDMONDS, BELGIUM, WISCONSIN
The Shoe of Tomorrow

they roll . . . flex . . . bend

to follow your foot in action!

BONWIT TELLER

Miss New York . . .

the Bonwit fashionable chooses
the coatdress chemise to keep her in
stitches. Our young shape in washable
spun rayon with a slubbed herringbone
texture . . . bloused and belted
low in back. Collar, pockets and
belt outlined in white stitching. In
chestnut, bachelor's button blue or black.
8 to 16 sizes, 17.95 Mail or phone.
New York Manhasset White Plains
Chicago Cleveland Boston

switch the routine, Sarmi also makes slender, draped, day-length chiffons in every shape, the most extreme being a dress of black chiffon with crushed shoulder straps descending into a front panel, which then loops between the legs and ascends in back to fasten under the yellow roses at the base of the deep V décolletage. Not really as startling in appearance as it is in print. Some chiffons have rounded skirts (you can assume that *all* skirts are very brief), and others, like shortie nightgowns, fall free and misty from a high Empire waistline. (They were all made before St. Laurent's little-girl look got here, too.) High waistlines appear on a number of things. The most dramatic example is one that Josephine would have loved—yards and yards and yards of white point d'esprit cascading to the floor from a black velvet band (with a pink rose on it) that goes straight around the top.

FROM uninhibited sunny Italy comes Eleanora Garnett's aggregation of ready-to-wear clothes (some are to order), which incorporate drama plus a high degree of wearability. Sometimes she likes the fronts of clothes molded (for femininity) and the backs loose; every one of her sacks shows the figure somewhere, and most of them are in two pieces, "for a better non-fit," says the Signora. And sometimes she likes big, big bloused effects above slender skirts. A dress of black-and-white silk with a fern print has a bateau neck, a very low-backed blouse, and a gathered peplum; a dress of cotton with a huge rose print has an enormously wide bloused top ending at the normal waistline. And sometimes she likes slenderness to which great, jagged poufs are added to make the body look even slimmer. A skimp of black chiffon is all vertical accordion pleats; pink taffeta starts at each side of the skirt, wraps up over the hips, and bursts into great fluffs beneath the low rear waistline.

MURIEL KING has assembled a small collection of her designs (order-to-size or custom) at Stein & Blaine. Youth, newness, and line that's not apt to go rapidly out of fashion are plain to see, and everything is likely to be fluid through the middle, despite more than a hint of body beneath. Hiplines are generally smooth. This happens in a suit of red wool with a jacket that is semifitted in front and bloused in back over a low two-inch hipband. For afternoon and evening, a black silk crêpe is blown across the throat and has an easy cowl drape in back; deep V detail brings the dress close to the body as far as the waist, below which panels float. A beautiful dance dress of black lace is covered by a loose overjacket with a high, round neck and cap sleeves. The skirt swings circular and smooth in front; gathered fullness makes it flip out in back. You are always vaguely aware of the fitted slip under all. Formal evenings are handled by a chemise of warp-printed taffeta in grays and soft greens and mauves. There are folds around it to the hips; below, in back, great butterfly-wing poufs spread outward.

To sum up, easy does it these days.

—LOIS LONG

• •

WHEN SHAD ARE RUNNING

What secret force is in this river?
Does underwater sound of reed or string
Now call the gray shad home, upstream
For the coming of spring?

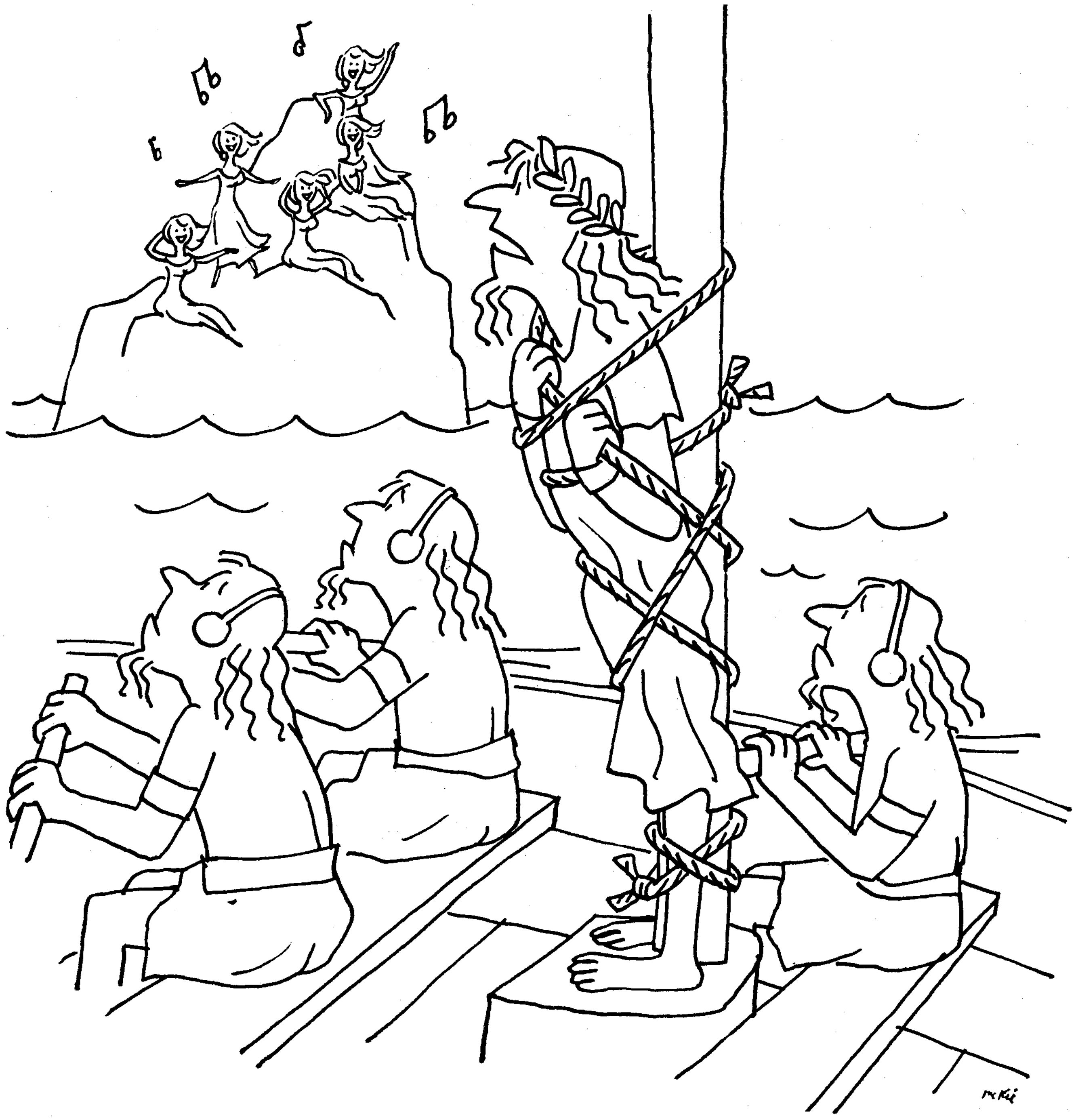
Or is it but some turn of sand, tide-soft and shifting
Under flow? Is it the tonic coldness hurled
By freshets wild in spring?
Or is it singing by strange girls?

I have walked upon the riverside
To the shadmen's nets laid out,
Blond as the hair of Viking girls, sun-dried,
Intricately plaited, and salt white.

I have not heard the voices,
But I have seen the hair;
I know the quick smell of those tide-washed rocks
And O the blondness of that hair!

—CHARLES BURGESS

Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!



Nowadays, though the Sirens are extinct, men of foresight still respect a woman's influence. Hence the fact that advertisers invest more money in Ladies' Home Journal than in any other women's magazine.

Ladies' Home JOURNAL A CURTIS PUBLICATION

The No.1 magazine for women* No.1 in circulation* No.1 in newsstand sales* No.1 in advertising

A REPORTER AT LARGE

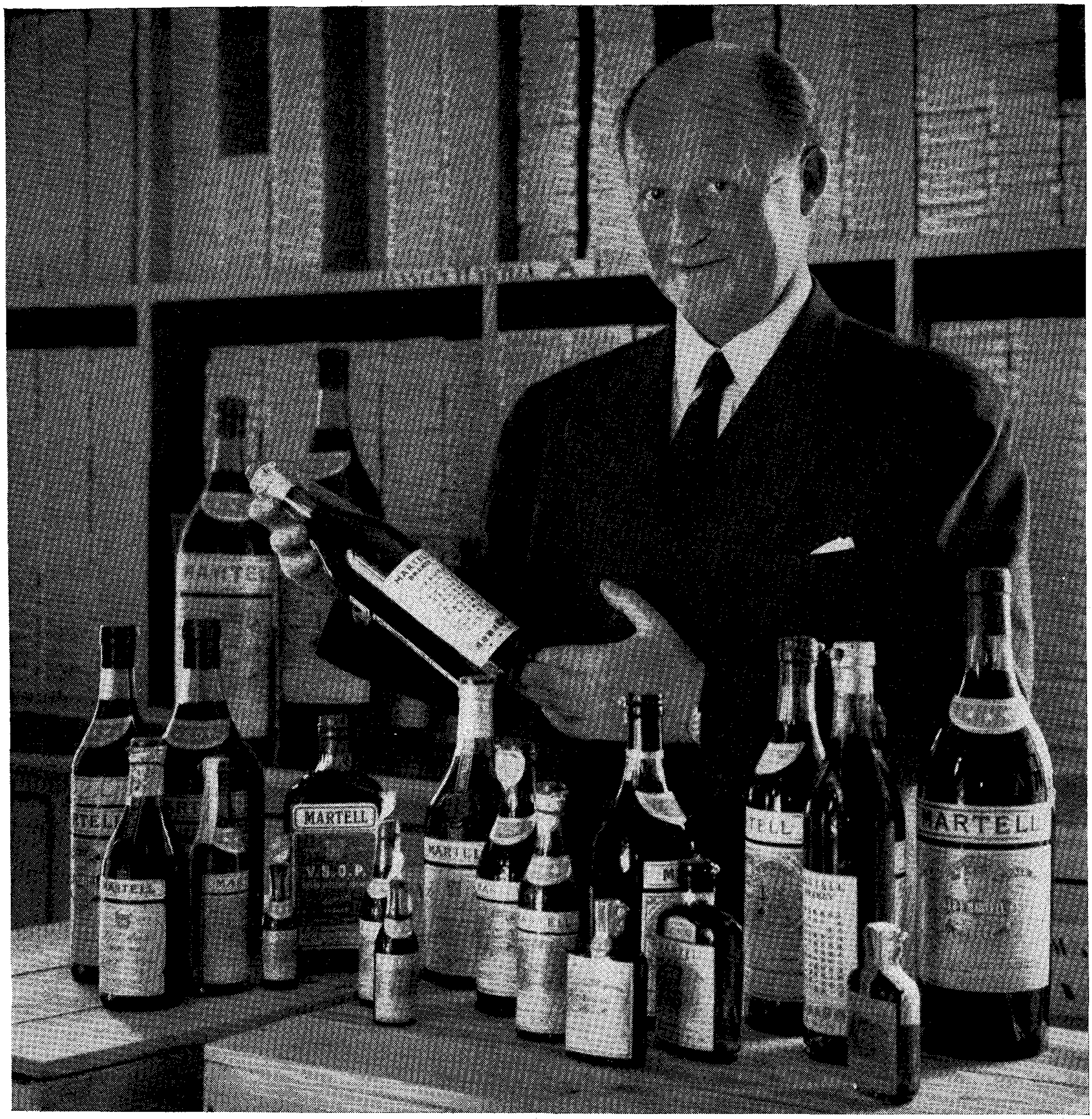
DOWN TO THE ICE

BEYOND any possible doubt, the region of the earth least hospitable to every form of life—from man on down to the humble amoeba—is Antarctica, a bleak, frigid, forbidding, yet oddly attractive continent almost twice as large as the United States. Much of it is unremittingly buried under thousands of feet of densely packed ice and snow, which have piled up over uncounted centuries. This is true, for example, of the South Pole itself, which—unlike the North Pole, a point on an ice-covered sea—is on firm ground. No one has ever seen this firm ground, though, for it is thoroughly protected from prying eyes by an icecap eight thousand feet thick. With negligible exceptions, no plant life other than some small lichens, mosses, and algae has ever been found anywhere on Antarctica; the few birds and beasts that frequent the place at all—seals, penguins, and sea birds—live on fish and plankton from the surrounding oceans, and seldom venture far inland. As far as is known, no human being set foot on the continent until 1895, when the members of a Norwegian whaling party landed briefly near Cape Adare, in Victoria Land, and no human being lived through one of its venomously cold and continuously dark winters until 1899, when a party led by the Norwegian explorer Carsten Egeberg Borchgrevink did so. The very name Antarctica is still so new that its proper pronunciation is unsettled; while dictionaries decree that the difficult first "c" should not be slighted, most people who use the word familiarly waver between dutifully choking over it and leaving it silent.

The number of these people is rapidly growing, for technological advances in recent times have made the curious charms of Antarctica accessible to, and endurable by, more and more members of the perverse, warm-blooded human race. Up to 1946, when the United States began an ambitious attempt to map the region, only six or seven hundred people had ever visited the place. Now, however, this number has been multiplied many times. Most of the tourists are of recent vintage. Since the start of the eighteen-month International Geophysical Year, on July 1, 1957, nearly a dozen of the sixty-four nations participating in this scientific study of the earth and its surroundings have sent expeditions down there. Antarctica's summer, lasting—in terms of temperature—roughly from early November until the end of January and characterized by almost every color but green, is naturally its most hospitable season, and during the summer just ended the continent was host to groups of scientists, and their entourages, from Argentina, Australia, Belgium, Chile, France, Japan, New Zealand, Norway, the United Kingdom, the United States, and Russia. This invasion alone—counting trippers who spent most of their time circling the icepack aboard ships—increased the number of people who have visited the continent by something like ten thousand. A notable milestone in Antarctica's progress toward becoming a vacation resort was passed last November, when six American congressmen spent a few days there and were flown over the South Pole. Indeed, things have reached the point where any normally sedentary civilian lucky enough to be invited to drop in can sojourn there in comparative safety, if not in ducal comfort, and last February, under the auspices of the Navy and Air Force, I did just that myself.

In the past, whenever I'd thought about Antarctica at all I'd pictured it as only slightly less remote than outer space from any point in the civilized world that I was familiar with. When the Air Force thinks about Antarctica, I learned, it pictures it as twelve thousand miles from Greenville, South Carolina, via the Pacific. The most direct route, via South America, is some four thousand miles shorter, but because the United States' main base in Antarctica—on McMurdo Sound, a part of the Ross Sea—is almost due south of New Zealand, the Air Force customarily takes the transpacific route. Greenville, which at first struck me as a curiously arbitrary spot from which to measure the distance to anything, is the site of Donaldson Air Force Base, where transports take off for Antarctica, with stopovers at Travis Air Force Base, north of San Francisco; Hickam Field, in Honolulu; Canton Island, a joint American and British possession some two thousand miles southwest of Hawaii; Nadi, in the British colony of Fiji; and Christchurch, New Zealand. The Navy promised to supply me in Christchurch with all the cold-weather equipment I would need, and pointed out that since a good deal of the flight would be through the tropics, I would do well to bring along summer clothing. Accordingly, I cast rationality aside and packed a couple of suitcases with sports shirts, light slacks, and bathing trunks, and set out one blustery afternoon from LaGuardia Field, en route to Antarctica.

DONALDSON AIR FORCE BASE owes the honor of being the jumping-off place for McMurdo Sound to the fact that it is the headquarters of the 53rd Troop Carrier Squadron. The Air Force and the Navy are jointly responsible for the air support of Operation Deep Freeze, as the military phase of this country's current assault on Antarctica is quaintly named, and the Air Force's share of the job is handled by the 53rd Squadron, which is equipped with a species of four-engine aircraft known as the C-124, or Douglas Globemaster—a massive piece of machinery that has been out of production since 1954 but still does the bulk of the Air Force's cargo and troop carrying and is the indispensable work horse of the American supply line to Antarctica. I arrived at Donaldson shortly after dark, had dinner at one of the messes on the base and an abbreviated night's sleep in the visitors' billet, and showed up on the flight line the next morning with plenty of time to spare before eight o'clock, my scheduled hour of departure. Out on the runway, I met Lieutenant Colonel Dixon J. Arnold, commanding officer



"In Singapore, it's 酒地蘭萬 爹嗎," *says M. Martell*

"Labelling Martell bottles can be a bit complicated," says Michel Martell, photographed here in his labelling room in Cognac, France. "Printing *Martell Cognac Brandy* in Chinese, for example. But we have to print labels in every language, since people ask for Martell in every tongue."

Though Martell labels differ from country to country, the quality of the brandy *inside* the bottle never changes. Whether you live in Singapore or Cincinnati, you will discover the same velvety taste and delicate bouquet that the first Martell gave to his Cognac Brandy 243 years ago.

Over the centuries, the method of making Martell has remained unchanged. It is still given loving, personal care—from the first green shoots that appear in the vineyards to the final, mellow brandy that you taste in the bottle. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why Martell has become the world's best-loved Cognac brandy—with connoisseurs and people who just plain like it.

MARTELL COGNAC BRANDY

ESTABLISHED 1715 . . . MOST TREASURED COGNAC IN FRANCE . . . MOST POPULAR IN THE WORLD

3 Star 84 Proof, Imported from Cognac, France. Sole U.S. Representative, Browne Vintners Co., Inc., N.Y.C.

"VERY FUNNY INDEED!" —Atkinson, Times
"MAKES YOU SIT BOLT UPRIGHT!"—Kerr, H.Trib.
"FUNNY & POIGNANT!" —Life Magazine
THE DARK AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS
by WILLIAM INGE
Directed by ELIA KAZAN
MUSIC BOX THEA. W. 45 St. MATS. WED. & SAT.

"ONE OF THE BEST MUSICALS OF THE CENTURY!"—ATKINSON, Times
EDWARD MULHARE · SALLY ANN HOWES
IN AMERICA'S GREATEST MUSICAL
My Fair Lady
with
RONALD RADD
REGINALD DENNY
MARK HELLINGER, 51 St. W. of B'y
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

OH CAPTAIN!
THE NEW MUSICAL HIT
"A GOLDMINE OF FROLIC, FUN AND BEAUTIFUL BABES!"
—Coleman, Mirror
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED
Evgs., Mon. thru Thurs.: $8.35, 6.90, 5.75, 4.60, 3.45. Fri. & Sat.: $9.20, 8.35, 6.90, 5.75, 4.60, 3.45. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $4.80, 4.10, 3.45, 2.95, 2.30.
ALVIN THEA West 52nd St • Clr 5-5226

"LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL is in every way an event in the American theatre"
—WATTS, N.Y. Post
PRICES: Eves 8:30—$6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 4.05, 3.60, 2.90. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30—$4.60, 4.05, 3.60, 3.00, 2.30. List alternate dates. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.
BARRYMORE THEATRE
243 West 47th St., N. Y. 36, N. Y.

"RALPH BELLAMY is superb"—McClain, Jrl.-Amer.
"SUNRISE AT CAMPOBELLO is magnificent"—Coleman, Mirror
CORT THEA. 138 W. 48 St., N. Y. C.

Dick Kollmar suggests:
Dine leisurely and walk to the theatre.
the Left Bank
309 West 50th St., N. Y. C. — CI 7-3470
Entertainment at dinner & supper

of the 53rd. He told me that he wasn't going along on the impending flight; he had just come out to see it off. I wasn't surprised to learn, however, that he had spent a good deal of time in Antarctica over the past couple of years. "I really like the place," he said, with genuine feeling. "Someday, I'm going to build a tourist hotel on the Beardmore Glacier—right on the air route from McMurdo Sound to the Pole, and one of the most beautiful spots I've ever seen. It's remarkable how well known Antarctica is getting to be these days. When I was in New York not long ago, I got talking to a fellow in a bar, and it turned out that he has a cousin who has a mountain down there named after him. I didn't happen to know the mountain, but I've made a note to look it up the next time I'm down that way."

My Globemaster was beginning to take on passengers, so I boarded it, too, by way of a ramp lowered from its nose. Seen from the flight line, the plane had looked like any conventional four-engine airliner, only somewhat larger, but the interior proved to be an entirely different matter, having obviously been designed with an eye to utility rather than comfort. The more or less cylindrical cabin, some fifteen feet in diameter and seventy feet long, could be swiftly adjusted to carry a payload of either passengers or freight, or any combination of the two. As it happened, our load consisted of about twenty thousand pounds of cargo and nineteen passengers. The cargo was strapped down fore and aft, and nineteen tubular-steel-and-canvas-webbing bucket seats were set up in between, facing the center of the plane; part of the cargo, I noticed, was a spare Globemaster engine, some pneumatic rafts, some cans of paint, two parcels labelled "Important Papers, Do Not Destroy," and a couple of enormous metal aircraft-maintenance platforms, extending from the floor almost to the top of the cabin.

It seemed inconceivable to me that with all this freight, animate and deadweight, the plane could fly, but fly it did. At eight on the dot, it took off—laboriously, to be sure, yet with a certain efficiency—and set a course for the West Coast. Almost immediately, I began to learn that bucket seats and Spartan surroundings are not the only aspects of Globemaster travel that differ from regular airline travel. For one thing, the cabin isn't pressurized, and in trying to avoid bumpy areas the pilot often flies at altitudes where the atmos-

"GREER GARSON as AUNTIE MAME is a howl, a high-grade knockabout knockout!"
—Aston, W. Tel. & Sun
SEATS NOW BY MAIL AND AT BOX OFFICE THRU JUNE 1
Evgs.: Orch. $6.90; Balc. $5.75, 4.60, 4.05, 3.45. Mats. Wed. and Sat.: Orch. $4.60; Balc. $4.05, 3.45, 2.90. Tax Incl. In writing for seats, kindly give several alternate dates and enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. Make check or money order payable to Broadhurst Theatre.
BROADHURST THEATRE 235 West 44th Street, N. Y. 36

"A Romantic Delight!"
—ATKINSON, N. Y. Times
FRED COE presents
HENRY FONDA
in
Two for the Seesaw
A New Play by WILLIAM GIBSON
with ANNE BANCROFT
Directed by ARTHUR PENN
Eves. 8:30—$6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60, 3.00. Mats. Wed., Sat. 2:30; $4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 3, 2.50. List 3 alt. dates. Enclose self-addressed stamped env.
BOOTH Theatre, 222 W. 45 St., N. Y. 36

"A SWEETHEART OF A MUSICAL"
—Kerr, Herald-Tribune
JUDY HOLLIDAY
in
Bells are Ringing
SHUBERT THEA., 225 W. 44 St. CI 6-5990

"SUPERB"
—Atkinson, Times —Kerr, Her.Trib. —Watts, Post
GARDEN DISTRICT
by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
Evgs. Tues. thru Sun. Mats. Sat. & Sun.
Orch. $4.50, 3.50, 2.50.
YORK playhouse 64 St. & 1st Ave. TR 9-4130
Seats Now at Box Office & by Mail

"THE MUSIC MAN is a marvelous show"
—ATKINSON, N.Y. Times
PRICES: Eves. 8:30—$8.05, 6.25, 4.95, 3.60, 3, 2.50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30—$4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 3, 2.50. List 5 alternate dates. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.
MAJESTIC THEATRE, 245 W. 44 St., N. Y. 36. CI 6-0730

MOTION PICTURES

2nd Fabulous Year
Michael Todd's
Around the World in 80 days
in Todd-AO
Mats. at 2:30, Wed., Sat. & Sun. $2.50, $2.20
Eves. at 8:30, $3.50, $2.80
RIVOLI B'way at 49 Circle 7-1633

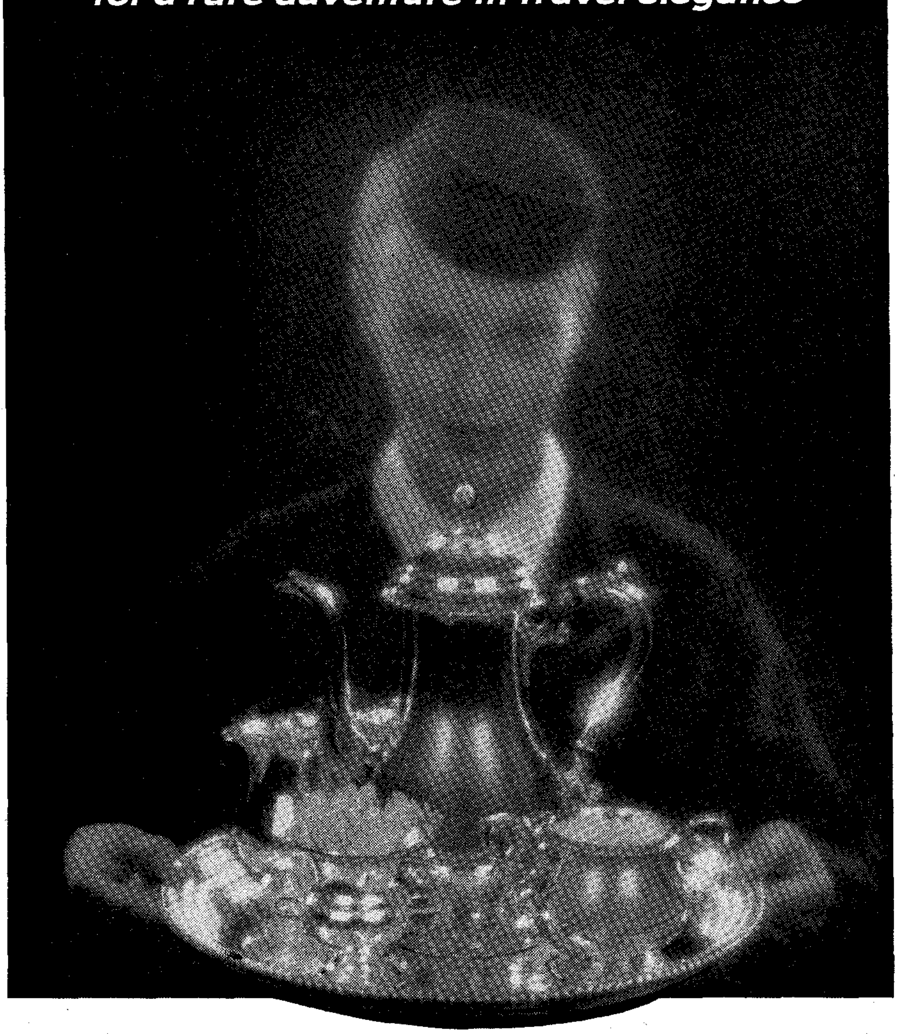
ACADEMY AWARD WINNER
"BEST PICTURE OF THE YEAR!"
COLUMBIA PICTURES presents A SAM SPIEGEL PRODUCTION
"THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI"
Directed by DAVID LEAN • A Theatre Guild Selection
NIGHTLY at 8:30—MATS. WED., SAT. & SUN. at 2:30
RKO PALACE B'WAY & 47th ST. PL 7-2626

phere is a bit too rarefied for the beginner. "A Globemaster doesn't fly by aerodynamics," our flight engineer remarked, in a tone of affection, later on. "It flies by brute force." The most striking manifestation of this brute force is the vibration and roar of the engines in the uninsulated cabin. The noise, indeed, makes conversation impossible in anything less than a screaming shout. Occasionally, the engines change pitch—or the cargo-lifting pulleys shift position, or something—and the incessant roar is heightened by a deafening racket like that of coal going down a chute. Still, the experience grows on one. During the first day of it, I felt generally miserable; at the end of the second day, I disembarked feeling rather proud of myself for not being in worse shape than I was; by the third or fourth day, I had imperceptibly achieved a state of tolerance that enabled me to accept travelling by Globemaster as the human condition.

A problem faced by all Globemaster passengers, of course, is how to pass the time in a cabin where anything like normal conversation is wholly out of the question. Of my fellow-passengers—all of them Air Force men except for one British newspaper correspondent—some solved it by playing blackjack hour after hour, using the top of a packing case for a card table, and one managed to spend the better part of the morning polishing his shoes. Behind every second bucket seat is a small window, like a porthole, and I spent most of my time staring out at the earth below. Now and then, a moment's diversion would be provided by a visit from one of the crew members, come back from the cockpit to stretch his legs. Sometimes the visitor would be our pilot himself, Captain Jack Wrinkle, a man who impressed me as having developed the traditional pose of the aircraft pilot—casualness combined with an air of competence—to a point where it didn't seem a pose at all. "We're fighting headwinds!" he bellowed into my ear on one occasion. "Nuisance! Keeps our ground speed under a hundred and fifty miles an hour. The gross weight of this thing, loaded, is a hundred and eighty-five thousand pounds. Not easy to haul! We'll get you there, though."

Captain Wrinkle got us to Travis at about six o'clock that evening, California time, and, after we had all had a night's sleep, wafted us off to Honolulu, where we arrived early the following evening. The rest period there

fly Braniff's
EL DORADO AND EL CONQUISTADOR
for a rare adventure in travel elegance



Braniff serves more major cities
in the U.S.A. and SOUTH AMERICA
...than any other airline

Call your Travel Agent, or any of
Braniff's 140 offices in the hemisphere

El Dorado Serving the Americas®
Conquistador Braniff Airways Serving the Americas®

BRANIFF
International
AIRWAYS

General Offices: Dallas, Texas

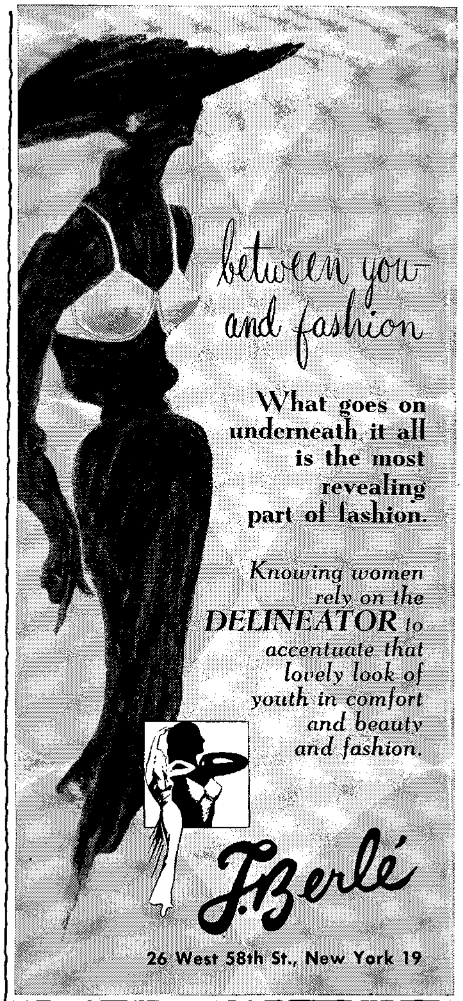
Braniff serves both Idlewild and Newark airports in New York

BEST & CO.
Fifth Ave., at 51 St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

SHIRTMAKER®
For the
Woman of Good Taste
Shirtmaker®. . . for those who appreciate superlatives . . . in fit, quality and timeless fashion. Our newest edition is all of these . . . in "CoTohna," an imported Swiss cotton by Lanella Mills. Blue, red or brown overplaid on a white background. 10 to 20, 38 and 40. 45.00
Mail and phone orders filled—PLaza 9-2000
AND 17 CONVENIENT BRANCHES

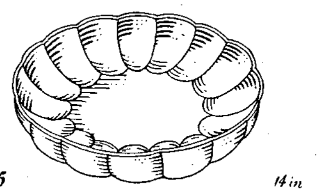
was twenty-eight hours. While the crew slept in preparation for the next leg of the journey, I joined three or four other passengers in renting a car, and drove around the island of Oahu, looking at the drippingly lush scenery, breathing the steam-bath air, and stopping from time to time for refreshments at hibiscus-fringed *lanais*. Considering our destination, all this seemed enticingly topsy-turvy—even, perhaps, a bit immoral. But it was only the beginning. Fourteen hours after we left Honolulu—or, rather, fourteen hours plus one day, since the International Date Line lies between those two points—we were at Nadi, Fiji, propitiating the ninety-degree heat by sitting motionless under ceiling fans in the lobby of the Fiji Mocambo Hotel or taking a swim in its tepid pool. By then, however, my sense of the anomalous was beginning to lose its sharpness, for we had already passed the place where the through-the-looking-glass quality of our trip reached its height. That was Canton Island, a tiny coral atoll near the equator, where the Air Force and several commercial lines share the use of an airstrip and its facilities for repairs and refuelling. Canton has no inhabitants, except for the people who work at the base, and no shade trees, except for a few forlorn palms, evidently planted by someone with a misplaced trust in the fertility of the place. It was just daybreak when we landed on Canton for a half-hour refuelling stop, and a gaudy black-and-gold tropical sunrise was in the making. An Australian airliner bound for San Francisco and New York had been grounded there for a day and a half while one of its engines was being repaired, and its passengers had been billeted in squat little emergency cabins. As we came in, some of them, grateful for any form of diversion, emerged into the dawn and wandered up to the edge of the airstrip. They were barefoot and wearing only their pajamas. The sight of these people broke the last of my ties to the world as I had known it three days before. My sense of identity with New York and reasonable calendars and reclining lounge seats and uniformed airline hostesses had vanished. This, I thought, was just the sort of thing to see on the way to Antarctica.

IT took us an easy eight hours to fly from Nadi to Christchurch, on our fifth day out of Donaldson by elapsed time. On landing at Harewood, the Christchurch airport, we pulled up beside two other Globemasters belong-



between you and fashion
What goes on underneath it all is the most revealing part of fashion.
Knowing women rely on the DELINEATOR *to accentuate that lovely look of youth in comfort and beauty and fashion.*
J. Berlé
26 West 58th St., New York 19

English Silver
"Queen Anne" Fluted Dish

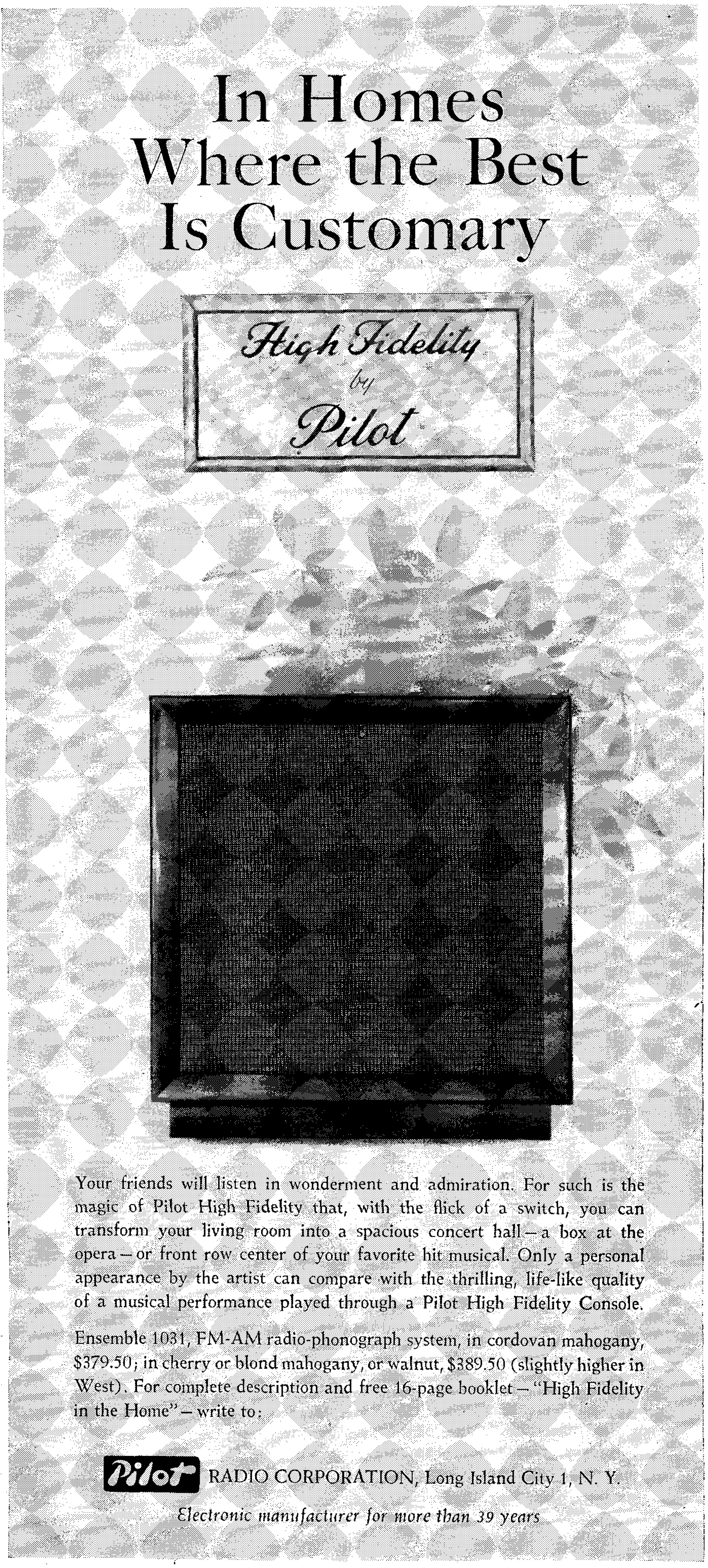


$525 14 in
ENSKO
INC.
682 LEXINGTON AVE., N.Y.

IN THE HEART OF THE THEATRE DISTRICT
The LOBSTER
NOW IN ITS 38th YEAR
CLOSED SUNDAYS
The Lobster
"In Season" Seafood, Steaks & Chops
145 West 45 St. New York 36
Stan Fuchs Mike Linz

ing to the 53rd Squadron. A blustery wind—nowhere near as biting as the one I had left at LaGuardia, but hardly reminiscent of the Fiji Mocambo lobby, either—was blowing as we trooped into the immigration office. There a Navy man was waiting for me with word about the outlook for the rest of the trip to Antarctica. "The chances are that a plane will be going down to McMurdo three days from now—taking off at 10 P.M. on Monday, the tenth of February," he said. "It will be the first flight south in over a month. Since early January, the runway has been soft and full of potholes. But lately the weather's been turning colder down there, and the operations people have radioed us that the runway looks all right now. The Navy wants everybody who's making the trip to come to its headquarters here in Christchurch on Sunday afternoon for a briefing, and on Monday morning we'll want to issue you your Antarctic gear, but other than that, your time's your own."

The three-day layover meant finding a room in a hotel. It developed that Christchurch not only was playing host to a sheepherders' convention but was anticipating a visit of the Queen Mother, and its big hotels were all filled. I ended up in a small one called the Star and Garter. The Star and Garter exemplified a phenomenon of New Zealand life—the hotel that is really a pub. The law allows only licensed hotels to serve alcoholic drinks; proprietors who are by inclination more publican than hotelkeeper comply with the statute by keeping a minimum of rooms for rent and concentrating on the bar trade. As a result, there are lots of hotels in Christchurch that have more bars than rooms. At the Star and Garter it's a standoff—four rooms and four bars—but when I was there this delicate equilibrium was about to be disturbed, for a new wing was under construction in which there would be two bars and no rooms at all. I had not been at the Star and Garter long before I came to understand the need for the addition. On Friday afternoon, shortly after my arrival, a tank truck drew up and began pumping what I supposed must be fuel oil into a tap beside the building. I soon learned better, though, when the driver told me that the truck was pumping not oil but beer—five hundred and fifty gallons of it—into a basement tank that served all four of the Star and Garter's bars. Business was brisk that weekend, and on Monday morning the tank truck was back,



In Homes Where the Best Is Customary

High Fidelity by Pilot

Your friends will listen in wonderment and admiration. For such is the magic of Pilot High Fidelity that, with the flick of a switch, you can transform your living room into a spacious concert hall—a box at the opera—or front row center of your favorite hit musical. Only a personal appearance by the artist can compare with the thrilling, life-like quality of a musical performance played through a Pilot High Fidelity Console.

Ensemble 1031, FM-AM radio-phonograph system, in cordovan mahogany, $379.50; in cherry or blond mahogany, or walnut, $389.50 (slightly higher in West). For complete description and free 16-page booklet—"High Fidelity in the Home"—write to:

Pilot RADIO CORPORATION, Long Island City 1, N. Y.

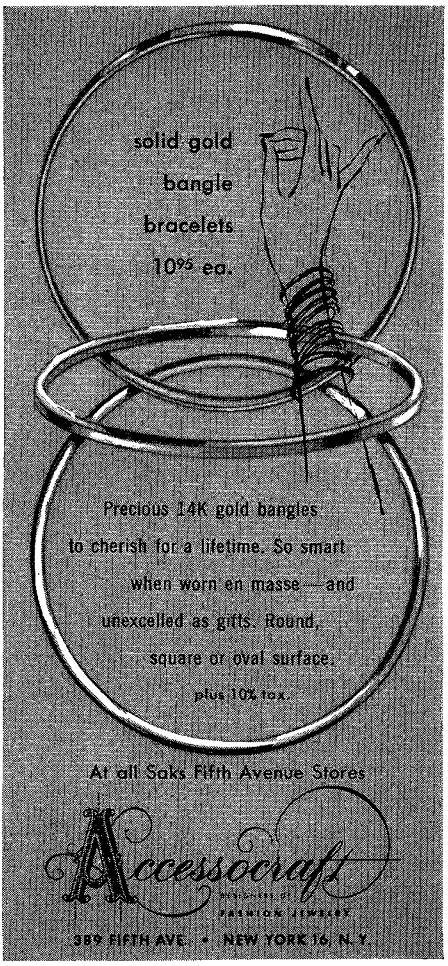
Electronic manufacturer for more than 39 years

MEET MR. MORT®
ABOUT $35.00 BERGDORF-GOODMAN BRAMSON'S

pumping in another five hundred and fifty gallons.

I did my bit to stimulate business in the Star and Garter's bars, but I spent most of my time that weekend having a look around Christchurch. It is a sprawling city of two hundred thousand, and what most forcibly catches a traveller's eye is the contrast between its spruce, ubiquitous, and colorful gardens and its generally rather shabby frame houses. With its tradition of serving as a takeoff point for polar expeditions—dating back to such famous British pioneers as Robert Falcon Scott and Sir Ernest Shackleton—Christchurch is extremely Antarctica-conscious. A statue of Scott, who reached the South Pole in January, 1912—only a few weeks behind Roald Amundsen, the first man ever to get there—and then died on the return journey, dominates one of the city's most popular parks; each of the city's two newspapers carries at least one Antarctica story almost every day; the amours and other off-duty exploits of Operation Deep Freeze personnel are chronicled, or at least conjectured about, in a local gossip magazine; and Rear Admiral George J. Dufek, the over-all boss of American activities in the Antarctic, is unquestionably a Christchurch hero. (Also unquestionably, and understandably, he is less of a Christchurch hero than Sir Edmund Hillary, who last January led the third overland expedition ever to reach the South Pole. Sir Edmund is a New Zealander, and thus close to Christchurch's heart, even though he comes from Auckland, seven hundred miles to the north.) It might be supposed that after years of watching explorers of all sorts and nationalities pass through their city on the way "down to the ice," the residents of Christchurch would have become blasé about the whole business, but I found that even I—a hothouse adventurer if there ever was one—attracted considerable interest when I mentioned that I was on my way to Antarctica. Their interest was tinged by an aura of heady excitement; the spirit was contagious, and I began to feel as though I were going off on a military campaign without the unpleasant prospect of being shot at.

THE Navy headquarters in Christchurch is in a building that used to be a brewery, and the Navy people, unable to resist the hilarity of this circumstance, have kept the old designation. When I arrived at the brewery for the Sunday-afternoon briefing, there were several dozen men milling around in an

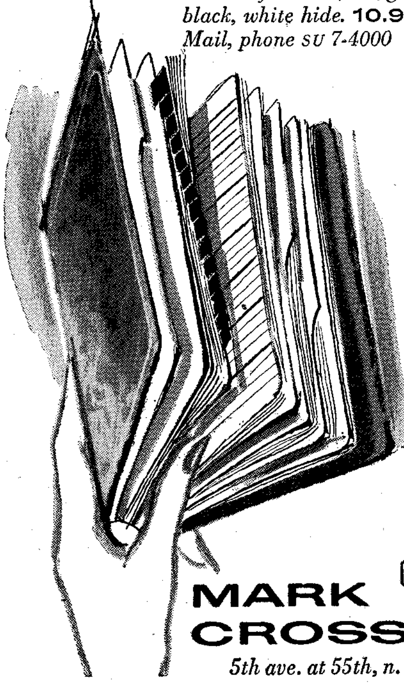

solid gold
bangle
bracelets
10.95 ea.

Precious 14K gold bangles
to cherish for a lifetime. So smart
when worn en masse—and
unexcelled as gifts. Round,
square or oval surface.
plus 10% tax.

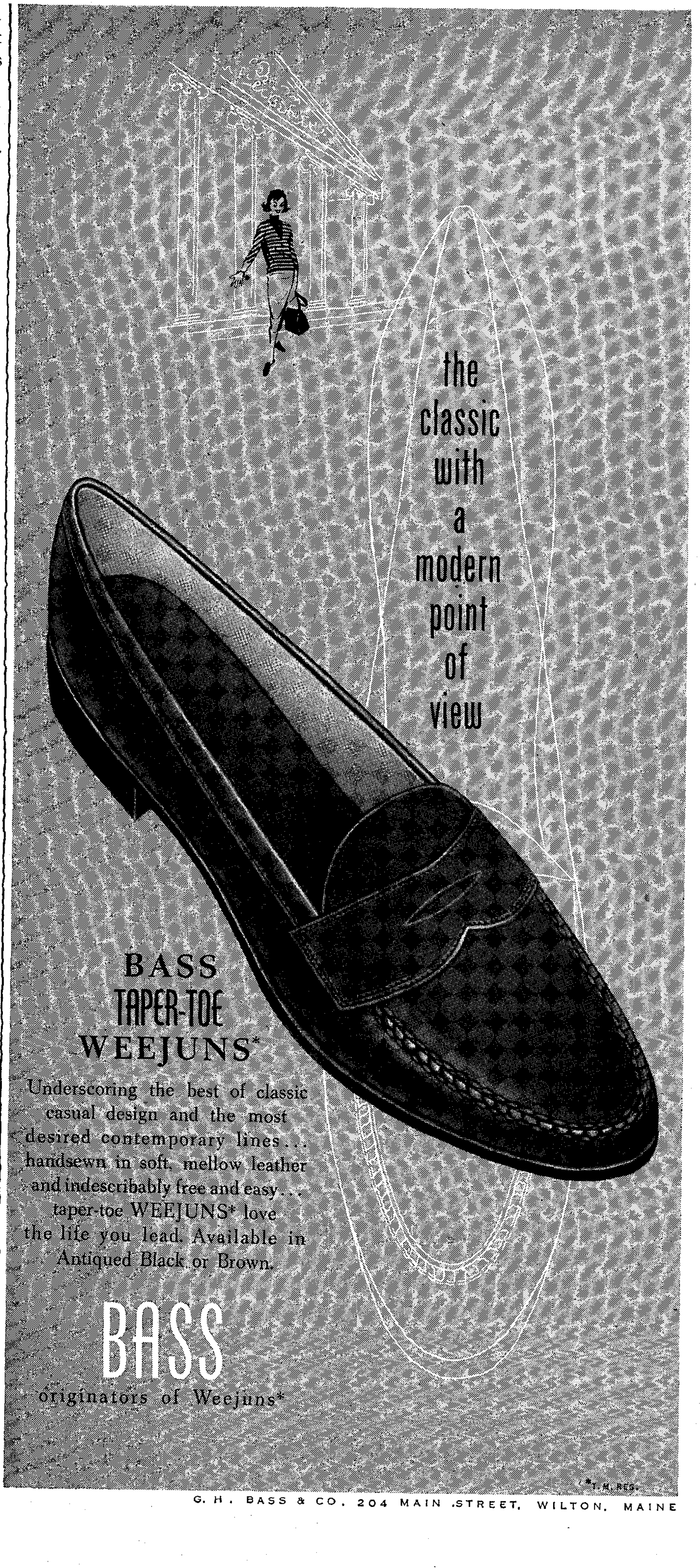
At all Saks Fifth Avenue Stores

Accessocraft
DIVISION OF
FASHION JEWELRY
389 FIFTH AVE. • NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

VITAL STATISTICS
Addresses, birthdays, holidays, Christmas cards and gifts, a 5-year calendar, measurements, lists of tradesmen and services—it records literally everything in a 5-in-1 pocketable 6½" x 4½" book. Indexed, loose-leaf. Brown, red, green, black, white hide. 10.95
Mail, phone SU 7-4000


MARK CROSS
5th ave. at 55th, n. y. 22

auditorium on the second floor. Only a few of them were in uniform, but that didn't necessarily mean that the others were civilians, for in Christchurch both the Navy and the Air Force are capricious in the matter of military vs. civilian dress. One of those present, and unmistakably in uniform—with an admiral's stripes on his sleeves—was a bluff, no-nonsense sort of man with kinky silver hair. He was Rear Admiral Dufek, the big boss. Presently, he stepped to the front of the room and set about explaining, in a bluff, no-nonsense way, the scope and purpose of Operation Deep Freeze. Its be-all and end-all, he said, is to provide bases and logistic support for the American scientists in Antarctica who are participating in the International Geophysical Year. The operation got under way in November, 1955, and it will formally come to an end, along with the I.G.Y. itself, next December 31st. (The United States, however, has announced that it intends to hang on to some of its Antarctic installations, including its South Pole Station, beyond that date, and, of course, something will have to be done about supplying and maintaining them.) Around two thousand Americans, the Admiral said, took part in Deep Freeze during its first year and more than thirty-five hundred during its second year; its third, and current, phase required more than four thousand. A hundred and sixty-six men spent the winter of 1956 in Antarctica, and three hundred and nineteen spent the winter of 1957 there; three hundred and forty are staying over this winter. So far, the debits of the operation in terms of human life are nine men killed—six in aircraft accidents, one by falling into


the classic with a modern point of view

BASS TAPER-TOE WEEJUNS*

Underscoring the best of classic casual design and the most desired contemporary lines... handsewn in soft, mellow leather and indescribably free and easy... taper-toe WEEJUNS* love the life you lead. Available in Antiqued Black or Brown.

BASS
originators of Weejuns*

*T. M. REG.

G. H. BASS & CO. 204 MAIN STREET, WILTON, MAINE

"HOYA" BY AIR FROM ROME
FOR FRESH SPRING NOTE
RED ROSES POSED ON
WHITE REP COTTON
SIZES 10-16
$145
Photograph

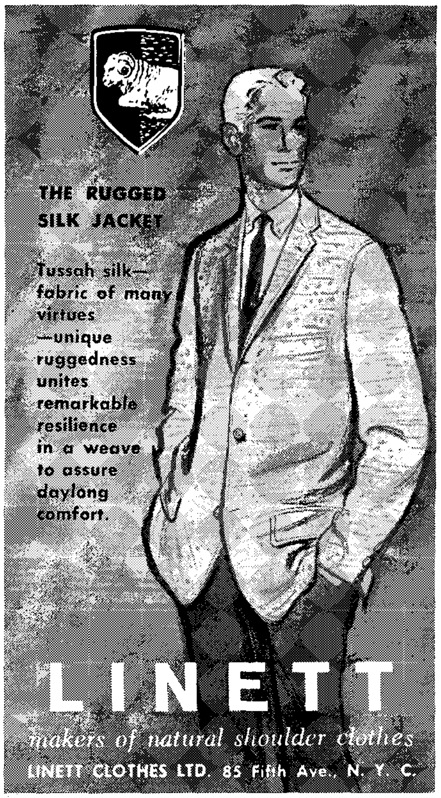
Eleanora Garnett

47 EAST 51 ST., NEW YORK
ELDORADO 5-5275

VIA DI VILLA SACCHETTI 17 ROMA

a hidden crevasse, and two by drowning when the tractors they were driving fell through ice offshore. The credits are six major Antarctic stations, as well as several small outlying camps: Little America V, on the edge of the Ross Shelf Ice, some forty miles from the famous Little America originally established by Byrd in 1929; Byrd Station, in the interior of Marie Byrd Land, five hundred and fifty miles from Little America; Ellsworth Station, far over on the opposite shore, south of Argentina; the South Pole Station, perched on the plateau of ice directly over the geographical pole; Wilkes Station, on the shore south of the Indian Ocean; and Hallett Station, on a shoulder of the coast that points toward New Zealand and reaches so far north that it has come to be known as the Banana Belt. The place we were all headed for, Admiral Dufek went on, is properly known as Williams Air Operating Facility, having been named in honor of Driver Third Class Richard T. Williams, who drowned there on January 6, 1956, when ice on the nearby sound broke under the weight of his tractor, but since it is on the shore of what has been called McMurdo Sound for more than half a century, it is generally spoken of as McMurdo. The chief distinction of McMurdo is that the ice on the sound is thick enough to serve as a runway for heavy aircraft. The McMurdo runway is the only heavy-aircraft landing strip in all Antarctica; no hard-ground runway has yet been built anywhere on the continent, although one could be, and doubtless will be eventually. Under favorable conditions, light Navy ski planes can land at or near several of the other United States bases, but Globemasters are too heavy to use skis. McMurdo's unique runway has established it as the general headquarters and supply depot for the South Pole and Byrd Stations, the Admiral said; although Globemasters cannot land at either of those stations, they can fly over them and disgorge by parachute anything from a sack of mail to a prefabricated building, and then return to their runway of floating ice.

As Admiral Dufek neared the end of his briefing, an almost embarrassed look of intense feeling came over his face. "Let me tell you this about Antarctica," he said. "A lot of the time you're down there, you're miserable. No question about it. Every man who comes out swears he'll never go back. But a lot of people *do* go back—and as volunteers, too. It's a funny thing. Well, that's all


THE RUGGED SILK JACKET
Tussah silk—fabric of many virtues—unique ruggedness unites remarkable resilience in a weave to assure daylong comfort.
LINETT
makers of natural shoulder clothes
LINETT CLOTHES LTD. 85 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

New York	Bloomingdale's University Shop
Pasadena & Los Angeles	Atkinson's
St. Louis	Boyd's
Cleveland Heights	Brinkman Cleary, Inc.
Nashville	Dix, Ltd.
Denver	Gano-Downs Kent Shop
New Haven	White, Inc.
Cincinnati	Squire's
Summit, N. J	Root's Men's Shop
Jacksonville	Rosenblum's
Washington, D. C.	Lewis & Thos. Saltz
Atlanta	Spencer's Ltd.
State College, Pa.	Jack Harper
Detroit	The J. L. Hudson Co.
Boston	Jordan Marsh Co. Town & Campus Shop
Hempstead, N. Y	Edw. Miller
Hartford	Henry Miller, Inc.
Philadelphia	Jacob Reed Sons, Ivy Shop

SPELLBINDING

SAYONARA
A GREAT
MOTION PICTURE
SOUNDTRACK
ALBUM, ON
RCA VICTOR

AN ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK RECORDING
RCA VICTOR
WARNER BROS. presents
MARLON BRANDO
in
SAYONARA
Music by
FRANZ WAXMAN

Recorded in New Orthophonic Sound

RCA VICTOR

I've got to say. I'm going to turn you over to Commander John Mirabito, our aerology officer. He'll tell you about Antarctic weather."

Commander Mirabito proved to be a smiling man of forty or so, with a slightly oracular air, and no wonder, since in Antarctica everyone hangs on the words of the weatherman. "Your weather at McMurdo during the next couple of weeks isn't going to be too bad," he began reassuringly. "It's autumn there; winter isn't actually closing in yet. However, there's getting to be some twilight, around midnight. I'd better explain about that. In the Antarctic regions, of course, just as in the Arctic regions, the sun shines continuously all summer and never appears at all in winter. During the in-between seasons, it rises and sets daily. Right now, for example, the sun still gets well up in the sky each day, circling in a counterclockwise direction, and dips down fairly close to the southern horizon in the middle of the night. Toward the end of February, the dip will be lower and lower, until the sun is out of sight for a period of time each night. This period of time will get progressively longer, until the sun is *up* for only a short time each day. Finally, around April 20th, it will disappear for good—or, rather, until around August 20th, when it will make its first appearance of the spring. It won't be up on a twenty-four-hour-a-day basis until a couple of months after that.

"Now for temperatures. Our coldest station, not surprisingly, is the one at the Pole. In the time we've been keeping records there, which is a little over one full year, the highest temperature recorded has been plus seventeen degrees Fahrenheit—that was one day early in December of '56—and the lowest minus a hundred and two and one-tenth degrees, on last September seventeenth. The average down there at this time of year runs around minus thirty. On that record cold day, by the way, two men volunteered to remain outdoors—one for three hours and the other for four—to see how they would respond. No ill effects were noted, except a feeling of dizziness after sleeping. McMurdo isn't nearly as cold as the Pole, you may be glad to hear. For one thing, it's over eight hundred miles to the north, and, for another, it's built on bare black lava ash that absorbs heat from the sun. The annual temperature range at McMurdo is from about minus forty to about plus forty. When you get there, I'd expect it to be somewhere around plus twenty-five. But it will be

BEEFEATER
BEEFEATER

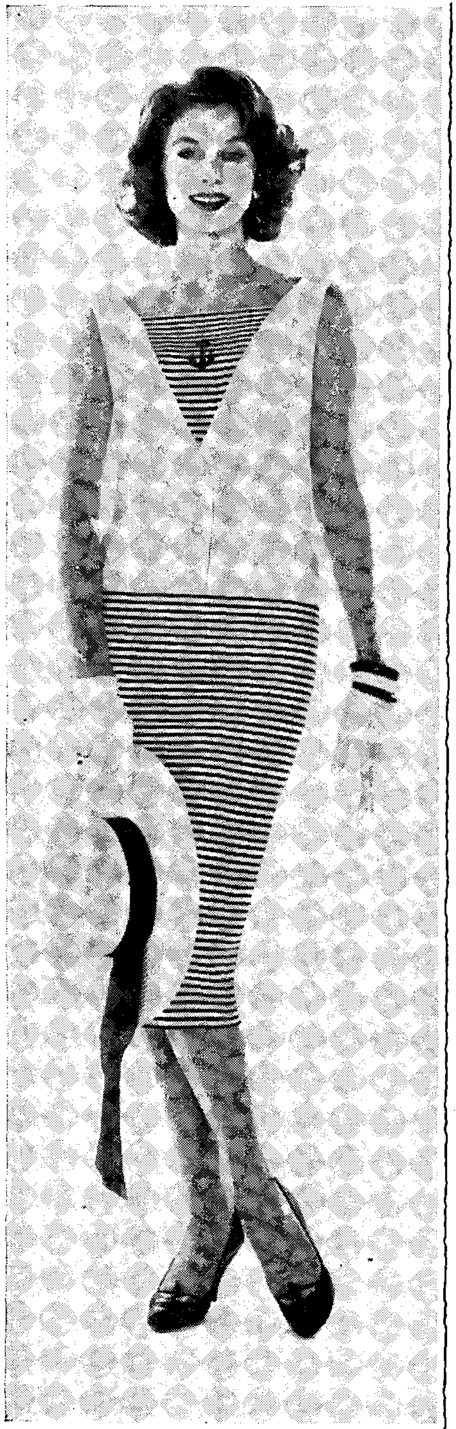
the imported English Gin that doubles your martini pleasure

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BURROUGH'S
BEEFEATER
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
KOBRAND CORPORATION

Beefeater—symbol of integrity in British tradition and in the finest English Gin *. . . unequalled since 1820*

BURROUGH'S
BEEFEATER GIN

Imported by KOBRAND CORPORATION, New York 1, N.Y. 94 Proof, Distilled from Grain



WILROY charts a pretty summer ahead for the gal with cool fashion notions. Crisp navy and white striped sheath is frosted with white and fitted to perfection. The feel-as-cool-as-you-look idea carried out with Twill-du, AVISCO® rayon and cotton fabric by Robaix. Sizes 8-18.

17^{95}

AT
FRANKLIN SIMON
—ALL STORES

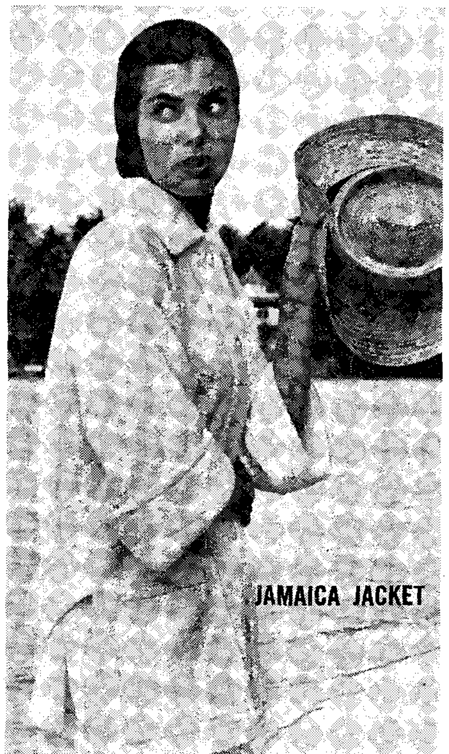
A quality product containing Avisco fibers
AVISCO®
INTEGRITY TAG
MACHINE WASHABLE AT WARM SETTING

AMERICAN VISCOSE CORPORATION
350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

dropping quite fast. All the McMurdo temperatures I've just given you, by the way, are up at the base, on the lava ash. Down on the ice, where the runway is, you can expect it to be ten degrees colder."

While I was trying to translate these statistics into how I was going to feel in Antarctica, Commander Mirabito passed on to a new topic—and an arresting one. "It doesn't snow much in Antarctica, except in some of the warmer peripheral areas," he said. "Blizzards are caused as much by drifting snow as by falling snow, and it's very difficult to tell one from the other. Figuring the best we can, we estimate that the snowfall in the interior averages no more than three to six inches a year; at the Pole you're much more apt to get a light fall of ice crystals—'down,' they call it—than actual snow. But very little of what falls ever melts, and that's how the icecap gets built up. As I say, maybe it doesn't snow much, but all over Antarctica the wind certainly does blow. Although McMurdo is one of the warmest of our stations, it is also one of the windiest. A good cold-climate rule of thumb is that as far as the human body's reactions are concerned—the cold you feel, in other words—each knot of wind speed is equal to a one-degree drop in temperature. So bundle up on gusty days. Keep your ears covered, particularly. When there's danger of frostbite, the ears are usually the first to go."

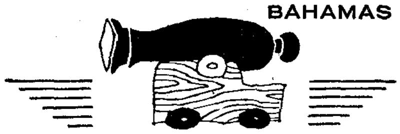
ON that stimulating note, Commander Mirabito ended his discourse and Admiral Dufek declared the briefing over. The room hummed with talk as those of us who had never been to Antarctica tried to find out more about what we were getting into. From one old Antarctic hand I learned, for example, that anyone who is lucky enough to get hold of a bootleg bottle of whiskey at McMurdo—only beer is officially available there—customarily drinks it without ice, since there is no fresh-water ice handy outdoors and refrigerators are unknown. I learned, too, that the National Board on Geographic Names has cracked down on American explorers' custom of naming their Antarctic finds after their wives; fortunately, the decree is not retroactive, so atlases will be able to preserve such chivalrous tributes as Marie Byrd Land and Edith Ronne Land, along with dozens of Mount Annes, Mount Bettys, Mount Emilys, and so on. Mrs. Ronne, I was told, is an American woman who wintered over in Ant-



Back-belted terry beach coat looks smashing going and coming. Front view—convertible collar, deep cuffs, large pockets and big buttons. Back view—wide belt and inverted pleat. Tailored to perfection in luxurious terry. White or yellow. Sm (8-10), Med (12-14), Lg (16-18). $7.95
Add 35¢ each for shipping. Send for playwear catalog.

THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE AMERICUS, GA.

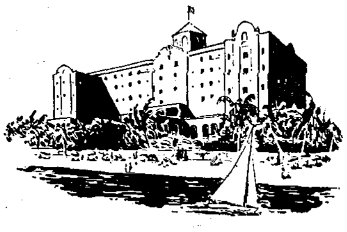
First Choice in NASSAU
BAHAMAS



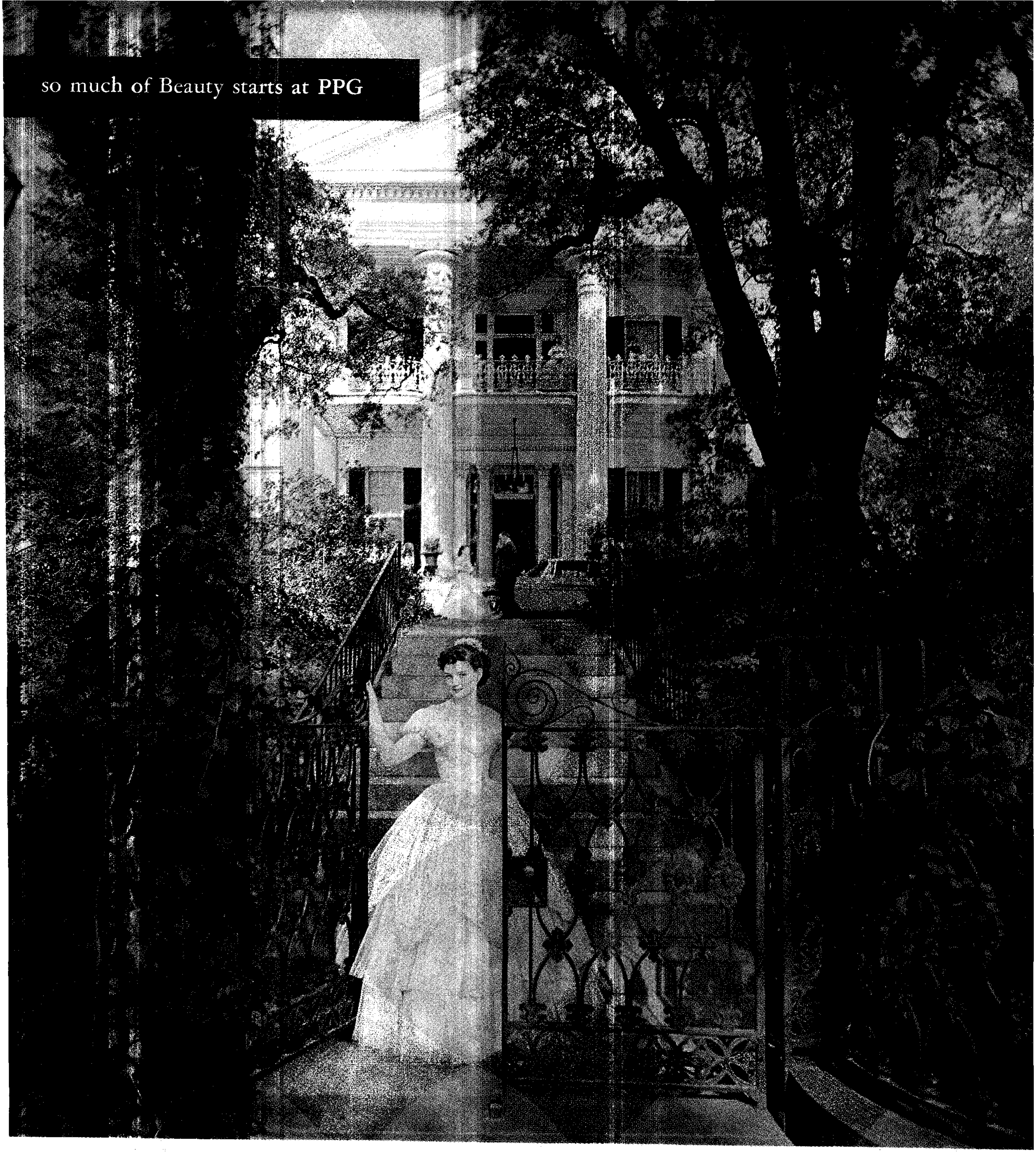
Fort Montagu BEACH HOTEL
John L. Cota, Gen. Mgr.

DIRECTLY ON THE OCEAN

★ Nassau's top luxury hotel . . . charming Colonial setting for gay entertainment, superb cuisine.
★ Private ocean beach at your door . . . golf, tennis, water sports. New Cabana Club and "vision-level" pool.



For color folder, reservations
See Your Travel Agent or
WILLIAM P. WOLFE ORGANIZATION
NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO
CLEVELAND • MIAMI • PHILA. • TORONTO

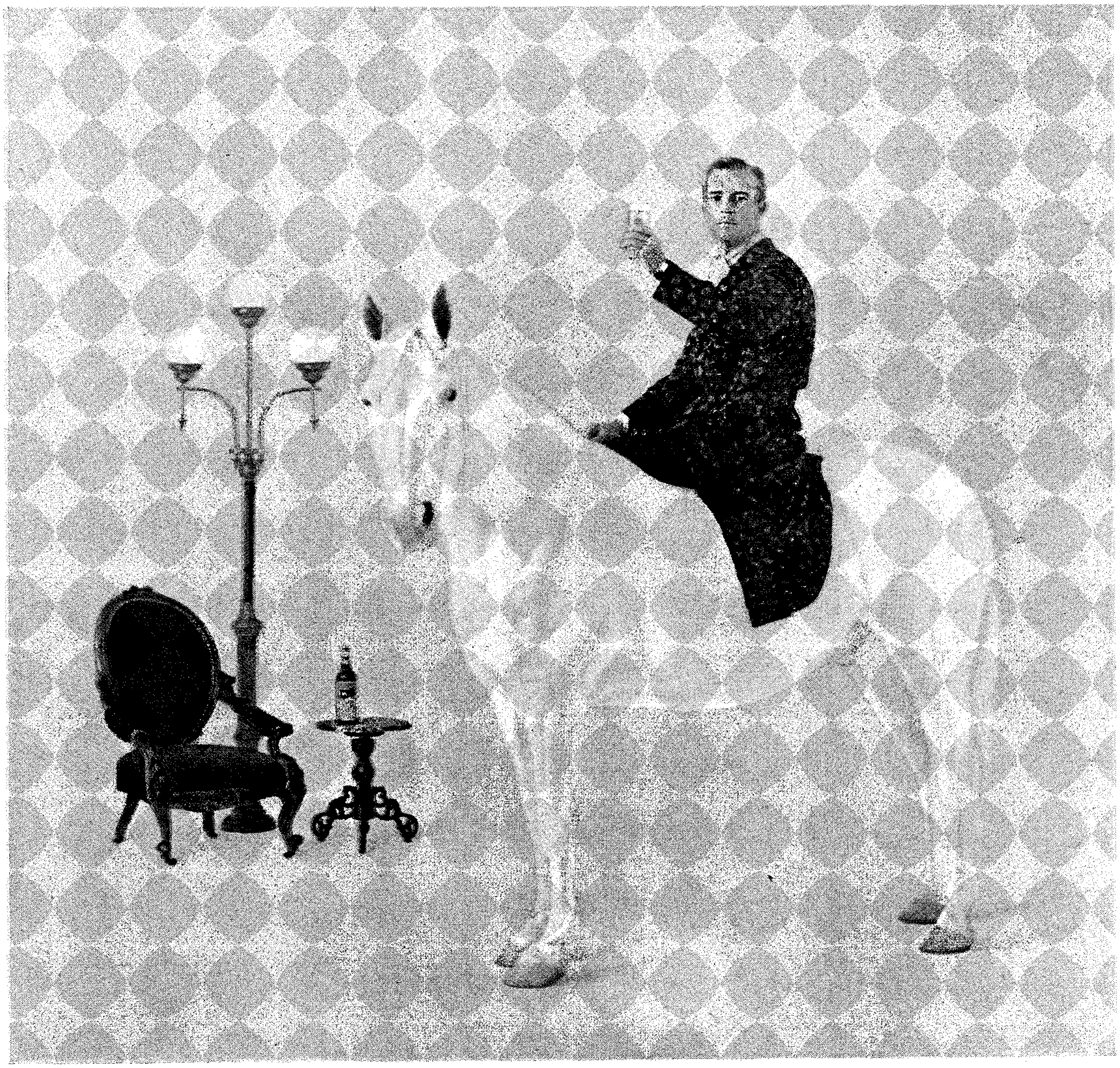


PPG AT THE SHOWPLACES OF AMERICA
Stanton Hall, Natchez, Mississippi
Built in 1851

ECHOES FROM THE PAST greet the thousands who visit Stanton Hall. They see graceful period furnishings matched in mood by PPG decorator-inspired Wallhide interior paints . . . girl guides wear hoopskirts of cotton so often grown, processed and dyed with chemicals of PPG's subsidiary, Columbia-Southern.

Where glories of the Old South live on, you see the touch of PPG

Restored by loving hands, century-old Stanton Hall carries into our times an age of gracious living. PPG's Sun-Proof paint preserves and brightens its stately columns and delicate mouldings. Its beauty draws admirers from every state, and many come in trains, planes or automobiles with PPG safety glass and PPG finishes. South or North, almost everything you see and use is better because of glass or paint by PPG, or chemicals by Columbia-Southern, subsidiary of PPG. PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS COMPANY, Pittsburgh, Pa.



When it's time for a nightcap, let WHITE HORSE carry you lightly

Nothing like White Horse,
many people say, to close the
evening on a pleasant note.
It's such a light and
pleasant-tasting Scotch!

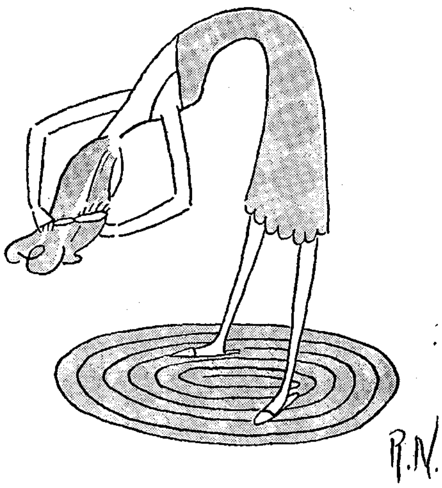
Nº SA
904235
The White Horse Cellar
Estab. 1742

The Quality Control Code on each label assures you of uniform quality and flavor.

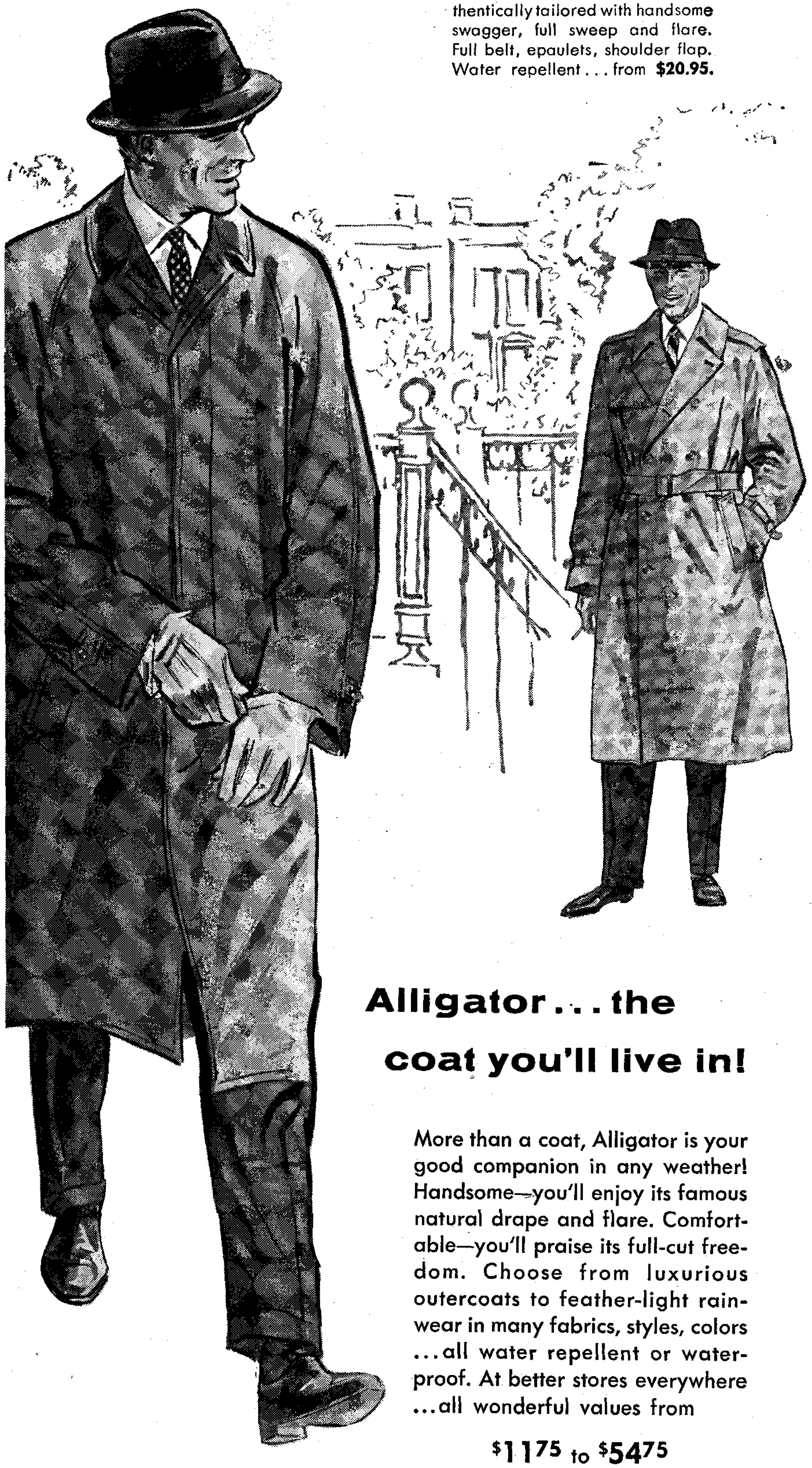
Blended Scotch Whisky, 86.8 Proof. Sole Distributors: Browne Vintners Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

arctica one year with her husband, Finn; she is not only one of the very few women to have accomplished that feat but one of the very few to have been to Antarctica at all. At present, the Navy generally refuses to allow women to visit McMurdo; the rule was relaxed once, last September, when a chartered airliner carrying Seabees and I.G.Y. scientists stopped there for three hours and the two stewardesses on board were permitted to disembark.

After picking up these piquant, if not especially useful, tidbits, I managed to corner Admiral Dufek and extract a few words of autobiography from him. Off the rostrum, the Admiral drops his abrupt, factual manner and becomes an expansive and engaging conversationalist. An old-time naval aviator, from Rockford, Illinois, via Annapolis, class of 1925, he first became involved in Antarctic work when—out of boredom as much as anything else, he said—he volunteered for Byrd's 1939-40 expedition. "I was one of four volunteers selected. I felt really set up, until I learned that there had been four volunteers," the Admiral said. Except during the Second World War, when he served on Admiral Hewitt's staff in the Mediterranean, and the Korean War, when he was in command of the aircraft carrier Antietam in the Pacific, he has been on Antarctic duty pretty much ever since. He took part in the Navy's 1946-47 mapping expedition, called Operation Highjump, and has been in the thick of Deep Freeze from its beginning; last July, President Eisenhower appointed him to succeed Admiral Byrd, who had died four months earlier, as United States Antarctic Projects Officer. Dufek told me that he maintains headquarters at both Christchurch and McMurdo, and ordinarily spends the summer months more or less commuting between the two points, but that he did not plan to



Alligator **TRENCH COATS:** Authentically tailored with handsome swagger, full sweep and flare. Full belt, epaulets, shoulder flap. Water repellent . . . from **$20.95.**



Alligator . . . the coat you'll live in!

More than a coat, Alligator is your good companion in any weather! Handsome—you'll enjoy its famous natural drape and flare. Comfortable—you'll praise its full-cut freedom. Choose from luxurious outercoats to feather-light rainwear in many fabrics, styles, colors . . . all water repellent or waterproof. At better stores everywhere . . . all wonderful values from

$\$11^{75}$ to $\$54^{75}$

GOLD LABEL: America's most wanted gabardine. Rich all wool worsted. Full-cut comfort, ideal weight. Water repellent. **$42.75.**

THE COAT YOU'LL LIVE IN

Alligator

ALL-WEATHER COATS

THE ALLIGATOR COMPANY • ST. LOUIS • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES

go down to the ice again this season. Later, I learned from other sources that, far from being a chairborne rear-echelon commander, he holds the distinction of having twice survived plunges into the Antarctic seas—once as a result of a helicopter accident, and once when a cable snapped as he was being conveyed from one ship to another.

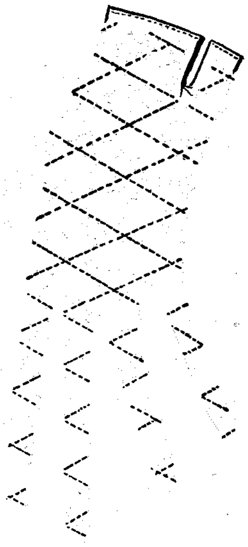
I pressed the Admiral for an explanation of the seductive pull of Antarctica that he had spoken of in his briefing. "I guess it's because there's tragedy, beauty, and starkness in the place," he said. "There's also good, rousing, old-fashioned adventure. When I was a youngster in Rockford, I used to love poems about the Arctic regions. 'The Shooting of Dan McGrew'! 'The Face on the Barroom Floor'! Well, I've always thought that equally rousing poetry could be, and ought to be, written about the *Ant*arctic regions. I'd like to send a poet down there, and get him to do for the southern ice what Robert W. Service did for the north country. Used to bring up my poet idea in staff meetings, but I was laughed down so many times I began to feel kind of sheepish about it. What's the pull of Antarctica? Frankly, I don't know. But when you're there, you feel you're *doing* something. Talk to Trigger Hawkes, our staff air adviser and just about the most experienced Antarctic flier in the world. Get Trigger to tell you about flying conditions down there, and you'll know what I mean about adventure." A wiry, alert-looking Navy captain with a flier's wings on his uniform was standing nearby, and he turned at the sound of his name and joined us. Admiral Dufek introduced him to me.

"About Antarctic flying," I said.

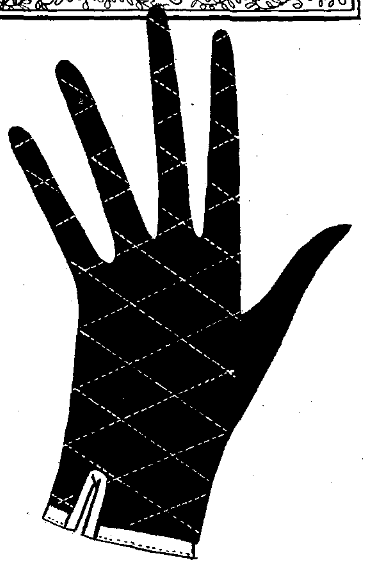
"Well, it's not quite the hazardous pursuit it's sometimes claimed to be," Captain Hawkes said deprecatingly. "Maybe there are more accidents and close shaves per flying hour down there than in balmier parts of the world, but polar fliers have at least one clear-cut advantage—most of them use planes equipped with skis and can land almost anywhere the minute trouble develops."

"And the disadvantages?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, there are disadvantages," he said. To begin with, he went on, navigation is always something of a problem over Antarctica, partly because there are no radio beams or beacons, and partly because proximity to the South Magnetic Pole (which is some fifteen hundred miles from the geographical one) causes a plane's compass to swing wildly and erratically. Then,



KAYSER
HISTORY MAKING
CERTIFICATE
For the sprightliest, most spirited shortie of the Season. It's called "Criss-Cross" and it comes in Grey, White, Navy, Wheat and Black with two-tone contrast stitching. Double-woven nylon. 3.00

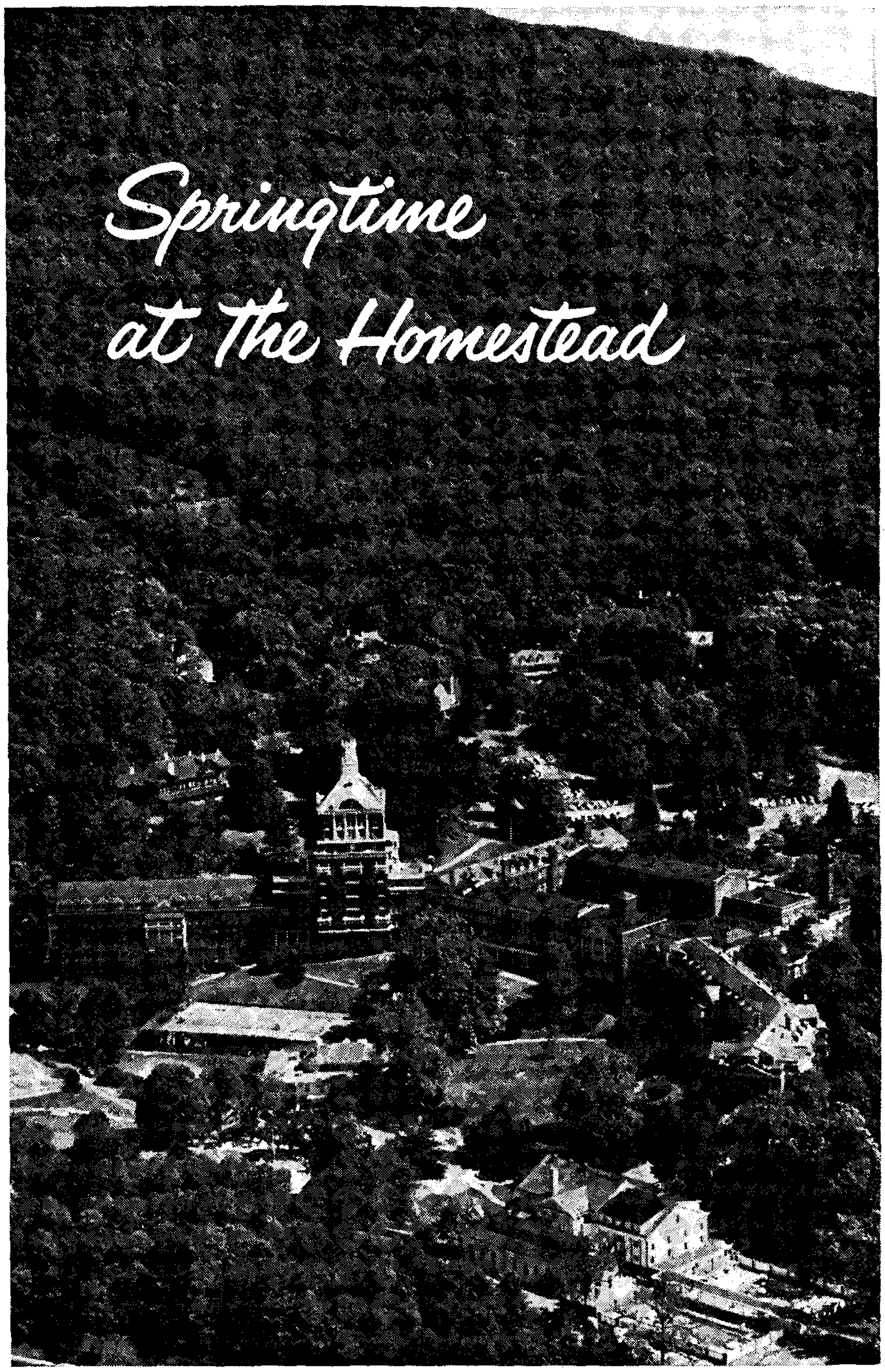


maddism . . .
newest movement from the Hamptons to Haiti . . . the Tie-Tail* shirt in a mildly wild plaid, 3.98
Ship'n Shore®
*REG. APPL. FOR

The newest neutral—
pale bone leather and imported hemp with softened multicolor stripes. The handbag, by Jana—in two sizes, 13.00 and 19.00 Plus Federal tax. Street Floor
Lord & Taylor, New York

too, the skis that are the polar flier's one asset are terribly heavy, compared to wheels. So is the average Antarctic air traveller, compared to an airborne businessman at LaGuardia. The polar passenger and his gear weigh in at something like five hundred pounds, and the plane's skis add another half ton of dead weight. But an even more serious problem is the effect of the numbing polar cold on the engines. At temperatures below minus forty, the contraction of metal, the hardening of rubber, and the congealing of oil make it almost impossible to start an engine without first warming it up by means of an elaborate and clumsy device called a Herman-Nelson heater, which has to be dragged out to the plane before each takeoff. Ground crews have to work on engines at temperatures so low that the touch of metal on a man's bare hand can cause a bad burn. Still another hazard—and a far too common one—is a frightening meteorological phenomenon called a whiteout. Although a whiteout, as opposed to a blizzard, is accompanied by no precipitation—indeed, the visibility is good—it can be more devastating than a blizzard, for the snow on the ground merges into a solid white overcast of clouds, with no visible point of junction. A pilot in a whiteout tends to lose all sense of orientation and to feel himself moving—whether up, down, or sidewise he has scarcely any idea—in a vast white void. The sunlight filtering through the clouds is reflected off the snow, Captain Hawkes said, and then off the clouds again, as though caught between two mirrors. The effect is blinding—worse than being transfixed by a searchlight, because the overpowering glare comes from all sides and every direction. Pilots who have safely flown thousands of hours in fog and at night have crashed in whiteouts.

Captain Hawkes recalled the first aircraft landing ever made at the South Pole—on October 31, 1956. It was a few weeks before the present station was established there, and Admiral Dufek wanted to spy out the land as a preliminary to moving in men and equipment. Captain Hawkes elected to give the pilot's seat on the historic flight to a younger man—Lieutenant Commander Conrad S. Shinn—and modestly assigned himself the position of co-pilot. "We were flying a Skytrain—that's the Navy's version of the old, familiar DC-3—and naturally we had ski landing gear," Captain Hawkes told me. "Well, we found the Pole, all right, with the help of a Globemaster that



Spring is a wonderful time for a Homestead vacation.
The mountainsides are fresh with the new season's color,
our golf courses and tennis courts are in perfect shape, and the
riding trails, skeet fields and trout streams are waiting.

Make your plans now to come and enjoy the pleasures
of this delightful countryside – and the
comfortable accommodations and smooth Southern service
that have made The Homestead famous
all over the world.

For reservations, or for rates and folder, address

THE Homestead
AND COTTAGES
Hot Springs, Virginia

GRAFF

Peck and Peck

the chemise is here to stay

...when it looks as stunning as this striped overblouse and skirt in packable cotton knit. Blue, Green or Gray striped in White. Comes in sizes 8 to 16. 22.95

The Crest Collection

New York · Chicago · Boston · Philadelphia · Baltimore
Detroit · Cleveland · St. Louis · Minneapolis · St. Paul
Indianapolis · Washington, D. C. · Atlanta · Cincinnati
Kansas City · Milwaukee · Hartford · Buffalo · Providence

flew along with us and then circled overhead while we were on the ice. The Globemaster took fixes with its sextant and we took fixes with ours, and between us we decided where the Pole was. Nothing there to mark it at the time, of course; the markers Amundsen and Scott put up in 1911 and 1912 had long since been buried, and so had the flag that Admiral Byrd dropped when he flew over the Pole in 1929. We made a good ski landing, and everybody in the plane piled out and walked around, though we made sure that one of us was always in the cockpit, keeping the engines running. It was minus fifty-eight degrees, and if the engines had stopped, we wouldn't have had a chance of getting them started again. The Admiral stuck a flag in the ice and found out what he wanted to know about the site, and after spending forty-nine minutes at the Pole we revved up the engines and got ready to leave. But we found that we couldn't move. Our skis were frozen to the ice. All we could do was to start firing our JATOs—jet-assisted-takeoff bottles, full of a powerful solid jet fuel. Each one gives you a quick burst of power for thirty seconds. Four of them provide about as much power as one engine running wide open, and we had fifteen of them attached to the underside of our fuselage. Only thing is, JATOs are a bit dangerous; sometimes the terrific heat they generate reflects off the ice you're standing on and burns up your tail assembly. With no tail assembly, you don't fly. Well, Shinn fired four JATOs. Nothing happened, so he fired four more. That time, she came unstuck and moved forward a few feet. Then Shinn fired the seven others, and off we went. The JATOs' flames made such a show that the people in the Globemaster overhead thought we were burning up. Matter of fact, we *did* burn our tail tire a bit, but the assembly was still there, and we were flying." Captain Hawkes permitted himself a slight dramatic pause before adding, "To tell the truth, when it's as cold as it was that day, we'd prefer not to fly—to the Pole or anywhere else."

THE next morning, Monday, the Navy issued me my Antarctic uniform—long woollen underwear, woollen socks, fur-lined leather flying boots, rubber thermal boots, inner and outer trousers, inner and outer parka jacket, anti-glare goggles, fur-lined cap, and fur-lined detachable parka headpiece. At nine that evening, after wrestling all this into a canvas seabag, and the sea-

Choose Royally

ROYAL DOULTON
ENGLAND

The authentic touch for bar, den or curio shelf . . . character jugs by Royal Doulton, a British tradition for lo these many years.

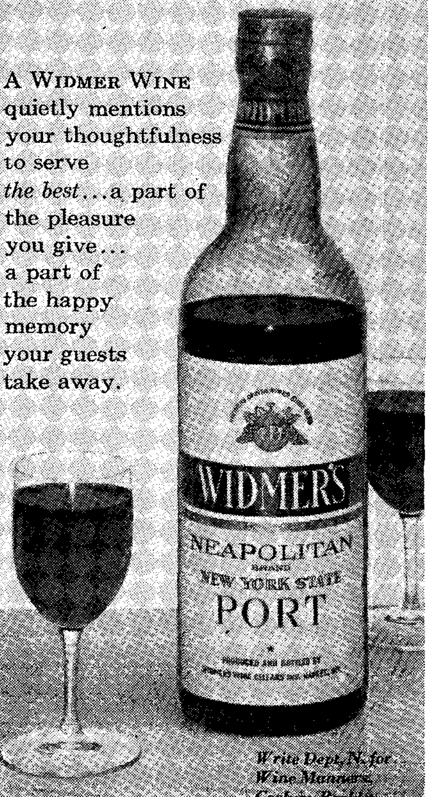
Don Quixote, large, $12.50; small, $6.00.
Sancho Panza, large, $12.50; small, $6.00.

Choose Royal Doulton

SEND FOR NEW FIGURINE BOOKLET IN FULL COLOR, 25 CENTS.
DOULTON & CO., INC., DEPT. J-72, 11 E. 26TH ST., N.Y.C.

GRACIOUS NAME-DROPPING

A WIDMER WINE quietly mentions your thoughtfulness to serve *the best*...a part of the pleasure you give... a part of the happy memory your guests take away.



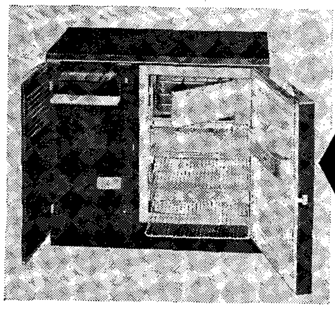
Write Dept. N for Wine Manners Cookery Booklet.

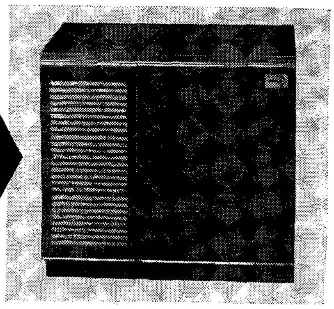
WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS INC.
NAPLES, NEW YORK

bag into a taxicab—with considerable sweat, since in Christchurch it was plus sixty-five degrees—I arrived at Harewood in time for an Air Force briefing, which turned out to be of a more ad-hoc character than the Navy's at the brewery had been. The passengers due to fly to McMurdo that evening were herded into a tent, where a lieutenant described the emergency equipment they would find stored in the plane and instructed them in its use. "In case you're told during the flight that you're going to have to ditch the plane, first put on your exposure suit [a head-to-toe outfit made of heavy yellow rubber] and then your inflatable life jacket. Rubber life rafts will be provided. Avoid going into the water at all, if possible. A man can survive in Antarctic water for only about eight minutes. However, we've never had to ditch a Globemaster on this trip yet. The distance to McMurdo is about twenty-two hundred miles, and the flight time ought to be about eleven hours. You should get your first look at Antarctica at around seven o'clock tomorrow morning, when you pass Cape Adare. Have a good trip."

I hauled my duffelbag out to our Globemaster and up the loading ramp, and as I did so, I noticed a group of perhaps a dozen young women standing nearby—the New Zealand sweethearts of some of the Navy and Air Force men bound for McMurdo, to judge by their parting salutations. After the ramp had been raised and the engines warmed up, we took off, to the accompaniment of a final frenzy of waved farewells from the New Zealanders, and as we headed south and gained altitude, I could see the Pacific, almost black in the fading twilight, and the lights of Christchurch. It seemed to me that the whole journey thus far had had the distinct air of a lark.

When we had levelled off for the long haul ahead, I took a good look





A NEW ACCENT ON "HOSTABILITY"!

Dwyer SNACK BARS

890 SERIES

Smart? *Definitely!*

Compact? *And how!*

Cost? *Surprisingly low!*

Add an exciting new touch of luxury to your fun room! Select your own smartly styled Dwyer Snack Bar "Front" from a variety of beautifully finished wood veneers or "in the raw" for your own custom finishing. Right and left-hand bar returns are available in several sizes.

Inset above shows rear view of Snack Bar. Jumbo size refrigerators and freezers. Roller shelves. Beverage shelf doors. Roomy sinks, work areas and storage cabinets. Seamless exposed surfaces in gleaming, life-time porcelain. Models available with or without cooking units.

THE NEW
Dwyer
MAITRE "D"

Plug the "Maitre D" into any 110 AC outlet. Ice cubes, beverages and snacks are at your finger tips.

Handsome jet black with brushed brass trim. Lock-up beverage keeper. Ideal for home or office.

Seeing is believing!

Plan your layout with models on display in our showrooms or write, wire or telephone for color brochure.

MURPHY BED & KITCHEN CO., INC.
Dept. N, 3 East 44th Street • New York 17, New York • Telephone MUrray Hill 2-8936

Under new Management

The shirt classic now eases into summer with a better understanding of the heat and lines that just skim the figure. It's a Haymaker, a wardrobemaker, with a promissory note: an instant success and practically a uniform among fashionables. Notably nice, too, is its front entrance, double buttons, little backbone belt. Irish linen in black, China blue, toast, coral or pink, sizes 8 to 16.

Mail and 'phone orders accepted. Add 40c for sending beyond our delivery area.

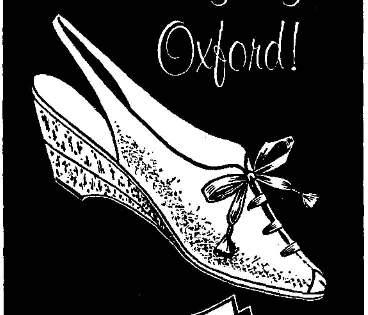
Country and Casual Shop, Third Floor

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

around the cabin. There were the same number of passengers as there had been on the Donaldson-to-Christchurch trip—nineteen in all, twelve of them military men and the rest either I.G.Y. scientists or press correspondents. This time, however, we were carrying a much bulkier load of cargo, including a large number of packing cases, everyone's bag of cold-weather equipment, and a consignment of cut pine trees for marking the limits of the McMurdo runway. Since we were not yet in the latitude of around-the-clock sun, darkness presently fell, and many of the passengers craftily deployed themselves here and there among the jumbled seabags or nestled on heaps of pine trees to get some sleep. I stretched out on a row of three bucket seats and got some myself.

When I awoke, my watch showed 3 A.M. There was light in the sky, and I realized that I would not see night again until I left Antarctica. While no ice was yet visible in the water below, the cabin had become colder. A few of my fellow-passengers had roused themselves and begun digging in their seabags for warmer clothes. The rest were still asleep; one of the men on the pine trees was clinging to a paperback book entitled "Bodies in Bedlam." I dug a jacket from my seabag and sat staring out my window. I was not rewarded by anything but a sunrise—colder and more forbidding than the one at Canton but no less spectacular—until around six o'clock, when pieces of broken ice, looking like the parts of a jigsaw puzzle, began to appear in the water. The sky was clear except for a few small, fleecy clouds. As we flew along, the pieces of ice became larger and floated closer together. Almost on the dot of seven, Cape Adare appeared, far to the right of our course. There were a good many icebergs in the water now; near the shore the sea was frozen solid, and beyond the vast expanse of the ice rose black cliffs, topped with snow. Beyond *them* rose higher mountains, entirely snow-covered and palely golden in the sunlight. It all looked exactly like the pictures of Antarctica that everyone has seen. Perhaps because of this, the scene did not seem real; it had no impact on me at all. I didn't feel lacking in sensitivity for long, though, because a few minutes later we entered a cloud bank and the cabin became really cold, and along with everyone else, I began digging in earnest for more clothes. We were all thoroughly bundled up when, shortly before nine, the pressure in our ears informed us that the

the Flyweight Oxford!



WEDGELINGS by Jack Rogers

Winner in the "flyweight division," a superb Wedgeling for smart urban, suburban activities. Smooth fitting, with mid-high, imported-cork wedge heel. White textured leather, black or brown suede.

Sizes 5 - 10 Slim, 4½ to 10 Narrow, 2½ to 10 Medium $14.95

•

Sold in fine stores throughout the U.S. Write to us for the store nearest you

•

MIAMI FOOTWEAR CORPORATION
3455 N.W. 30th AVENUE
MIAMI, FLORIDA

HOTEL TUDOR

nice and near the U.N.

Or the new Airlines Terminal. Or the Grand Central Station. Or theaters...or Fifth Avenue stores. Yet this hotel adjoins a select apartment colony whose residents often put up their guests here, because it's *quiet!*

Single rooms from $6

HOTEL Tudor

Folder from Guy P. Seeley, Manager
304 East 42nd Street, N.Y.C.

Globemaster was coming down for a landing. A moment later, the plane dropped below the clouds, and there lay McMurdo—a cluster of huts on a black, largely snowless shore—and, not far from it, a marked-off runway on the frozen surface of the sound. After circling the sound, we landed on the ice—amid a furious cloud of snow kicked up by the propellers—with hardly a bump.

THE plane was immediately surrounded by a welcoming crowd that had come down to the runway from McMurdo to greet the first messengers from civilization in more than a month. With the other passengers, I descended the plane's ramp and stepped out onto the ice. It was a gray day, with a gusty wind carrying a few snowflakes—honest snowflakes, not South Pole "down"—but whether they were falling or just drifting I couldn't tell. It wasn't especially cold—twenty-six degrees at the base, somebody told me, which would mean about sixteen on the runway—and I felt let down; Antarctica, it seemed to me, should not be so much like New York on an inclement February day. I could not help wondering what, as a matter of fact, the temperature was in New York at that moment. (Since my return I have looked into this and found that in New York the temperature just then was twenty.)

We were soon all loaded into a truck for the haul to McMurdo. What with the grayness of the morning and the fact that the only view from the truck was a backward one, I didn't see much of the countryside during the mile-and-a-half trip; my first impression of McMurdo at close range was what it had been from the plane—a cluster of huts standing on a stark patch of black ground. On arriving, we were assigned to billets. Mine turned out to be in a semicylindrical structure shaped much like a Nissen hut except that it consisted of heavy, insulated cloth fitted securely over a wooden framework; like a Nissen, its only windows were two small ones, at either end. It was lighted electrically and heated by an oilstove. My fellow-tenants (there were about a dozen of them, mostly British newspaper correspondents) welcomed me; told me I was in a Jamesway hut, whose special feature is that it can be dismantled and dropped by parachute; and pointed out the building's main idiosyncrasy, just as I was becoming aware of it myself—a tendency to be twenty or thirty degrees colder down around your ankles than at head level. Once I had settled in, I asked where I could get some breakfast

In Fine Whiskey

FLEISCHMANN'S IS THE BUY

EST. 1870
FLEISCHMANN
FLEISCHMANN'S
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Established 1870
90 PROOF
PREFERRED
BLENDED WHISKEY
Blended and Bottled by
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION
Peekskill, N.Y. Owensboro, Ky.

90 PROOF is WHY!

Most blended whiskies today are no more than 86 Proof. But Fleischmann's is a full 90 Proof!

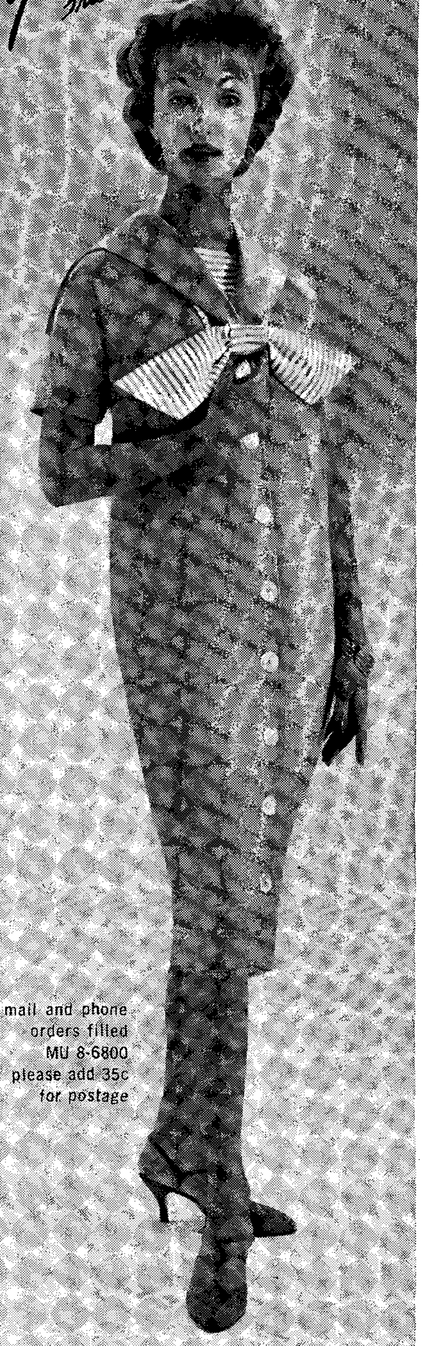
This is why you get more flavor—more enjoyment—more satisfaction in every drink.

Even more—Fleischmann's surprising mildness and exceptional smoothness tell you that you're getting the highest quality in every bottle. Top this off with Fleischmann's rare value, and you'll agree that Fleischmann's is America's outstanding whiskey buy today!

BLENDED WHISKEY • 90 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

NAUTICAL CHEMISERIE . . . our "Parade" coat-dress accents its nautical air with a slimming line of buttons . . . a snap-in dickey and tie striped in French fashion. Of linen-like rayon to wash and stay lettuce-crisp. Navy, black or willow green with white, and white with red striping. Sizes 8 to 16: **17.95**

Young 3rd "Tailored Woman Edits Fashion"



mail and phone
orders filled
MU 8-6800
please add 35c
for postage

YOUNG
Tailored Woman

5th Ave. at 57th St.
Eugene K. Denton, Pres.

and was directed to the mess hall, a large, substantial frame building right in the center of the camp. Inside, I found officers, enlisted men, and civilians eating together; obviously, the traditional Navy caste system had not penetrated to McMurdo. What struck me most about the men was that nine out of ten of them wore luxuriant beards. This prevalence of hairy chins made me feel right at home; in Greenwich Village, where I live, a good half of the coffee shops harbor enough bearded men to take on what I shall henceforth think of as the McMurdo look.

After breakfast, I attended one more briefing—the last of my Antarctic journey. This was a Navy affair, conducted by Lieutenant Commander Emmert E. Ludeman, the base commander, and was designed to acquaint the new arrivals at McMurdo with some of the elementary facts about the place. He wore a truly patrician beard, like that of an ancestor in a portrait. Ludeman told us that McMurdo, like every installation for hundreds of miles around, was on land claimed by New Zealand. New Zealand, however, did not object to the United States' maintaining bases there and was, in fact, one of the nations supporting a current movement to internationalize the whole of Antarctica. (At present, the United States is claiming none of the continent and recognizes none of the claims of other nations.) Switching from international affairs to more homely matters, Ludeman said that hot showers were available at McMurdo, but that because of a water shortage—all the water at the base comes from melted snow, and snow was in short supply just then—they were being informally rationed to one per man per week. "Another thing—blizzards," Ludeman went on. "Around here, it can change in half an hour from a perfectly clear day to what we call Condition Zero, which means weather so bad that you can get dangerously lost right in the middle of the camp. If Condition Zero is announced over the intercom, don't leave the building you're in."

At the end of the briefing, I suddenly realized that the long trip from Christchurch and the nearly sleepless night had caught up with me. Night and day being about alike at McMurdo, the fact that it was shortly before noon didn't seem to matter, so I decided to go to bed. On the way back to my Jamesway hut, I struck up a conversation with a man of about thirty who told me he was Lieutenant Frederick W. Ackroyd, the McMurdo

CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP

Chipp

SUMMER WEIGHT CLOTHING

Dacron Worsted $90.00

Dacron and Worsted keeps its shape with minimum care, tailors to perfection, and most important—breathes. The finished cloth has thousands of air vents per yard. We enthusiastically endorse Dacron-Worsted. We commend your attention to our enlarged pattern collection.

Solid Shades—
*Navy Blue, Mid Grey, *Oxford Grey, *Lovat.
Stripes—Pencil Line ⅛ inch
White on Navy, White on Oxford, Black on Lovat.
Miniature Plaid—Glenurquhart
Grey on Oxford, Black on Olive, Grey on Mid Grey.
Hairline and Self Stripe
Grey Hairline ¼ black stripe
Brown Hairline ¼ black stripe

English Tropical Worsted $115.00

Woven from the finest quality light weight worsted yarns, and the exact quality cloth used in our custom clothing. A separate collection of patterns cut for stock in our 3 button single breasted model. *A choice made from each range* would create a balanced tropical suit wardrobe.

Solid Patterns
Navy, Oxford Grey, Mid Grey, Lovat
Stripes Self stripe Black on Black
Blue, Grey on Grey.
Glen Plaid Grey on Grey, Blue overplaid,
Black on Olive red overplaid

Italian Silk $135.00

Pure luxury in dark tones for special summer occasions. Darkest navy blue and deepest tone of black plus a richness from Dupioni yarn. Skeleton lined with striped red or black ground. Plain edges and seams in our 3 button single breasted model. Hook vent, flap pockets.

*Shorts—Regulars—Longs—Extra Longs
Please indicate chest, waist and suit size.

Mail Orders Filled No C.O.D.'s
Add 75¢ for Postage

Chipp
14 East 44th St. • New York 17, N. Y.

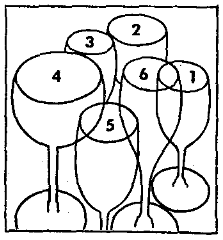
CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP

Take a walk through the Janus House at Dunbar to recapture a wonderful sense of well-being, of goodness of living. You may never want to go home again, that is, not to living in the same old way. The Janus collection of some ninety-five pieces has changed more people's lives than any furniture design in two decades. Edward Wormley designs it all for Dunbar. Visit the Showrooms: New York, Chicago, Boston, Kansas City, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Denver, Seattle and Tulsa. Home office: Berne, Indiana.

(Advertisement)

...the wines you loved in Paris

Fine French wines have *temperament.* They hate to be handled like crates of canned beef by people who don't understand them. That's why the difference between a superb Burgundy, say, and an indifferent bottle of the identical vintage, *often lies in the name of the Shipper on the label.* At Barton & Guestier, we thoroughly understand the ways of wine. For B & G have been dealing with nothing else for well above two centuries. It isn't simply a question of knowing which the best wines are. We have also learned how to counter their quirks in cask and bottle, how to pamper and bring them to full perfection. Ask your wine merchant to show you the whole wide range of B&G selections—both regional and Chateau-bottled—imported for your pleasure from Bordeaux and Burgundy.



Key to the B & G Wines

FROM BORDEAUX:

1 Sauternes—the classic, rich, white wine of France.

2 St. Emilion—a brilliant, robust claret.

3 Prince Blanc—light, dry; excellent but inexpensive.

FROM BURGUNDY:

4 Beaujolais Superieur—light-bodied, delicate; and not too dry.

5 Macon Blanc—fresh and dry, yet full flavored.

6 Sparkling Burgundy—fragrant, bubbly; developed in the bottle.

THE FINEST WINES OF FRANCE **B&G**

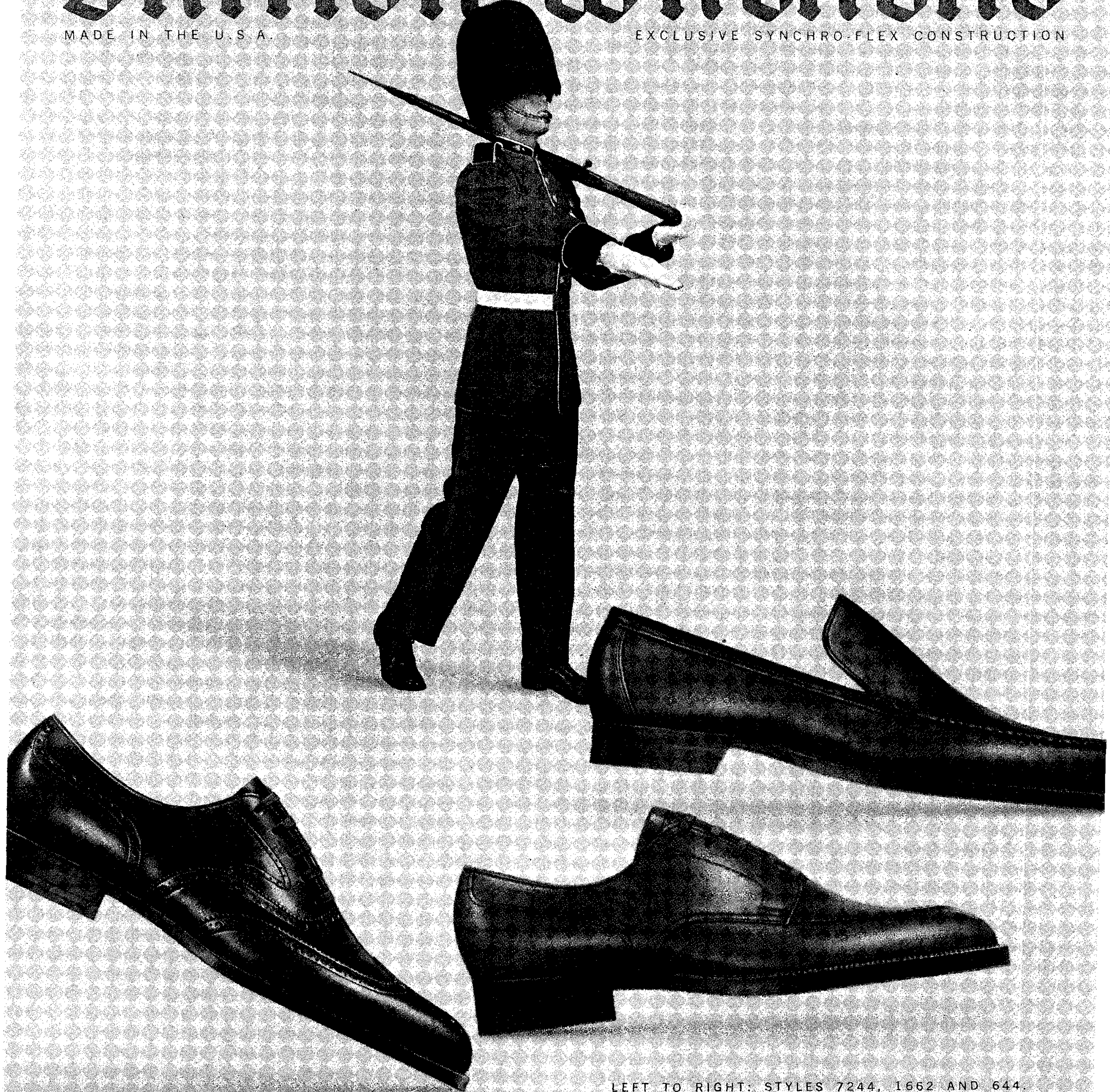
BY BARTON & GUESTIER, EST. 1725. BROWNE VINTNERS CO., INC., N. Y. C. SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR U. S. A.

Where elegance is the password British-Walkers are elegant in every sense of the word . . . shoes a man instinctively wants to possess. Theirs is the style authority born of select matured leathers, exemplary shoemaking and custom design. The men who know and prefer British-Walkers find the fulfillment of their critical requirements in the exclusive Synchro-Flex construction, secret of shoes that flex with the foot in complete comfort. British-Walkers are sold only at the sign of the guardsman. Most styles $20 to $30

BRITISH WALKERS

MADE IN THE U.S.A.

EXCLUSIVE SYNCHRO-FLEX CONSTRUCTION



LEFT TO RIGHT: STYLES 7244, 1662 AND 644.

AT THE BETTER STORES LISTED ON FACING PAGE OR WRITE: BRITISH-WALKERS, AUGUSTA, MAINE

BRITISH-WALKERS are available at these and other fine stores:
(see advertisement on opposite page)

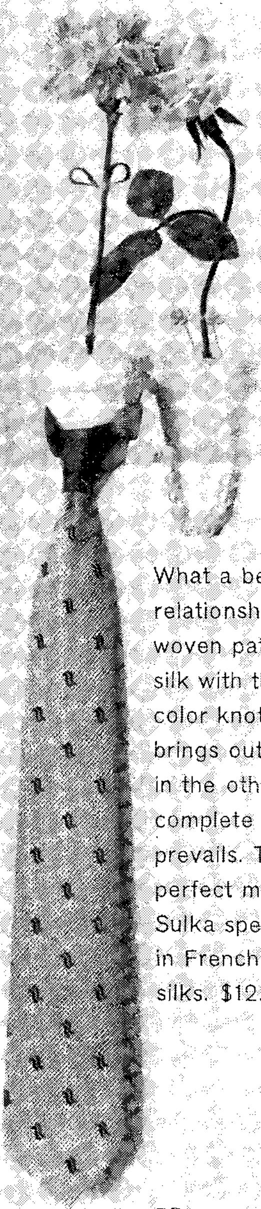
ARIZONA
Phoenix..................Korricks Dry Goods Company
Tucson..................Jacome's
CALIFORNIA
Long Beach..................Buffums
Los Angeles..................Brown's
Los Angeles..................Bullocks
Oakland..................Peters Brothers
Pasadena..................Huggins Shoes
San Diego..................The Marston Company
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington..................Artcraft Footwear
Washington..................D. J. Kaufman
INDIANA
Evansville..................Strouse & Brothers
Indianapolis..................L. Strauss & Company
Marion..................C & H Shoe Company
Terre Haute..................Hornung & Hahn
ILLINOIS
Berwyn..................Stephan's Store for Men
Chicago..................Marshall Field & Company
LOUISIANA
Baton Rouge..................The Varsity Shop
Lake Charles..................Beacham & Cox
MARYLAND
Baltimore..................Hutzler Brothers
MASSACHUSETTS
Boston..................Webb's for Men
MICHIGAN
Ann Arbor..................Wagner & Company
Detroit..................J. L. Hudson Company
Grand Rapids..................Wurzburg's
Lansing..................Arbaugh's
MISSOURI
Kansas City..................Jack Henry
St. Louis..................Famous Barr & Company
NEW YORK
Binghamton..................Fowler, Dick & Walker
New York City..................Fellman Ltd.
OHIO
Akron..................M. O'Neil Company
Canton..................C. N. Vicary
Cincinnati..................Mabley & Carew
Cleveland..................May Company
Columbus..................Evans & Schwartz
Dayton..................Rike-Kumler Company
Mansfield..................Siegenthaler's
OKLAHOMA
Oklahoma City..................Sturm Clothing Co.
Tulsa..................Vandevers
TENNESSEE
Memphis..................Beasley Bros., Jones-Ragland Inc.
TEXAS
Amarillo..................Blackburn's Shoes for Men
Corpus Christi..................M. Lichtenstein & Sons
Dallas..................Volk Brothers
El Paso..................Popular Dry Goods Co.
Houston..................Krupp & Tuffly
San Antonio..................Russell's, Inc.

BRITISH-WALKERS, AUGUSTA, MAINE

medical officer. Or, rather, he added, smiling and taking a puff on a cigar, he was the McMurdo Pooh-Bah, being also sanitation officer, cryptographic officer, public-information officer, and personnel officer. Dr. Ackroyd, who seemed a singularly young man to be wearing so many hats, was old enough to be wearing a beard, but, unlike Commander Ludeman's, it stressed delicacy rather than austerity. As we walked along, I asked him about morale at McMurdo.

"Morale in a place like this is of great interest to the medical man," he said. "You have to distinguish between ordinary griping and real morale problems. The difficult people here are mostly of one kind—men who don't know how to use leisure time. But even among these men you can tolerate some forms of aberration. What's bad is hostility—when the leisure time goes into building up hostility. When that happens, little things assume immense proportions. If there's somebody a man doesn't like, he can't get away from him. Morale problems are one thing in the summer. But the summer's ending now. It hasn't got long to go. And the winter . . ." Dr. Ackroyd puffed silently on his cigar, as if to say that morale problems in winter were too big a subject to take up during a stroll across the base. Making a mental note to seek him out later and pursue the subject, I went into my hut, lay down on my cot, and was asleep in five minutes.

It was nearly midnight when I awoke. Although still a bit groggy, I decided to get up and have a look at the midnight sun. Outside, I found that at the moment this was impossible, since the sun was still obscured by clouds; even so, the sky had brightened enough to make me glad to put on my anti-glare goggles. Buttoning up my parka headpiece against the wind, which was somewhat more biting now, I walked down the hill from the camp to the edge of the sound and looked out toward the runway, where our Globemaster still stood. Beyond it, to the south, the improved visibility revealed a low range of snow-covered mountains. A few hundred feet out on the ice, on the side of the runway nearer me, a small pen-



Who says Sulka can't tie the knot
solid!

What a beautiful relationship: the woven patterned silk with the solid color knot! One brings out the best in the other and complete harmony prevails. This perfect marriage a Sulka specialty in French woven silks. $12.50

established 1895
A. Sulka
& Company

405 PARK AVENUE AT 54TH ST., NEW YORK 22
2 SO. MICHIGAN AVENUE AT MADISON, CHICAGO 3
278 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
PARIS, LONDON, PALM BEACH

guin was waddling along at a great rate, now and again slipping and falling down ignominiously, like a novice skater, and then clumsily picking itself up again. I was thinking that its performance didn't say much for experience as a teacher when I was joined by a man who had evidently come down the hill behind me. He was not bundled up as thoroughly as I was, so I could get a good view of his beard; it was neither awe-inspiring, like Ludeman's, nor delicate, like Ackroyd's, but straggling and unkempt, like a prophet's.

"Got the big eye, man," he said a little wildly. "You got the big eye, too?"

I replied that I didn't know what the big eye was.

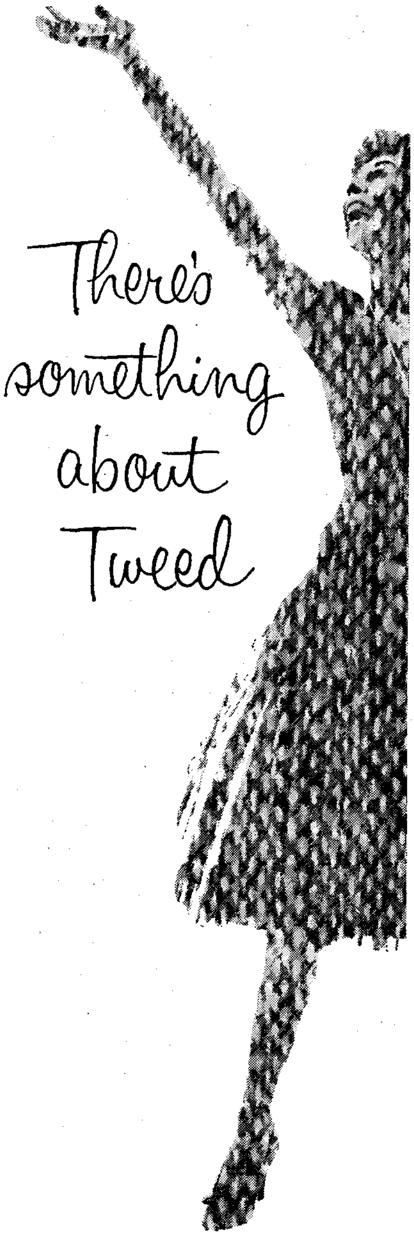
"Came in on the Globemaster, eh?" he said. "Well, you'll know what the big eye is before long. Sooner or later, you'll have it, the way everybody else does. The big eye is the Antarctic insomnia. In summer you get it because the sun never goes down, and in winter you get it because the sun never comes *up*. Either way, you get it. I hear there's a theory that it's got to do with pituitary reactions to constant light or darkness. Or something like that—nobody knows for sure. What they do know is what happens. You work all day, or all night, and then you go to bed. But you can't sleep. You just lie there and think. If you have anything to think about, that is. If you don't, you haven't got anything to do but just lie there. Next day, or next night, you're not especially tired. And next night, or next day, you've probably got the big eye again."

"What's the origin of the term?" I asked.

"Well, it *might* mean this," the man said, pointing to one of his eyes, "but down here it more likely means that," and he pointed to the sun, which now shone palely through the clouds—a yellow disc suspended above the mountains to the south. "I just don't know. Well, I might as well go back to the hut and lie there for a while. Good night."

I went back to my own hut and slept soundly the rest of the night, dreaming of things that were long ago, and of things that never were. At least, the big eye had not got me yet.

IT was colder but brilliantly clear the next day, and I spent the morning familiarizing myself with the camp's layout and surroundings and asking questions of some of the old-timers. McMurdo, I learned, isn't actually on the Antarctic continent but on the

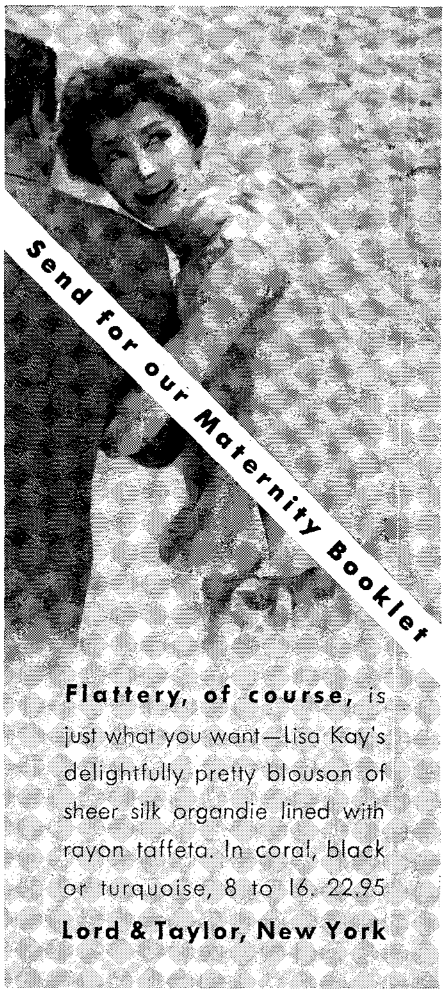


There's something about Tweed

The ounce—fourteen dollars plus tax

PERFUME BY

LENTHÉRIC



Send for our Maternity Booklet

Flattery, of course, is just what you want—Lisa Kay's delightfully pretty blouson of sheer silk organdie lined with rayon taffeta. In coral, black or turquoise, 8 to 16. 22.95

Lord & Taylor, New York

en chant ing

as Gigi herself is Gogi Grant, singing love duets with Tony Martin. It's the Lerner-Loewe score from the great new movie.

AN ARTHUR FREED PRODUCTION
LERNER—LOEWE
SONGS FROM THE MOTION PICTURE
RCA VICTOR
GIGI
AN M-G-M RELEASE
GOGI GRANT
TONY MARTIN

On Long Play and 45 Economy Package
A New Orthophonic High Fidelity Recording

RCA VICTOR
RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

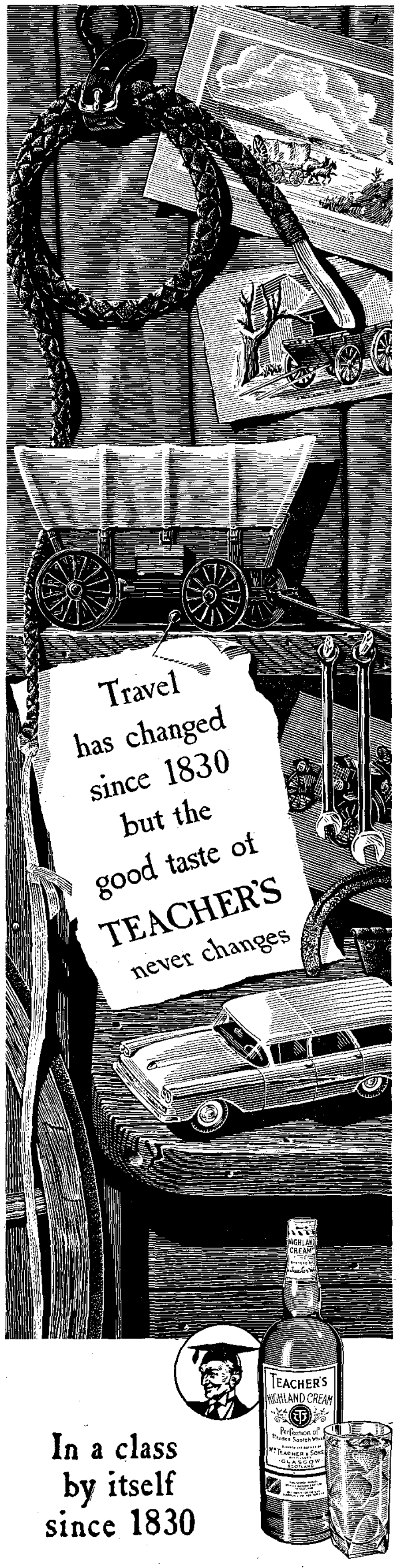
southern tip of Ross Island. The island, about fifty miles in diameter, lies a few miles off the coast of Victoria Land, at the point where the waters of the Ross Sea, relatively ice-free in summer, lap against the northern edge of the Ross Shelf Ice, which has never been anything but shelf ice—almost as firm and permanent as solid ground—since man first came upon it. However, McMurdo's being on a coastal island does not mean that it is on the outskirts of Antarctica. Ross Island is in an indentation in the coastline that cuts five hundred miles into the continent, which puts McMurdo only eight hundred and forty miles from the Pole—nearer to it than two-thirds of the rest of Antarctica. Back of McMurdo, to the north, is Mount Erebus, thirteen thousand feet high and the only active volcano that has been discovered in Antarctica. It is not visible from McMurdo, because some of Ross Island's snowless black foothills are in the way. The best view from McMurdo is to the south, across the runway and a section of the Ross Shelf Ice, to some mountains along the shore of Victoria Land. In the clear morning air, whole ranges that had been hidden by mist the previous day stood revealed—Mount Discovery, a nine-thousand-foot, sun-drenched snowpeak some forty miles from McMurdo, and, at more than twice that distance but as clearly visible as if they were no more than half a day's easy walk away, the higher peaks of the Worcester and Royal Society Ranges.

The McMurdo base consists of forty buildings (some of corrugated metal, some wooden, like the mess hall, and some cloth-covered, like my Jamesway hut) lining two parallel, rutted thoroughfares called Burke Avenue and Forrestal Avenue. At one end of the two avenues stands the base chapel, a trim white structure with a white picket fence in front of it; but for its weirdly plantless environs, it might be part of some old New England village. At the other end, the avenues trail off into nothing more than a steep slope leading down to a little inlet of the sound. On the slope is a building known as Dogheim, which houses a team of Huskies kept ready to be sent out with rescue parties. (In line with a tradition set by Scandinavian pioneers in Antarctica, the names of several of the buildings at McMurdo bear the suffix "heim;" thus, there is not only Dogheim but Pressheim, the correspondents' working quarters, and Chowheim, the mess hall.) When the dogs of Dogheim howl, as they often do, they add

Champagne
Lanson
FRANCE'S FINEST
SINCE 1760

There's only one question—
can you afford it?

Imported from France, Schenley Import Co. N.Y.



TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM
Scotch Whisky
86 PROOF • Blended Scotch Whisky
Schieffelin & Co., New York

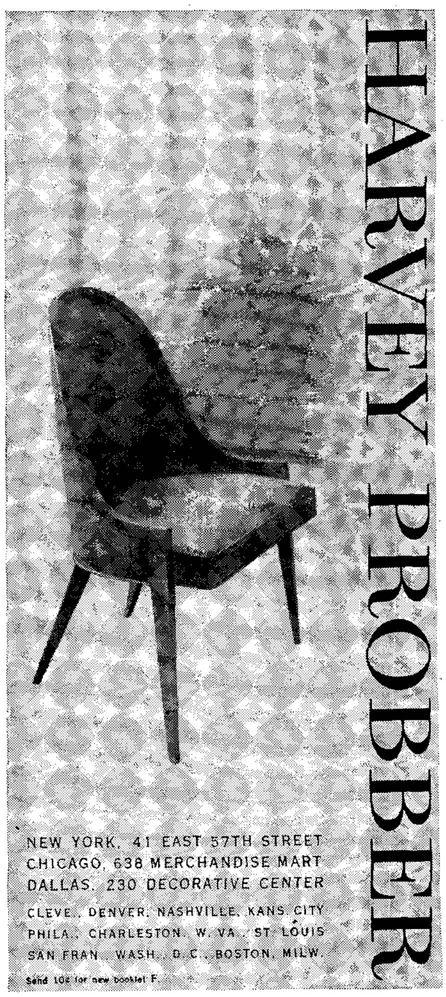
a lonely obbligato to the wind's wail. On the ice in the inlet lie the shattered pieces of a Globemaster that crashed at McMurdo last year on its return from a supply-dropping mission to the Pole; whether the melancholy fragments have been left there as a reminder of the difficulties of Antarctic flying or simply because it would be too much trouble to cart them away, I never heard. They are not, in any case, the only refuse that is plainly visible around McMurdo; the shore of the sound in the vicinity of the base is littered with wastepaper, empty cans, broken crates, and other trash. The Navy is sometimes accused of being a poor housekeeper at McMurdo because it tends to regard the place as a ship, and simply throws things overboard. The truth is that, far from presenting a ship's easy answer to the disposal problem, Antarctica is a region where it is practically impossible *to get rid of anything except by burning* it. Nothing can be buried without using dynamite; for most of the year nothing can be thrown in the water, because the water is covered with ice; and nothing can be left to decay, because nothing *will* decay. (Some biscuits left by Scott in a hut near McMurdo on his first Antarctic expedition, in 1902, are still in good condition. I didn't sample them, but some of the Navy men had tried them out and assured me that they tasted fine.) Even without the mess made by McMurdo's settlers, the camp would be a dirty place; unanchored by any vegetation and constantly whipped by wind, the lava ash settles on everything in sight, like New York soot, and even filters into the tightly sealed buildings at a fearful rate.

But this condition is strictly local; one need venture only a short distance away from the base to find the antiseptic spotlessness commonly associated with Antarctica, as I discovered that afternoon, when I made the most daring overland trek of my trip. This was a two-mile walk to Scott Base, a New Zealand station that was then being used as a supply and support center for the trans-Antarctic expedition led by the British pioneer, Dr. Vivian Fuchs. (Dr. Fuchs triumphantly completed *his* overland trek on March 2nd, when he reached Scott Base. That was after I had left Antarctica; while I was there, he was still out on the Ross Shelf Ice, several hundred miles away.) Before setting out from McMurdo for Scott Base, the thing to do is to check with the aerology office to make sure there are no signs of blizzard conditions around; if there are not, you then

Swiss Sportsman

This A&F import from Switzerland is a handsome pullover of silky, suede-like finished cotton with ribbed collar, knitted bottom and cuffs. Hand washable. Blue, green, maize, tan.
$13.50

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH
NEW YORK—360 MADISON AVENUE
CHICAGO—VL&A—9 NO. WABASH
SAN FRANCISCO—220 POST STREET

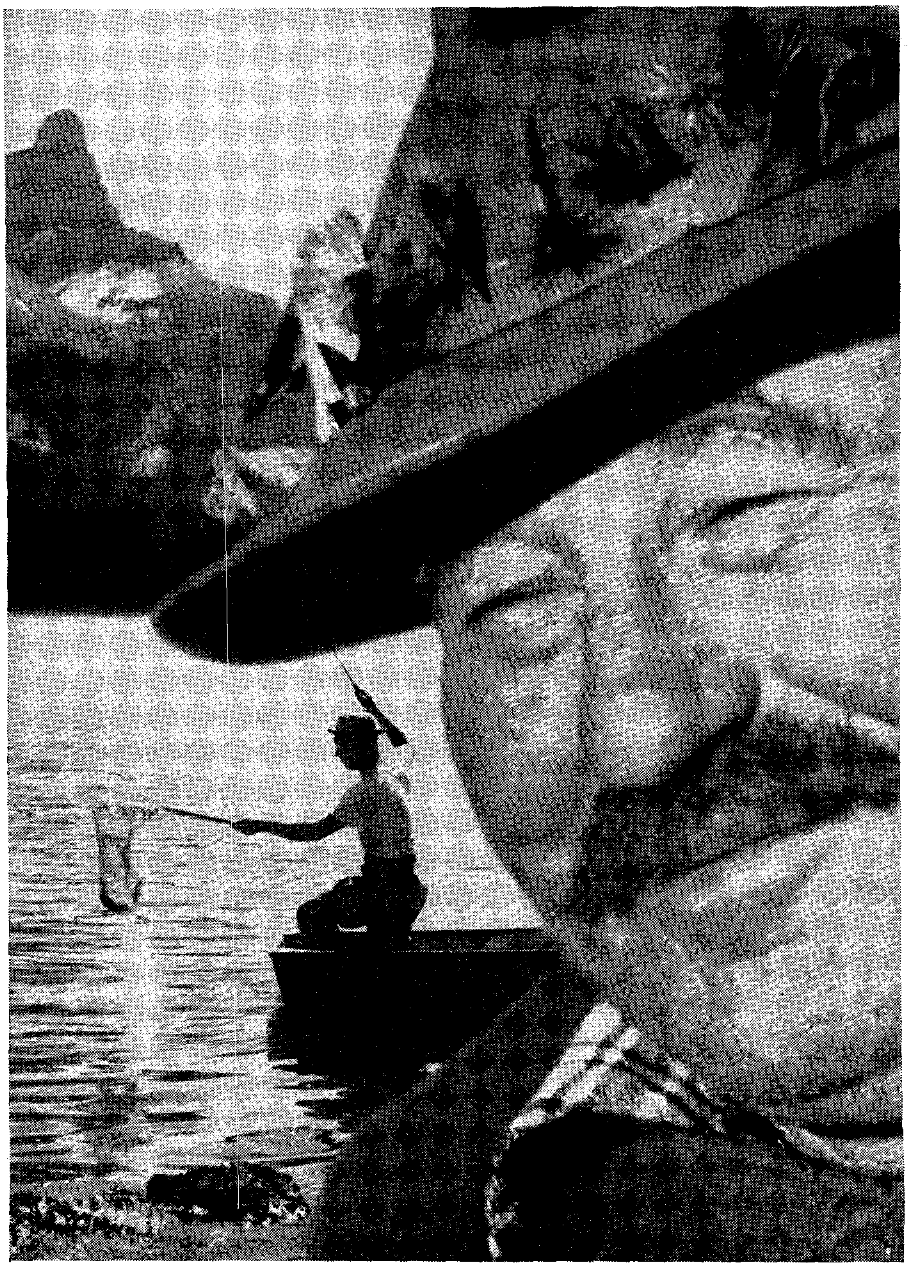


NEW YORK, 41 EAST 57TH STREET
CHICAGO, 638 MERCHANDISE MART
DALLAS, 230 DECORATIVE CENTER
CLEVE., DENVER, NASHVILLE, KANS. CITY
PHILA., CHARLESTON, W. VA., ST. LOUIS
SAN FRAN., WASH., D.C., BOSTON, MILW.
Send 10¢ for new booklet F.

find one or more experienced Antarctic hands to show you the way. Since it was a pleasant afternoon (though quite cold), and since most of the McMurdo people know and like the New Zealanders at Scott, I had no trouble rounding up two guides. Leaving our camp, we took a road leading east, past an unscenic cache of gasoline tanks, which marked the end of McMurdo and the beginning of Antarctica in its natural state. Beyond this point, the road climbed rather steeply toward a pass between two of the island's hills. Once we entered the pass, we left the black earth and its lava dust behind and were in a world of snow and ice. On a bright day like this, it was an extraordinarily gay world. The rays of the sun, reflected from the frozen crystalline formations on the ground, shone in dazzling prismatic blues, yellows, and reds, shading off into any number of delicate combinations of color. From the summit of the pass, where the road became a mere trail across the snow, we looked down a slope at another section of the sound's shore, which, because it presents a different face to the prevailing winds than McMurdo, is always snow-covered. The ice formations on the water there were more spectacular, too. At the point where the firm shore ice encountered the shifting bay ice, great pileups occurred, forming fantastic castles and caves, twenty or thirty feet high. From the pass, the path led down to this shore. The slope was gradual, but the going was so slippery that we constantly had to watch our footing. Well trod, safe, and short though the way was, the walk from McMurdo to Scott gave in miniature some sense of what an Antarctic overland journey must be like. Comfortably warmed by exercise and heavy clothes, I found that the cold and the rather gaudy scene seemed unreal, as if I were half participating in it and half watching it in a travelogue. I tried to imagine what this pleasant little trip would be like in a whiteout; with no

CANADA'S GOT IT!.. Game fish run bigger in Northern Ontario. Get your share of battling reel-benders this year! TCA's Fin, Fur and Feather Club will provide lodge, boat and guide. Other famed Canadian playgrounds are now only a few hours away by TCA – British Columbia, the Rockies, Quebec, Atlantic Provinces.

FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT, LOCAL TCA OFFICE OR WRITE "TCA, DEPT. N, BOX 598, MONTREAL, CANADA."



Fly TCA—It costs less by air with more time there.

ONLY TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES FLIES PROP-JET VISCOUNTS TO CANADA

TCA

visible object on which to fix one's attention, I supposed, the only reality would be the slight tug of gravity exerted by that gentle incline. It was easy to imagine how, in the absence of a horizon or any other point of reference, a man would lose all sense of balance and find himself floundering wildly, until at last he would be unable to stand up at all.

The second mile to Scott Base lay over bay ice, past an expanse of heaped-up castles. On this leg, looking backward, we had a fine view of Mount Erebus; from here its square, granitic head could be clearly seen, topped by a pall of condensed steam that looked like a small, permanent cloud. It was also on this leg that I had my first and only opportunity to get a good look at an example of the Antarctic crevasse. A characteristic Antarctic crevasse is a huge crack in the ice, generally caused by the slow but inexorable movement of a glacier; it may be wide enough to swallow up an entire tractor party without the slightest ceremony, and often it extends all the way down to the bottom of the icepack. What makes crevasses sinister is the fact that they are frequently covered by bridges of snow, blown so smooth as to camouflage them completely. They have done as much as anything to give Antarctica its reputation as a place where man was never intended to be.

The crevasses on the miniature trek from McMurdo to Scott Base are quite appropriately miniature crevasses, only a few inches wide. Technically, they qualify as crevasses, but because they are caused by the action of tides rather than glaciers, old Antarctic hands generally speak of them—not without a certain contempt—as "tide cracks." Crossing one tide crack, I paused to peer down into it. It was about five inches wide, and from inside it came a deep-blue glow, so luminous that it might almost have been an emanation from the subterranean fires that caused the cloud over Mount Erebus. I mentioned this extravagant fancy to my companions, and one of them replied that the glow was caused by diffused light coming through the surrounding ice from the sun and sky. Even so, he said, the crack was, in a way, practically bottomless; it certainly went all the way through the ice down to the waters of McMurdo Sound, and in certain places—some of them as near shore as this—McMurdo Sound is so deep that its bottom has never been found.

Scott Base, like McMurdo, has a runway on the ice (for ski planes only),

nobody
makes
a Sour
like
Jack
In your next Sour, use Apple Jack instead of whiskey. It's a simple switch, but what a terrific difference! Apple Jack's rich bouquet, its smooth taste lifts your Sour out of the routine, gives it a fresh, appetizing edge. Remember: use Apple Jack. You won't forget it.

Apple Jack Sour

LAIRD'S APPLE JACK • DISTILLED SINCE 1780
84 PROOF • LAIRD & CO., SCOBEYVILLE, N. J.

Alan Paine

Classics of the court.
Two handsome versions of the
famous club-trim cable sweater
by Alan Paine of England.
Worn by champions
the world over.
At most fine stores.

FRANK L. SAVAGE INC., 17 EAST 37 ST., N. Y.

REAL
JAMAICAN
HOSPITALITY
AT
Gloucester House
MONTEGO
BAY

- Private hotel entrance to DOCTOR'S CAVE BEACH
- Terrace dining, dancing and entertainment nightly, patio breakfast and luncheon

R. GEOFFREY ANDERSON
Managing Director
from Grosvenor House, Mayfair, London

For Color Folder See Your Travel Agent or
LEONARD HICKS JR. AND ASSOCIATES
65 West 54th St., New York 19 CI 7-6940
Also CHICAGO • CLEVELAND • MIAMI
WASHINGTON, D. C.

and its buildings are on lava. It differs from McMurdo in many ways, though—principally in size. At Scott, there are only four or five buildings, and when I visited it, there were only twenty men, as compared to some three hundred at McMurdo. It had only three planes—tiny single-engine craft, hardly more substantial than Piper Cubs. A man was standing on the runway watching some playful seals as we approached, and he greeted us warmly. He turned out to be the Scott Base commander—a soft-spoken, clean-shaven squadron leader in the New Zealand Royal Air Force named John Claydon. He invited us up to the base for a cup of tea, and I soon perceived that Scott has one distinct advantage over McMurdo in that its buildings are linked by tunnels; a Scott man might conceivably spend an entire winter there without ever having to brave the Antarctic night. As we drank our tea, Claydon told us that a few weeks earlier he had flown Sir Edmund Hillary out to Depot 700, a supply point that many miles from Scott Base, to join the Fuchs party and help guide it in; more recently, he and his fellow-pilots had been flying reconnaissance and support missions to Hillary and Fuchs. I asked whether he found planes as small and apparently as fragile as his rather trying to fly, and he nodded slightly. "There are violent drafts over Mount Discovery, both up and down," he said, in a soft voice. "Not to scare one, of course, but there are times when there is danger of your aircraft falling apart."

When we had finished our tea, we thanked Claydon and started back to McMurdo. By the time we reached the top of the pass, we were overheated, so we lay down in the snow for a few minutes to cool off. The sensation was perfectly delightful.

As my companions and I drew near McMurdo, we saw a group of perhaps a dozen men standing on the brow of a hill overlooking the runway. During our absence, the Globemaster that had brought me down to McMurdo had left for Christchurch, but there was an air of tension about these men that made it clear that this was not just the tail end of a bon-voyage gathering. My friend Big Eye was in their midst, and I asked him what was up. "Look there," he said, and gestured toward a patch of water that now lay between the shore and the runway. It wasn't really a big patch, but it had ominous implications, for it was roughly

Own a dishwasher?

A famous **all** *for washing clothes*
has met your fondest wishes,
So why not let **DISHWASHER all**
polish off the dishes?

DISHWASHER
all
Prescribed only for
ELECTRIC
DISHWASHERS

PRESCRIBED BY
DISHWASHER
MANUFACTURERS

AFTER DINNER . . . you can relax with confidence whenever you use self-polishing DISHWASHER *all* in your electric dishwasher. You can be certain for the first time that your dishes will sparkle and gleam . . . and be really clean . . . without any pre-scrubbing and polishing afterward.

Unconditionally guaranteed by Lever Brothers Company.

NANCY GREER Cupioni classic with "that young sophisticated look." Of Beau-Shan by WISHBOW-ROSENBERG, the washable, crease resistant fabric of textured Cupioni and cotton, freshened with embroidery highlights. Sand, tangerine, blue, navy. Sizes 10 to 18. About **$15.00.** Lord & Taylor, New York, Manhasset, Garden City, Westchester, Millburn, West Hartford, Bala-Cynwyd; Gus Mayer, Ltd., New Orleans; Battelstein's, Houston.

Bemberg®
ARISTOCRAT OF RAYON YARN

"CUPIONI" IS AMERICAN BEMBERG'S REGISTERED TRADE MARK FOR CUPRAMMONIUM RAYON YARN

For name of store nearest you write to:
AMERICAN BEMBERG
Main Office: 261 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 16, N.Y.

in the shape of a clenched hand with a forefinger pointing at the road that led over the ice between the runway and the base.

"What's it mean?" I asked.

"Only that we may lose the runway," he said. "That's all. It could happen. The ice in McMurdo Sound went out completely in 1902, and again in 1914. And there are lots of other years when it may have gone out, too, but you can't tell, because nobody was here. Anyhow, there are two things that could happen. The inshore ice may break up, cutting us off from the runway except by helicopter, and that would be fairly bad, or the runway itself may break up and float away, and that would be really bad."

"But it's autumn—it's getting colder," I said. "Why should the ice break up now?"

"That's the funny thing," my friend said. "In the middle of summer, you can't use the runway, because melting causes surface potholes. Then, at the end of summer—now, in other words—maybe you can't use it because of a different trouble, and a much worse one. What happens is that the summer temperatures soften up the ice all over, and then the tides start nibbling away at it from underneath. That ice out there is soft now. Sure, the weather's getting cold, but it won't be cold enough for some weeks yet to do much good." He gave me a rather distraught look. "Anybody who wants to get out of here before winter closes in had better start praying for that ice to hold," he said.

The threat to the runway brought an immediate change in the tempo of life at McMurdo; a mood of urgency and anxiety settled over the little community. Each of the next few days was colder than the previous one, and in spite of Big Eye's sensible explanation, I couldn't help wondering at the paradox of everyone's worrying about the melting of the runway at a time when the onrush of winter was becoming more insistent every hour. The wind was rising, too; it fluttered the cloth covering of my Jamesway hut and tugged relentlessly at the door. I began to appreciate both the bright and the dark sides of day-to-day life at McMurdo—the exhilaration induced by the crisp, generally dry air, and the vague feeling of unease, deriving from many things, no doubt, but mostly, I suspected, from the total absence of vegetation.

Feeling that I didn't fully understand the implications of the runway

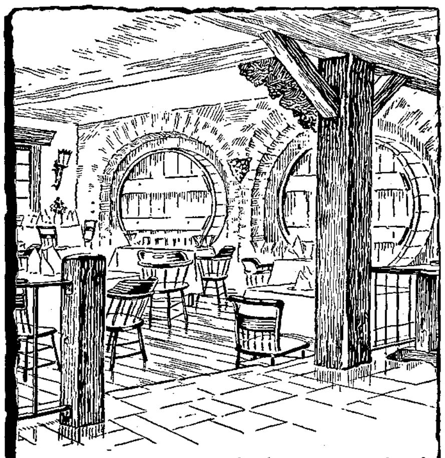
2½ Rms from $136 • 3 from $178 • 3½ from $183 • 4 from $250 • 5 from $268

DON'T MOVE!

until you visit

WASHINGTON SQUARE VILLAGE

Renting Office and Information Center: Through the Arch • 1 Block South of Washington Square Park • Telephone OR 7-5900 • Occupancy Fall 1958



The finest type of American food

EMILY SHAW'S INN

POUND RIDGE, N. Y.

From Merritt Parkway to Exit 35 then six miles north on Route 137 *or* Route 22 to Bedford Village thence to Pound Ridge.

John F. Shaw, *Owner*
CLOSED MONDAYS
Phone: Pound Ridge 4-8873

Visit the Old English Tap Room

affair—or perhaps that I understood them all too fully—I sought out Dr. Ackroyd in the dispensary one morning and bearded him, figuratively speaking, in his capacity as public-information officer. He leaned back in his chair and raised a calming hand. "Let's get one thing straight," he said. "Even if the whole runway should break up, no one who isn't scheduled to spend the winter here is going to have to. A Navy icebreaker—the Glacier—ought to be able to make the run between McMurdo and Christchurch until sometime around the end of March. After that, there's no denying that the icepack would be too thick. But it takes the Glacier only six days to get from Christchurch to here, so it would have plenty of time to make two round trips, if necessary."

"And after that?" I asked.

"After that, the wintering-over party at McMurdo, like all the other wintering-over parties in Antarctica, will be isolated until mid-October," he said. "But everybody's known that all along."

"Any chance of a plane getting in—or out—after the lock-up?" I asked. "I don't mean a Globemaster—a ski plane."

"Well, theoretically, a ski plane might be able to fly from Christchurch to McMurdo during the Antarctic night, but the storms, cold, and darkness would make it suicidal," he said. "Anyway, no such flight has ever been attempted. Altogether, you can take it as fact that there's no way a man can get out of Antarctica during the six winter months."

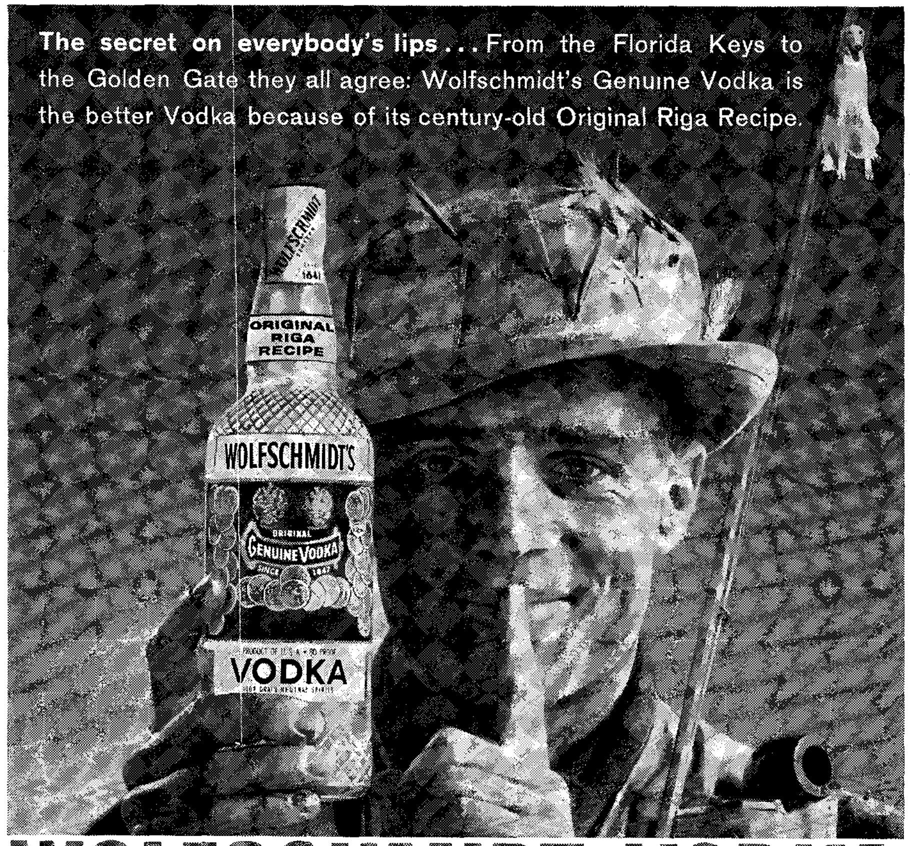
After pausing to take a puff on his cigar and let that sink in, Dr. Ackroyd explained the wintering-over sys-

LISTEN
WEBCOR

New! Stereofonic tape recorder and fonograf make complete high fidelity home music center

Music from one "Custom 10" Twin plays through both . . . for perfect stereofonic sound! Webcor Stereo "Custom 10" Tape Recorder in mahogany, limed oak or cherry —about $290.00. Matching "Custom 10" High Fidelity Fonograf—about $190.00

ALL MUSIC SOUNDS BETTER ON A WEBCOR!



The secret on everybody's lips . . . From the Florida Keys to the Golden Gate they all agree: Wolfschmidt's Genuine Vodka is the better Vodka because of its century-old Original Riga Recipe.

WOLFSCHMIDT VODKA

GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK 22, N. Y. MADE FROM GRAIN. 100 OR 80 PROOF. PRODUCT OF U. S. A.

The Gold Medal Brandy
CORONET
VSQ
CALIFORNIA STATE FAIR
1st prize
CORONET
VSQ
BRANDY
We won First Prize in open competition at the California State Fair
VSQ
CORONET
VSQ
Brandy
CORONET BRANDY
Paul Rand

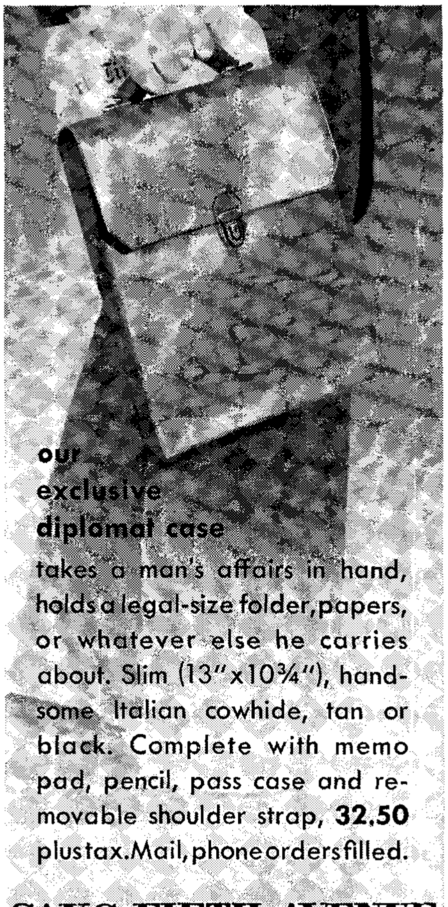
BRANDY DIST. CORP., 350 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y.
CALIFORNIA GRAPE BRANDY. 84 PROOF

tem. Everyone who winters over, whether a civilian or a service man, does so voluntarily, and, with very few exceptions, no one is allowed to winter over for two successive years. (The military members of the summer support party, who had arrived last October and November and were now about to leave, were not necessarily volunteers.) The hundred and twenty-one men who were to winter over at McMurdo this year—among them the Doctor himself—had all been there since early in the summer season. All the members of the previous winter party had left last October and November; they had stayed on just long enough to impress upon their replacements some of the hard facts about wintering over. I asked Dr. Ackroyd whether a man who had impulsively volunteered to winter over many months ago and had since changed his mind would have to go through with it. Only if there were no volunteer replacements to be found among the men in the summer support party, he replied, but at the moment there were a couple of volunteers standing by, ready to step into just such a breach. His own guess was that they wouldn't be needed.

The Doctor's words served as a reminder that for those of us who did not care to winter over, it would soon be time to get going, and they impelled me to mention the fact that, as a mere tourist, I was particularly anxious to fly over the South Pole; how did the chances look? "Not too bad," he said. "There's a Globemaster supply-and-equipment drop at the Pole scheduled, and as far as we know, it will go off. As a matter of fact, on account of the runway trouble they've decided to make it sooner than expected. The latest dope is that a Globemaster will arrive here from Christchurch tomorrow and go on down to the Pole as soon as it can get loaded up. They'll probably be willing to take you along for the ride. But I'd better explain that the drop is optional. That is, the Pole Station already has its minimum supply requirements for the winter. They can get through all right down there even if this drop isn't made, so it doesn't *have* to be made, and if our runway goes on deteriorating, it won't be." He gazed intently at me, and continued, "Let me tell you something about the Antarctic. You don't count on things. You plan, yes. In the rest of the world, things work out so that routine plans usually materialize more or less on schedule. Not here. You learn to live with the fact that you're a long way from being master of your environ-

The ROMA
Made in Italy by BARBISIO
A featherweight, rough textured hat.
Soft enough to roll up for
carrying convenience
Dove grey, dark grey, dusty tan
dark brown, olive green
$16.50
Regular oval

F.R. TRIPLER & CO.
Clothing · Hats · Haberdashery
Established 1886
MADISON AVENUE AT 46 STREET · NEW YORK



our exclusive diplomat case takes a man's affairs in hand, holds a legal-size folder, papers, or whatever else he carries about. Slim (13"x10¾"), handsome Italian cowhide, tan or black. Complete with memo pad, pencil, pass case and removable shoulder strap, **32.50** plus tax. Mail, phone orders filled.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
Rockefeller Center N.Y. · White Plains · Springfield, N. J.
Chicago · Detroit · Beverly Hills

ment. In Antarctica, plans are always tentative."

I SETTLED down to wait for the Pole flight. McMurdo was full of scientists and engineers who had converged on the base by ski plane from stations all over the continent and were now on their way home. At lunch one day, I had shared a table with seven of the transients—five service men and two civilians—who had spent the past few months at Byrd Station, core-drilling a thousand feet down through the ice. They were taking home short sections of the core, each sample packed in a refrigerated container marked with the depth at which it had been found, and these were to be analyzed for age by a laboratory in Illinois. The members of the party told me that they had also done extensive core-drilling in Arctic ice—in Greenland and northern Canada—and, in fact, most of them had been shuttling between the two polar areas since 1954. "After a while, it grows on you," one of them remarked.

But it was not the homebound scientists who were getting the most attention at McMurdo just then; it was the members of the prospective wintering-over party. One afternoon, I ran across Lieutenant Harold V. Heaney, the base chaplain—a rugged, two-fisted explorer-padre—and he plunged right into the subject, which was plainly uppermost in his mind. "For the winter party, the moment of truth is approaching," he said. "You can guess what I mean by that—the moment when the last plane and the last ship have gone and the remaining men are locked in for the winter. That runway situation—it serves to dramatize the fact that the moment of truth *is* approaching. Some of the men are a bit nervous. The last Globemaster brought a big load of mail, and several of them got letters that made them very unhappy. They're at the stage now where they read things into casual phrases in their letters from home, and that isn't good. I have a feeling that things will improve after we're locked in. No more letters, and no possibility of backing out."

By now, I knew who a good many of the members of the prospective wintering-over party were, and as I walked around the base, I searched their faces. Perhaps it was the concealment of their beards, but I could detect no signs of nervousness or anxiety. By now, too, I knew that at McMurdo there is a mystique associated with wintering over. In the camp's social system, caste lines are drawn less on the basis of

magnificent Magnavox High Fidelity TV

. . . the finest on any basis of comparison

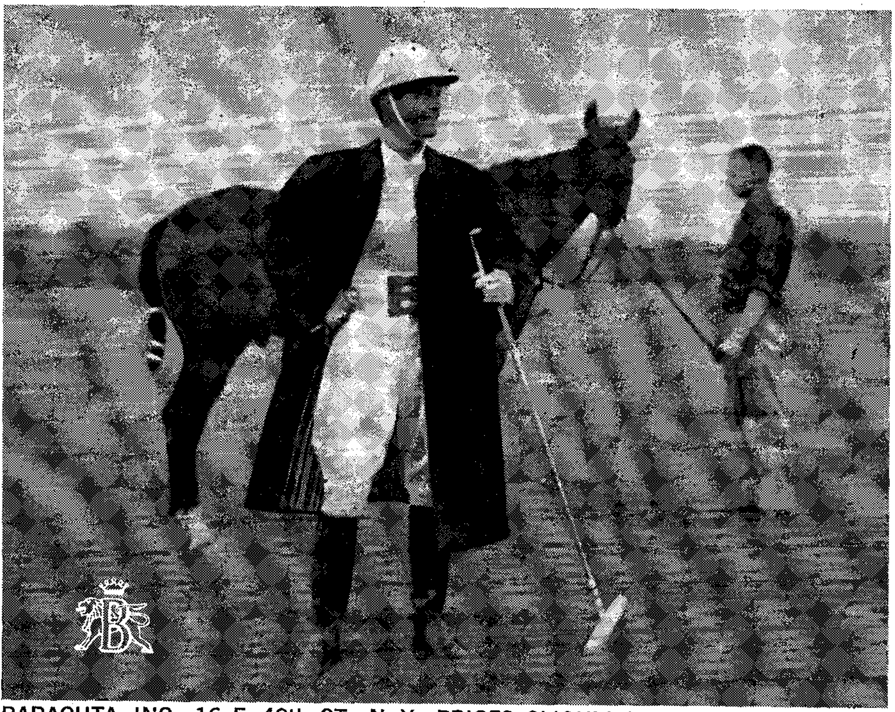
THE DIPLOMAT. High Fidelity TV. 4 speakers—332 sq. in. screen. In genuine woods from $399.50.

Prove to yourself that Magnavox Television is the finest—and the best buy on any basis of comparison. Magnavox is sold direct through dealers specially selected for their ability to serve you. Choose from 37 beautiful styles, in every price range from $169.90.

THE MAGNAVOX COMPANY • FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

AMERICAN POLOIST AND HIS BRITISH ALL-WEATHER COAT. Our poloist is a 10-goal man. His all-weather topcoat, the unchallenged Ascot by Baracuta. It moves as easily as he does from matches to mansions. Fabric: muted metallic cotton with a super-fine silken texture. Lines: clean-cut American. Tailoring: thoroughbred British. Iridescent Green, Grey, Bronze, Navy, tie-striped linings. $49.50. At finest shops and department stores or write.

BARACUTA®
BRITAIN'S BEST



BARACUTA, INC., 16 E. 40th ST., N. Y., PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST COAST

Seven Winds

...wear it
and you
stir up
a storm!

Seven Winds
COLOGNE SUPRÊME
Seven Winds

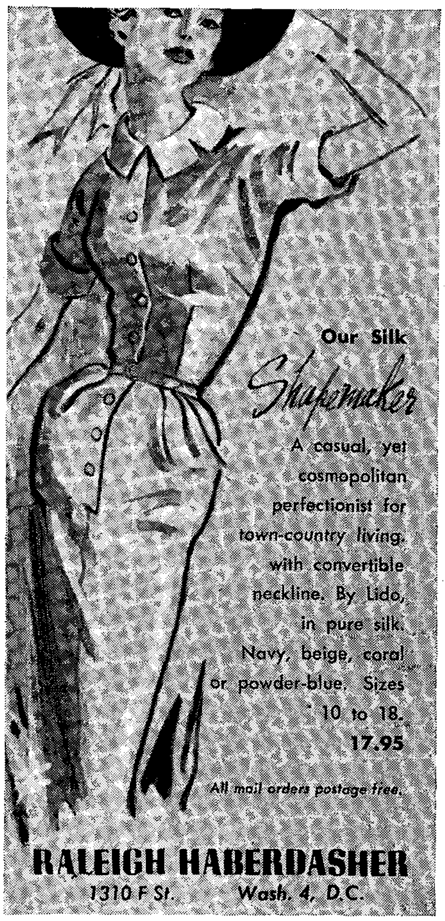
Perfume 2.50, 10.00, 18.50
Cologne Suprême 2.50, 4.00 PRICES PLUS TAX
Also in Bath Powder and Cologne Spray Mist

DuBARRY
NEW YORK • PARIS

officer vs. enlisted man than on the basis of wintering-over volunteer vs. summer-support-party recruit. The current aristocrats were the prospective winterers-over. It was apparent that the new crop of volunteers had asked enough questions of the departing winter crowd to get a pretty good idea of what they were in for. In some ways, one of them told me casually, he thought the winter was going to be a lot pleasanter than the summer had been. The base population would be greatly reduced, and that would mean more living and recreation space. And there would be no idle hands; the whole bunch of them would have to pitch in and help keep the base's mechanical equipment running during the bitter weather. Moreover, the food would be better, because the McMurdo cooks had a way of dishing out canned goods during the summer months and saving the fresh-frozen delicacies for winter. At lunch one day, I asked another member of the winter party whether he thought he'd be homesick. "They tell me that's not much of a problem," he replied. "After a couple of months of winter, they say, you push the rest of the world out of your mind—family, love, sex, everything. McMurdo—or Byrd Station, or Little America, or wherever you happen to be—becomes your world for the winter." Then a chink appeared in his armor as he added, "And if you do want to talk to people at home, you can do it by ham radio."

Back in New York, of course, I'd read about this informal means of chatting with Antarcticans, but I hadn't thought to ask about it at McMurdo. "How does it work?" I asked.

"The place to see it is down at the ham shack," he said. "They've got a special radio setup there—separate from the official Navy one—that's used for nothing but personal calls. They operate it whenever communications men can be spared from other duties. I think it's working now." I followed him from Chowheim to a small Jamesway hut not far from the camp chapel. Inside, two Navy men were presiding over a complicated array of radio equipment while half a dozen others stood around—waiting, it turned out, for their turn to talk to people in the States. My guide approached a man whose face sported an almost startling decoration—a neat, dapper mustache—and introduced him to me as Lieutenant Commander Theodore M. Slabey, the base communications officer, explaining that I was curious to see the ham rig in operation. Slabey prefaced his demonstration by



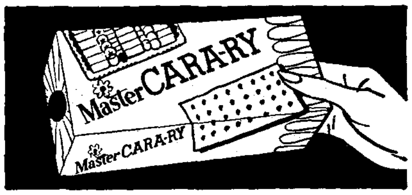
Our Silk
Shapemaker
A casual, yet cosmopolitan perfectionist for town-country living, with convertible neckline. By Lido, in pure silk. Navy, beige, coral or powder-blue. Sizes 10 to 18.
17.95
All mail orders postage free.
RALEIGH HABERDASHER
1310 F St. Wash. 4, D.C.

RATHER RARE:

It's CARAway...It's RYe.
It's CARA-RY

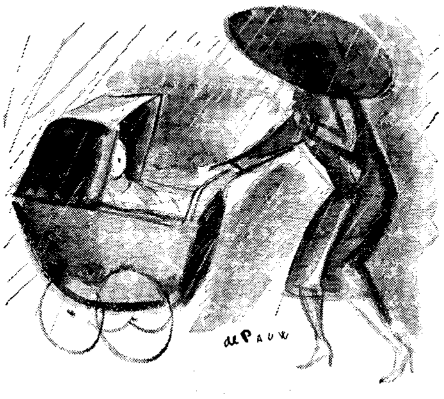
You'll probably love it. Unless, of course, you happen to prefer your rye straight. Cara-Ry is a crisp rye wafer with an unexpected touch of caraway that puts it in a class by itself. The perfect base for spreads, cheese, or just plain butter—at lunchtime, cocktail-time, snack-time.

About 30¢ at your favorite food shops in town. Or, write Zinsmaster, Box 597, Minneapolis, Minnesota, for name of store nearest you.



telling me a little about how it all works. To put a call through, he said, an operator at McMurdo gets in touch with a ham operator somewhere in the States; the ham, after taking down the name and telephone number of the person being called, rings up the number and then—using a device known as a patch—plugs the telephone line into his radio connection with McMurdo. The ham monitors the conversation, and when it is over, he disconnects his patch and is ready to put through another call from McMurdo. The person receiving the call pays only the cost of a regular telephone call from the ham's house to his—or, more likely, hers. The ham's services as a go-between are purely voluntary. Consequently, if the McMurdo radioman succeeds in making contact with a ham who lives only a few miles from the person being called, the charge for a call from Antarctica to, say, Bangor, Maine, may be no more than ten cents. Slabey said that amateurs in almost every state of the Union have coöperated in making "ham patches" for McMurdo men, but that the most reliable one—and the one they work through most frequently—is a teen-ager named Jules Madey, who operates amateur station K2KGJ, in Clark, New Jersey. "Jules is on just about every night, and he spends most of his time making patches for us," Slabey told me. "In fact, I think Jules is making a patch for us right now."

We walked over to one of the operators and found that he was indeed exchanging a few pleasantries with Jules. When they had finished passing the time of day, he gave Jules a name and telephone number in Connecticut. There was a pause of a minute or so, and then Jules came back on. "You're through to her, McMurdo," I heard him say, and one of the men in the hut eagerly stepped forward to a transmitter. At the Connecticut end was a girl who—as everyone soon knew—was the caller's wife. The conversation was painfully public; in addition to Jules, in



Cherry Heering

Denmark's Liqueur Delight
Since 1818

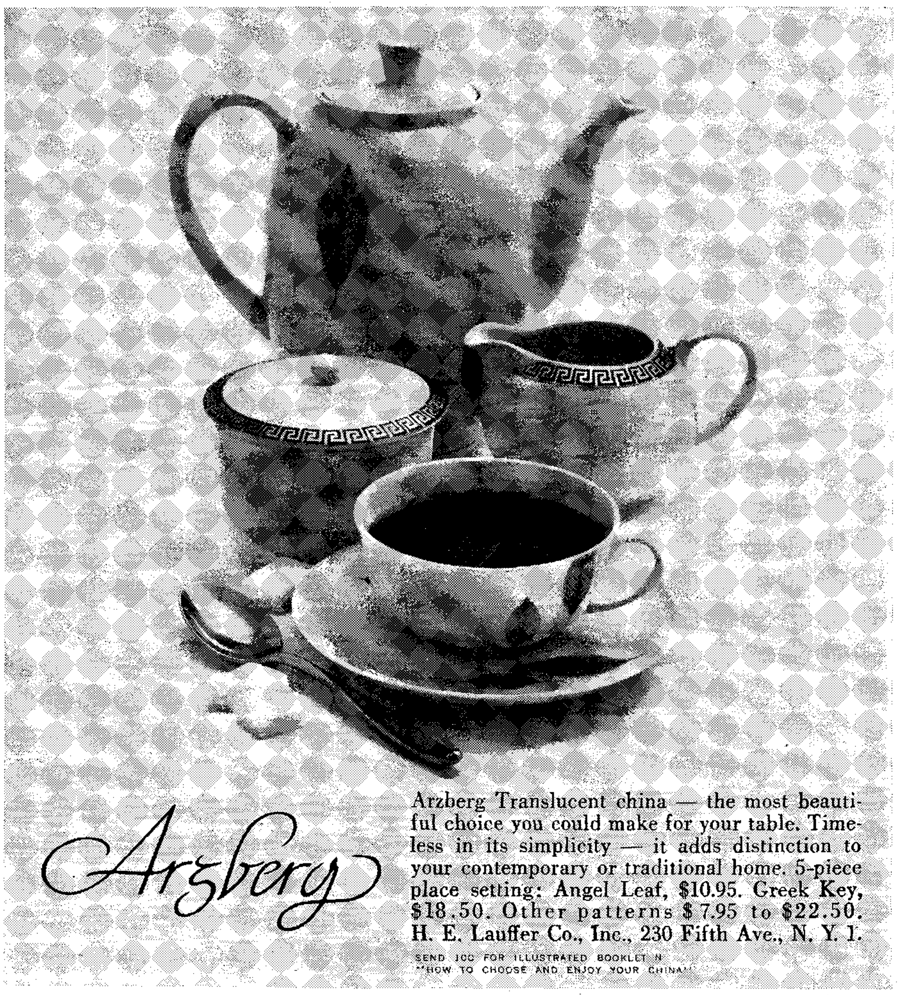
Danish Recipe Booklet Free
Includes recipes of Danish dishes, ideas for flower arrangements, etc. Beautifully illustrated.

Write Dept. NY-2.
SCHENLEY IMPORT CO.
350 Fifth Avenue
NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

All your guests will enjoy it!

49 PROOF

Peter F. Heering
CHERRY HEERING
LIQUEUR



Arzberg

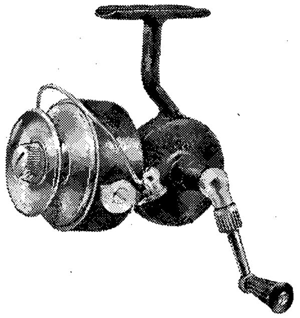
Arzberg Translucent china — the most beautiful choice you could make for your table. Timeless in its simplicity — it adds distinction to your contemporary or traditional home. 5-piece place setting: Angel Leaf, $10.95. Greek Key, $18.50. Other patterns $7.95 to $22.50. H. E. Lauffer Co., Inc., 230 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 1.

SEND 10¢ FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET N
"HOW TO CHOOSE AND ENJOY YOUR CHINA"

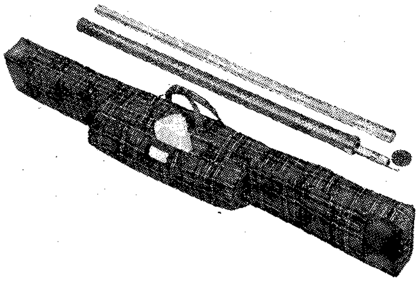
A&F

April calls the angler

Respond confidently by coming to Abercrombie's tackle department for the finest accessories and gear.



A&F Spinning Reel. An exclusive import . . . lightweight with the smooth action of a precision watch. Black oven-baked enamel crackle finish. Capacity 200 yds. 6-lb. test monofilament. With extra quick-change spool. . . . **$19.95**
Extra spool. **$2.00**



A&F 55" Magnum Rod Bag. Attractive red plaid adds color to this waterproofed rod carrying bag. Carries four 2" diameter tubes or six fly-rod cases. Zipper pocket for reels, fly box. **$13.50**
Standard Bag. 45", no pocket. . **$9.95**

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

New York—360 MADISON AVENUE
Chicago—VL&A—9 NO. WABASH
San Francisco—220 POST STREET

Clark, New Jersey, not only the McMurdo radio operator but everybody else in the hut couldn't help hearing it all. Furthermore, the setup worked on the one-way-at-a-time principle, and this intensified the stilted quality of the tête-à-tête. The McMurdo man started out by making a long and rather formal speech, detailing recent developments at the base, his financial status, and his intention of being home by next Christmas. Finally, he touched very lightly on his feelings toward his wife. Then he said "Over," and she came on. Her voice was so clear as to be shocking; it did not sound like a telephone voice but like that of a person speaking over an intercom from the next room. She described a few banal happenings at home and assured him, as warmly as possible under the circumstances, that she loved him. Then she said "Over and out," like an expert, ending the call. I felt somewhat guilty at having eavesdropped, and said so to Slabey. He nodded, and told me that he and his men were planning to build a booth in a corner of the hut that would give the caller at least the illusion of privacy, even though both the McMurdo radio operator and the Stateside ham would still have to listen in.

My experience in the radio hut haunted me the rest of the afternoon. The voice of the girl in Connecticut rang in my ears until it began to seem spooky. It occurred to me that in winter, when Antarctica is isolated to the extent of being detached from the rest of the planet, such a cozy conversation with a loved one might have distinctly unpleasant overtones. That reminded me that I wanted to have a talk with Dr. Ackroyd about what it is that impels men to volunteer for an Antarctic winter. After dinner, I went around to the dispensary and was fortunate enough to find the Doctor alone at his desk. I put my question to him, and he leaned back and offered me a cigar, which I accepted. "So you like cigars," he said. "Why don't you winter over with us? Of cigars we have plenty—and good ones, too." When I didn't leap at the idea, he grinned. "You want to know why we do it," he said. "Well, everybody has his own guess about that. I'll give you mine. We do it for a number of reasons—some good, some bad. I'm just talking about military men now, mind you. The scientists have their own reasons, and I'd say that plain scientific curiosity is the main one. All right, good reasons first. You have Navy men who are out to distinguish themselves in the hope of

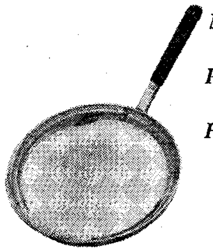
JUSTERINI & BROOKS

Charles Dickens was an eminent patron of Justerini & Brooks who then as now provide the choicest in wines and spirits. Try the famous Rare J. & B. Scotch, of flavour unsurpassed.

Pennies more in cost
Worlds apart in quality

J&B SCOTCH WHISKY
86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky
Imported by THE PADDINGTON CORP., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

LA CUISINIÈRE, INC.



No Need to Season
Our Very Special
Polished Aluminum
Omelette Pan
Heat Proof Handles
Black, Blue, Red
or Yellow
10½"........$7.50 pp.
8½"........$5.50 pp.
Basic Recipe with Each Pan
Write For Free Catalogue
133 EAST 55th St., NEW YORK 22, N.Y.

LAUNDEL

by Henri Bendel...the refreshing, fragrant liquid for washing your most delicate intimate apparel.

BENDEL

being promoted. That's true of some enlisted men, but it applies chiefly to middle-grade officers—career men of around thirty, who've come to a time in their lives when they know they'd better do something special right away if they're ever going to get to the top. Whatever volunteering for Antarctic duty may not do, it *does* get you noticed by higher authority. I imagine that's one reason nobody has any trouble understanding. Then there's a more complicated one, but equally valid—the old explorer instinct. Now I'm talking about enlisted men of the upper grades, mostly, who have no particular ambition to become officers—chief petty officers, happily married, over thirty-five, don't drink excessively. They just have the itch to do something out of the ordinary. It's the speculator in them. If there weren't Antarctica to go to, it might be—what? I don't know. Anyhow, men like that are the backbone of this base, and of the other Antarctic bases, too, I suppose. Now for some bad reasons. Throughout the Navy, Antarctica in general, and McMurdo in particular, have the reputation of being easy duty, especially if you can't stand authority. Men of the lazy or rebellious type hear that the bars are down here—or, rather, that they've never been raised. Officers and enlisted men eat together, everyone carries his own duffel, and so on. Well, that attracts them. Those men become problems, especially when it comes to getting work done. But there's a still worse motive, and a more complex one. A man who constitutionally can't adjust to life at home comes down here thinking he will find a form of society that will be more sympathetic to him. And what happens? As soon as he gets here, he sets about doing everything he can to rebuild the image of the society he left at home—and before long, naturally, he finds this one unsympathetic, too."

The Doctor walked over to a thermos jug on a side table and poured us each a paper cup of coffee. Then, back in his chair, he relit his cigar, and continued, "That's the sort of man who turns out to be sub-par in both personality and work. A 'loser,' he's called in Navy slang. We've had remarkably few of them here this summer, and, from what I've been told, there were even fewer during the past two winters. Of course, all volunteers for winter duty in Antarctica are carefully screened by psychiatrists. That's how the really bad types have been kept out—the ones who might be impelled to volunteer by a real urge to flee reality. Considering the

16200
SQUARE FEET
OF
Skating
fun!

Yours to enjoy
at Sun Valley
IDAHO
for reservations:

Address Mr. Winston McCrea, Mgr., Sun Valley, Idaho (or phone Sun Valley 3311), or Union Pacific Railroad, Room 2498, Omaha 2, Nebr., or see your travel agent.

Only at Sun Valley will you find an outdoor, Olympic-size, all-seasons ice rink. Daily patch sessions and superb instruction available by Hans Johnsen and staff.

There's a wonderful world of other outdoor fun, too, including golf, tennis, skeet and trap shooting, swimming, fishing and evening entertainment, so why not make *this* the year?

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

OWNED AND OPERATED BY UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

Carry your success casually!

On quick trips, nothing equals the well-mannered distinction, the zip-up ease of Hartmann's Casuals for men! Buckskin tan canvas and cowhide
42" Deluxe Tally-Ho Garment Bag, $79.95;
18" Station Wagon Bag, $49.95.
Plus taxes

Hartmann
celebrating 80 years of luggage craftsmanship

HARTMANN LUGGAGE COMPANY, RACINE, WISCONSIN

Martha West

So smart! So practical!

Arnel Jersey

in our two-piece dress with wrap-around blouse and a skirt that falls into fine permanent pleating from a flat hip-line; elasticized waistband. Hand washable, keeps its pristine smoothness without pressing. By Bobette-Morton in Beige, French Blue, Mist Green, Navy.

Sizes 10-20 22.95
38-42, 24.95

Send for our Spring Booklet

●

Special attention to Mail Orders. Please add 3% sales tax in New York City. 45c outside New York City.

MARTHA WEST
444 Madison Ave. (at 49th) NEW YORK
also at WHITE PLAINS • NEW HAVEN
WESTPORT • NEW CANAAN

conditions here in winter after the base is cut off from the rest of the world, the record is extraordinary. At the end of last winter, for example, eight men were sent out of McMurdo on high medical priority—and the majority of them were just routine medical cases of injury or illness. In the two winters of Deep Freeze, out of a total of almost five hundred Americans wintering over, only one became such a bad psychiatric problem that he had to be confined. Pretty good, I'd say."

THAT night I had an attack of the big eye. I lay awake for what seemed like hours, thinking about what winter at McMurdo, or anywhere else in Antarctica, must be like: four months of seeing no sunlight, no plant, no woman, no child, no mail from home; of constantly hearing the howl of the wind, punctuated now and again by the howls from Dogheim; and of knowing that the nearest civilized community is across two thousand miles of ice-clogged sea, and that, as far as the chance of reaching it before spring goes, it might as well be two million miles of space. The sound of the woman's voice from Connecticut—so real, yet so unreal—kept coming back to me. Finally, at around midnight, I followed the example of the wild prophet and sought surcease from the big eye by going out and looking at the sound.

The runway situation, I could see, was getting worse, although it did not seem to be desperate yet. The open-water area near the shore had broadened and lengthened, and the pointing finger now extended almost to the road over the ice, but the runway itself appeared to be holding firm. It was a gusty night, with a partly cloudy sky. The sun was noticeably lower than it had been at midnight six days earlier, on my first night at McMurdo, but it was still clearing the top of Mount Discovery by a comfortable margin. On the opposite side of the heavens, above the Ross Island foothills, a pale half moon hung, and I found it a reassuring sight. For a moment, I could not figure out why, and then I realized that it was because seeing the moon way up there at least proved that I was not on it; nothing else about the abstract landscape of McMurdo could quite offer logical proof of that. Whether it was the comforting sight of the moon or my walk in the open air, I soon got sleepy, and headed back to my hut, cured of the big eye for the night.

In the morning, the wind was blowing viciously, and the temperature was

K ♥ K ♠

THE KING IS BACK

The Empire Room presents

MAURICE CHEVALIER

THE INCOMPARABLE STAR OF ALL TIME

At Dinner—10 p.m. Mon., Tues., Wed.
Two shows—9:30 and 12:15
Thursday, Friday and Saturday

Emil Coleman and his Orchestra

Bela Babai *"King of the Gypsies" and his orchestra*

WALDORF·ASTORIA

Park Avenue • 49th to 50th Sts. • ELdorado 5-3000

SKYTOP CLUB

"Secluded in the Poconos"

Relax and enjoy Skytop's superb facilities for golf, tennis, sun-lazing, riding, in a delightfully informal and refreshing atmosphere. Indoor games, orchestra, movies. Everything for children . . . and those famous Skytop meals.

In New York Phone:
MU 6-8648

SKYTOP CLUB
BOX 1
SKYTOP, PENNA.

Ideal for Honeymoon—write today!

LANDMARK OF HOSPITALITY

Lüchow's

RESTAURANT

THE GOURMETS' RENDEZVOUS

Since 1882

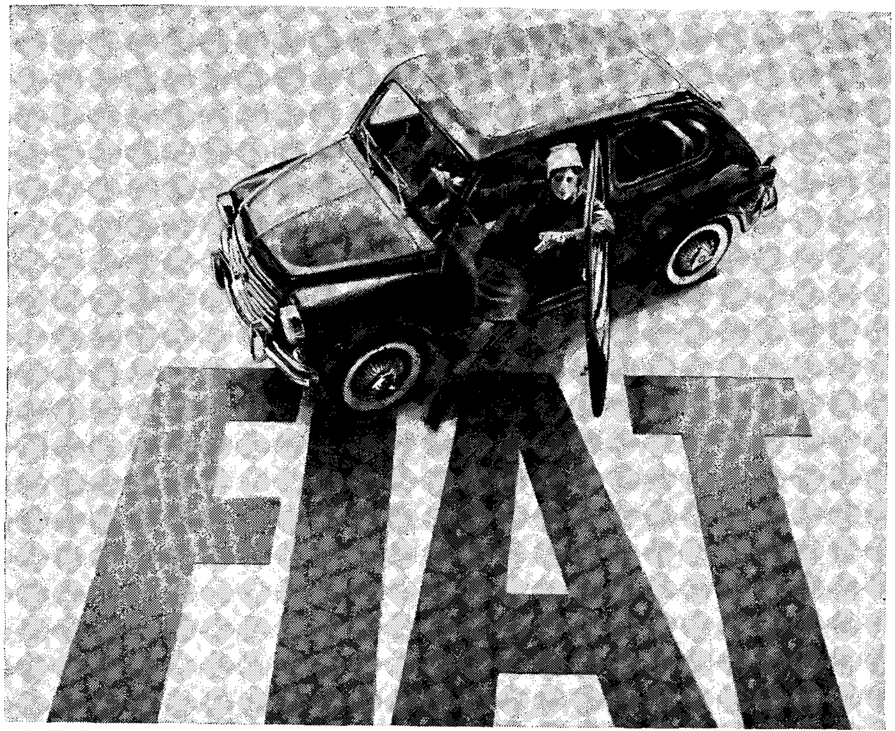
110-112 EAST 14th STREET
GR-7-4860

We park your car at dinner

down near zero—the coldest weather I had encountered in Antarctica. After breakfast, I went out for another look at the runway. I could hardly have anticipated what I saw. The expected Globemaster had arrived from Christchurch; it stood ponderously on the ice, with a little cluster of men and bundles beside it. But the startling thing was that the patch of open water near the shore had more than doubled in size since midnight, bisecting the road between the runway and the base with a blue canal some fifty feet wide, and cutting the runway off entirely from the land. I wondered how the men from the plane were going to get ashore, until I saw that two helicopters were plying back and forth between the runway and a small area of hard, level ground behind the McMurdo chapel, bringing up the men and supplies disgorged by the plane. I beat my way against the wind over to the helicopter landing area and there was delighted to find Captain Wrinkle. "Got to hurry up and get some sleep," he said, in apology for not stopping to chat with me. "We've been flying eleven hours, and tonight we've got to fly eight more. To the Pole and back. Want to get that supply drop squeezed in before the runway goes out completely. See you later."

On my way down Forrestal Avenue shortly afterward, I ran into Dr. Ackroyd. "You're in," he told me. "I talked to Air Operations, and they said there would be room for you on the Pole drop tonight. The plane will be loaded by helicopter, of course. Be ready at midnight—out behind the chapel, where the helicopters land. I advise you to dress warmly, even though you won't be leaving the plane. It gets cold in that cabin when they open the doors for the drop."

All day long, the helicopters shuttled between the runway and the base,



INDULGE YOUR GOOD JUDGMENT in the Fabulous Fiat . . . If you buy it as your "second" car you may soon prefer it to your "first." Custom-crafted in Europe, styled in the Italian fashion. Fabulously roomy and comfortable, yet so compact parking is a snap. Series 600 sedan (above) is only 10½ feet long. Fabulously economical — up to 42 miles per gallon. The Fiat 500 delivers up to 53! There are four series, eight models — sedans, sports cars, station wagons. Fabulously low priced . . . the Fiat 600 above is $1298 at port of entry — New York. See your Fiat dealer or phone or write Fiat Motor Co., Inc., 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York. Longacre 5-7034 . . .* **FIAT**

*Suggested retail price for cars with black tires, cloth upholstery which are supplied on order; cars with white wall tires, leatherette upholstery immediately available at $1353. Hub-caps shown extra.

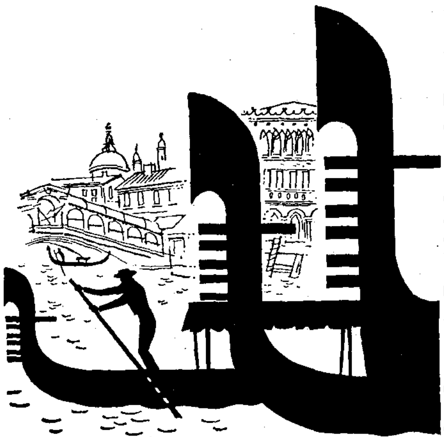
MIX WITH CINZANO...
AND YOU MIX WITH THE BEST

CINZANO
CINZANO
CINZANO
CINZANO
CINZANO
CINZANO
FRENCH
EXTRA DRY
CINZANO
ITALIAN VERMOUTH

THE WORLD FAMOUS VERMOUTH
GENUINE IMPORTED
SWEET FROM ITALY
EXTRA DRY FROM FRANCE

YOU USE SO LITTLE—USE THE BEST

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PROD. CO., N.Y., N.Y., SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTOR



this Spring

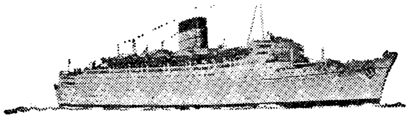
- Ride a Venetian gondola
- Explore smart Riviera night spots
- Marvel at timeless wonders of Greece and Italy
- Steep your mood, body, and spirit in the sunny luxury of the largest liner ever built for cruising

MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE in the CARONIA

100% Air-Conditioned World Cruise Liner
From N. Y. May 13 · 38 days · $975 up
16 storied ports:

Funchal, Gibraltar, Tangier, Malta, Athens, Dubrovnik, Venice, Catania, Messina, Naples, Villefranche, Barcelona, Palma, Lisbon, Cherbourg, Southampton. Shore excursions expertly arranged.

Your cruise ticket provides for unlimited stopover privileges and return First Class in the Queen Elizabeth or Queen Mary, world's largest superliners, or in any of 9 other Cunarders.



Your choice of Cunard Cruises . . . the Vacation that's all ways in Season

NORTH CAPE · CARONIA
July 3 from N. Y.
42 days · 24 ports · $1,100 up

AUTUMN MEDITERRANEAN · CARONIA
Oct. 3 from N. Y.
52 days · 19 ports · $1,000 up

WORLD CRUISE of 1959 · CARONIA
Jan. 20 from N. Y.
108 days · 25 ports · $3,200 up

ALL MEDITERRANEAN · BRITANNIC
Jan. 23, 1959 from N. Y.
66 days · 22 ports · $1275 up

No Greater Name in Cruising
CUNARD
See Your Travel Agent

bringing ashore the Globemaster's cargo from Christchurch and carrying out to the runway the food, scientific equipment, and other supplies that were to be dropped at the Pole. Since I knew that, at best, I would get only a fleeting glimpse of the Pole Station as we passed over it, I spent the rest of the day asking questions about what it was like, so that my glimpse would at least be an informed one. McMurdo, it developed, was full of people who had visited the Pole Station back in November and December, when ski planes had been landing there quite frequently. I even turned up a couple of Antarctic archivists who could tell me something of the Pole Station's history. It was established during November and December of 1956, not long after Admiral Dufek's exploratory landing, which so nearly became a permanent one. In the absence of overland transport between McMurdo and the Pole, the entire station—prefabricated buildings, tractors and their fuel, scientific instruments, and food—was dropped from Globemasters. The first residents arrived by ski plane, and on the day they got there, a collapsed Jamesway hut, complete with oilstove, was parachuted down to them, assuring them a heated building to sleep in until they could set up the rest of the toy village. Eighteen scientists and military men wintered over at the Pole Station in 1957. The scientists busily studied the aurora, geomagnetics, seismology, meteorology, and so on, while the military men kept the base running; both groups shared the task of cutting blocks of snow to be melted for water, and all hands—after surviving an initial period of sickness caused by a shortage of oxygen, the station being ninety-two hundred feet above sea level—had a grand time. For the winter now beginning, the station's complement is again eighteen. None of them are repeaters from 1957.

The scenery at the Pole is less than inspiring—just level snow and ice as far as the eye can see in all directions. Soundings taken last December, by setting off charges of dynamite and measuring the elapsed time before the shock waves reached rock, established that at ground level the Pole is only nine hundred and three feet above sea level, leaving a bit more than eight thousand feet of icepack. At present, the base consists of two dormitories, a mess hall, a garage for tractors, a combined photographic laboratory and laundry, two research buildings, and a recreation center; five of the structures are of wood and the others are Jamesway huts. All

She deserves to eat out
—at least once a week!

Whether it be dinner, breakfast, brunch or lunch . . . the pleasure's made greater by America's best-loved beverage—coffee! And Chase & Sanborn Coffees are served by more fine hotels and restaurants throughout America than any other brand!

PRESSURE PACKED Chase & Sanborn COFFEE

MINT SAUCE
BY CROSSE & BLACKWELL

Nothing better for lamb!

Upper-class mint leaves, finely chopped, in a sweet, patrician vinegar. No self-respecting lamb dish would be without C&B's Mint Sauce, of course, but it also makes a delicious dressing for salads and green vegetables, and helps you make a magnificent mint butter. Crosse & Blackwell, remember. No one else makes Mint Sauce quite so well.

CROSSE & BLACKWELL
Fine foods since 1706.

Have you seen Blue Medallion?
It's one of the many magnificent new bone china dinnerware patterns made by
Royal Worcester
OF ENGLAND
AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE
5-Piece Place Setting—21.75

eight buildings, like those at Scott Base, are close together and connected by tunnels. Inevitably, a pole, striped like a barbershop's, was put up early in the game; rising from the roof of the garage, it marked what was at first thought to be the exact location of the Pole. Later, there was some difference of opinion about the matter—not surprisingly, since the tolerances of celestial-navigation equipment and the fact that the earth wobbles slightly on its axis make it almost impossible to pinpoint either of the geographical poles within a few hundred yards. The dissenters contended that the real South Pole was some eight hundred yards from the barbershop pole, and in deference to them an American flag was planted on the spot of their choice and surrounded with a ring of oil drums for better visibility. I would have no trouble seeing the flag from the Globemaster, I was told, although I might not be able to see the barber pole, which is retained out of respect for what is now minority opinion.

Wintering over at the Pole is an even more drawn-out affair than it is at McMurdo, because the period of total darkness is six full months, rather than McMurdo's four. Even so, the Pole Station was described to me as a busy and happy one. Morale among the residents is sustained not only by the drama of being where they are and by what is said to be the best food in the Antarctic but also by a billiard table and excellent libraries of both books and phonograph records. Like McMurdo, the station is equipped for making unofficial radio contacts with the United States. Individual hobby-riding flourishes, too. The lieutenant in charge of the present military contingent, for example, was a California farmer before he joined the Navy, and he went to the Pole determined to start an indoor garden there. He took along a supply of New Zealand earthworms, some California cotton seed, and a ton of garden soil, and announced his intention of setting up a four-by-eight-foot plot, to be called El Rancho Algodón de las Nieves—the Cotton Ranch of the Snows. What reports I could garner at McMurdo about the success of El Rancho were fragmentary and conflicting. Some men said that the cotton had sprouted, all right, but backwards—roots up and leaves down; others said that nothing of the sort had happened. There did seem to be general agreement, though, that *something* had sprouted.

The Pole, I gathered, had had a

PAUL PITTS PLAYS LIKE A PRO

Paul Pitts' parties were a phlop. Until he got the new **Hardman Duo® Player Piano.** Then he sat down and played like a pro. His guests were thrilled, and sang their praises. Paul Pitts' parties became priceless pearls!

See the new Hardman Duo! It's both a standard manual console, and, in the wink of an eye, the pedal-controlled player piano everyone can enjoy. Come in and try it, or write for descriptive folder. Prove to yourself that **it's twice the fun when your piano is Two-in-One.**

HARDMAN, PECK & CO. Dept. Y-T, 33 West 57th Street, N.Y. 19, N.Y.

CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies from Scotland's best Distilleries
86 Proof
4/5 Quart
BERRY BROS & RUDD Ltd
SCOTLAND'S BEST DISTILLERIES PRODUCE THIS QUALITY SCOTCH WHISKY

CUTTY SARK

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY

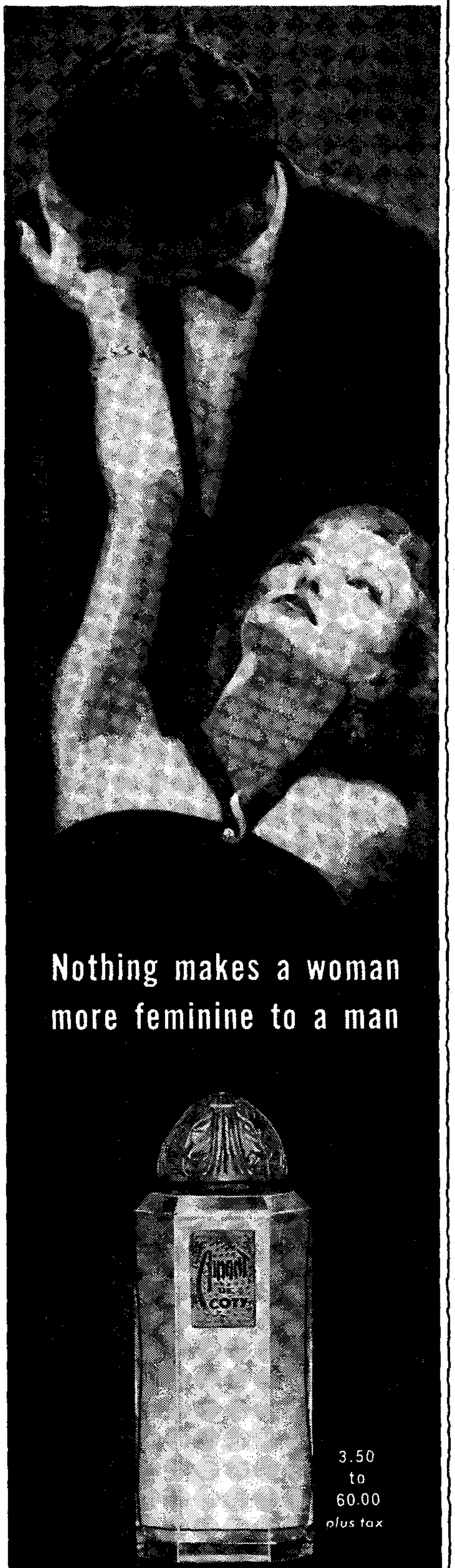
86 PROOF

IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK

busy summer, what with the much publicized meeting of Hillary and Fuchs and visits from a dozen or more correspondents, who landed by ski plane. For a while, one of the principal diversions of the men stationed there was acting as tourist guides. Another of their diversions, which must have worn thin after a while, was figuring out the correct time. Officially, the station is on New Zealand time, because that is the time used by the supply base at McMurdo, but actually all time zones converge at the Pole, and the International Date Line ends there, so you can quite properly take your choice of either of two dates, and of absolutely any time of day or night that you like.

ALL at once, in midevening, I became aware that something had happened at McMurdo. Men were moving around at a pace just under a dogtrot and communicating at a pitch just under a shout. The mood of urgency and anxiety had changed to one of crisis. The two helicopters had ceased their loading operations. Catching up with a couple of men who were staggering down Burke Avenue with duffelbags on their shoulders, I asked what was up. "Better get it direct from Air Operations," one of them said. "Things are happening so fast that the word may have changed since we got it."

I hurried over to the Air Operations office and found it humming. A couple of dozen men were huddled around a tall, gray-haired officer, who was talking earnestly. Somebody on the edge of the throng said that the officer was Commander Charles D. Robinson, and that it was his responsibility to decide where the Globemaster would go, and when, and whom it would carry. After waiting my turn for a quarter of an hour or so, I got to the Commander and asked him what the excitement was all about. "The runway's breaking up," he said. "Cracks in it. It's still safe at the moment, but it might not be eight hours from now, and that's how long it takes to get to the Pole and back. So the Globemaster's heading straight for Christchurch, leaving just as soon as we can get the Pole supplies off her and the homebound people on her. No Pole flight tonight—and no more Pole flights until October, at least. Too bad you couldn't get down to have a look at the station, but don't grieve for the men there. They have ample supplies. And there obviously won't be any more Globemasters coming in here this season, so unless you want to go out by



L'AIMANT
PARFUM BY
COTY
Compounded and copyrighted by Coty, Inc., in U.S.A.

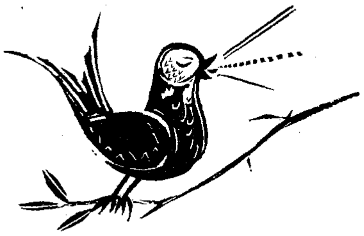
CLOTHES OF CHARACTER
EDDIE JACOBS, Ltd.
CHARLES & REDWOOD STS., BALTO. 2, MD.
(also 3417 Walnut St., Phila., Pa.)

ANOTHER EDDIE JACOBS ORIGINAL
FOULARD FOLLY
WALK SHORTS

Foulard Folly's wit lifts our walk shorts out of the routine, gives them a salty, stimulating edge. Whisper-weight English wool challis in diminutive foulard patterns on black or corn grounds. Fully batiste madras lined. Even sizes. Men: 30 to 36. Women: 22 to 30. 3 weeks delivery on outsizes. Mail orders, no C.O.D. P.P. 21.50

For color portfolio of our Summer apparel for men, Address: Eddie Jacobs, Ltd., Balto. 2, Md.

WITH
Sonotone®
HI-FI SPEAKERS
you can hear the difference



Even the price will be music to your ears...
Model CA-2 only $19.50

in Jamaica...isle of dreams come true!

Jamaica flavor... American Plan! THE new luxury resort...with beach, pool, Freeport Shoppe, cocktail lounges, Limbo Supper Club!
Completely Air-conditioned
ARAWAK HOTEL
MAMMEE BAY, OCHO RIOS, JAMAICA, B.W.I.
Write for FREE Color Brochure, or see your Travel Agent
N.Y. OFFICE: Circle 7-6940

icebreaker two or three weeks from now, this is the flight to take. We've got a mob going, but we can carry one more. Want to go?" I said I guessed I did.

So I never got to the South Pole; at the very hour I had expected to be on my way there, I was packing up for the return to Christchurch. My disappointment at not achieving the obvious goal of Antarctic tourists—the equivalent of seeing Buckingham Palace in London, I suppose, or the view from the top of the Empire State Building—was lessened by the realization that my very frustration was a characteristic Antarctic experience. After all, as Dr. Ackroyd had said, in Antarctica plans are always tentative. I could hardly have asked for a more convincing confirmation of that statement. Nor, for that matter, could the Navy and the whole of Operation Deep Freeze, because the deterioration of the ice eventually reached the state of utter dissolution. Two days after my departure, the cracks in the McMurdo runway got so bad that it was declared unusable for the rest of the season. Ten days later, the whole thing broke up and drifted out to sea. While there were still patches of firm ice near McMurdo where ski planes could land, nothing remotely resembling a runway fit for Globemasters was left anywhere in the vicinity. Three possibilities now remain. Over the winter, McMurdo Sound may freeze to a depth of more than five feet—the minimum required for Globemaster operations—in which case a new runway can be built from scratch next spring. Failing such coöperation from nature, a heavy-duty runway can perhaps be built on the Ross Shelf Ice, some miles south of McMurdo. If this should prove to be impracticable or too dangerous, the only course left—since McMurdo could no longer be used as a supply base—would be to evacuate the Pole and Byrd Stations by ski plane and abandon them, thereby putting a serious crimp in American Antarctic operations for a long time to come.

AFTER I had shouldered my bag and was on the way to the helicopter terminal, I realized that my breath was freezing in my nostrils, and, just for the record, I stopped in at the aerology office to find out what the temperature was. It was six degrees above zero, which, according to Commander Mirabito's rule of thumb, meant four below out on the runway—a heat wave for the Pole Station but cold enough for a tourist. By fives and sixes, the prospective passengers con-

Storage unit by Gio Ponti

There's warmth in modern by Singer

M SINGER & SONS Makers of fine furniture for seventy years.

36 E. 19TH ST.—41 E. 57TH ST., NEW YORK | CHICAGO, BOSTON, DALLAS, LOS ANGELES, SAN FRANCISCO
Through dealers, decorators and architects Write for brochure No.

WHEN YOU SERVE

METAXA

GREEK SPECIALTY LIQUEUR—

MORE THAN 100 INTERNATIONAL AWARDS

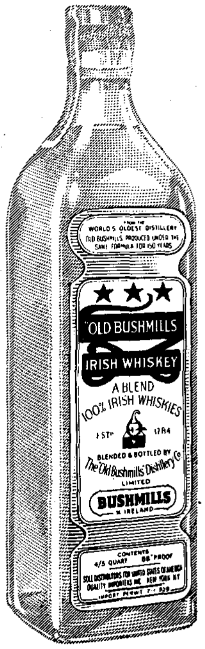
ENHANCE YOUR JUDGEMENT AS AN

UNUSUALLY INTERESTING HOST.

As a BRANDY • LIQUEUR • ON THE ROCKS • COCKTAIL
—for a Brilliant Change
92 PROOF—SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTORS
AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC. NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Enjoyed THE WORLD OVER
GRANDPRIX
PANAMA PACIFIC INTER. EXPOSITION SAN FRANCISCO 1915
METAXA
METAXA A GREEK SPECIALTY PRODUCT OF GREECE

IF your taste is not hidebound...
Old Bushmills
IF you're bored with mediocrity...
Old Bushmills
IF your palate needs freshing...
Old Bushmills
IF you crave superior sours...
Old Bushmills
IF you hate to give humdrum gifts...
Old Bushmills



This is the international whiskey characterized by the Lovely Flavor. It is Ireland's contribution to the World... and it's about time that you and your friends discovered it for all whiskey uses! ***For a delightful change, and a lasting one... Old Bushmills.***

86 PROOF. 100% BLENDED IRISH WHISKIES.
QUALITY IMPORTERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.
IMPORTED FROM THE WORLD'S OLDEST DISTILLERY

verging at the terminal point were flown out to the now ominously cracked runway. Once there, under the direction of Captain Wrinkle we pitched into the task of unloading the last of the boxes that had been destined for the Pole Station and pushing them out of the way of our takeoff. On entering the Globemaster's cabin, I saw that this was to be almost exclusively a passenger flight; there were some seventy of us. "Big load, but she'll fly," Wrinkle remarked reassuringly as he climbed up into the crew compartment. It was two o'clock in the morning.

She flew, but without any great margin to spare. On takeoff, we covered the entire length of the runway before leaving the ice; not only that, but we neatly knocked over the row of pine trees that had been set up to mark the end. When we had gained a few hundred feet of altitude, Wrinkle, knowing that he wouldn't see McMurdo again for at least eight months, swung the plane around in a steep bank and gaily buzzed the base. It was a lonely-looking place. I made out a little group of men standing near the shore and staring up at us. Naturally, I could not see their expressions.

As the plane (and I, too) recovered from Wrinkle's maneuver, I caught a glimpse of the sun. It was a pale and ineffectual yellow, and so low that it seemed almost to be resting on the slope of Mount Discovery. Its chilling message was unmistakable: The Antarctic night was coming, and coming soon.

—JOHN BROOKS

•

CHICAGO, Feb. 14—A repentant factory foreman, who allegedly cracked his wife's jaw during an argument, gave her a home-made valentine in Superior Court in a bid to win her back.

Walter Konwent, 37, said he stayed up all night penning the following message on a white heart pasted on a blue paper background:

"Since I wronged you, how I repent,
"And realize how lost and lonely my hours are spent.
"Please forgive my foolish act.
"And enter into a new love pact.
"Come back, my dear, and say you'll be mine

brace on her jaw, which she contends her husband fractured Dec. 28, the day they separated.—*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

Something doesn't rhyme there.

SMOKEY RIDGE
OLD FASHIONED HICKORY SMOKED
HAMS
for gracious living and giving

These hams are carefully selected—and come from prime corn-fed hogs. They are cured in a rich brine flavored with rare herbs and spices—then smoked over embers of fragrant hickory boughs. They make superb gifts to your gourmet friends—gift wrapped at no extra charge. Ready-to-bake, 10 to 14 lbs. @ $1.25 lb. Postage prepaid—no C.O.D.'s, please.

Served at the
HAMPSHIRE HOUSE
SMOKEY RIDGE FOODS, INC.
Centerport, New York

The British are Coming!

and they rein in at Miller's for correct fitting properly priced riding clothes.

Calfskin Riding Boots	24.50
"Corinthian" Saddle	200.00
Boltaron Hunt Cap	16.95
Tweed Riding Coat	35.00

Send 50c for new catalog 95NY
MILLER'S
Everything for Riding
123 E. 24th St. • New York 10
OR 7-0800

VISIT
Historic Concord
Colonial Inn
Your Host — Loring Grimes
CONCORD, MASS. • CALL EMerson 9-4600

PUTTING ON WEIGHT? The chances are you'll live longer if you watch your waistline. Why not join The Health Roof Club? Gym, game courts, golf practice, steam, sun lamps, snack bar. Only 3 mins. from Grand Central. Entrance 247 Park Avenue or 480 Lexington. PLaza 5-8100.

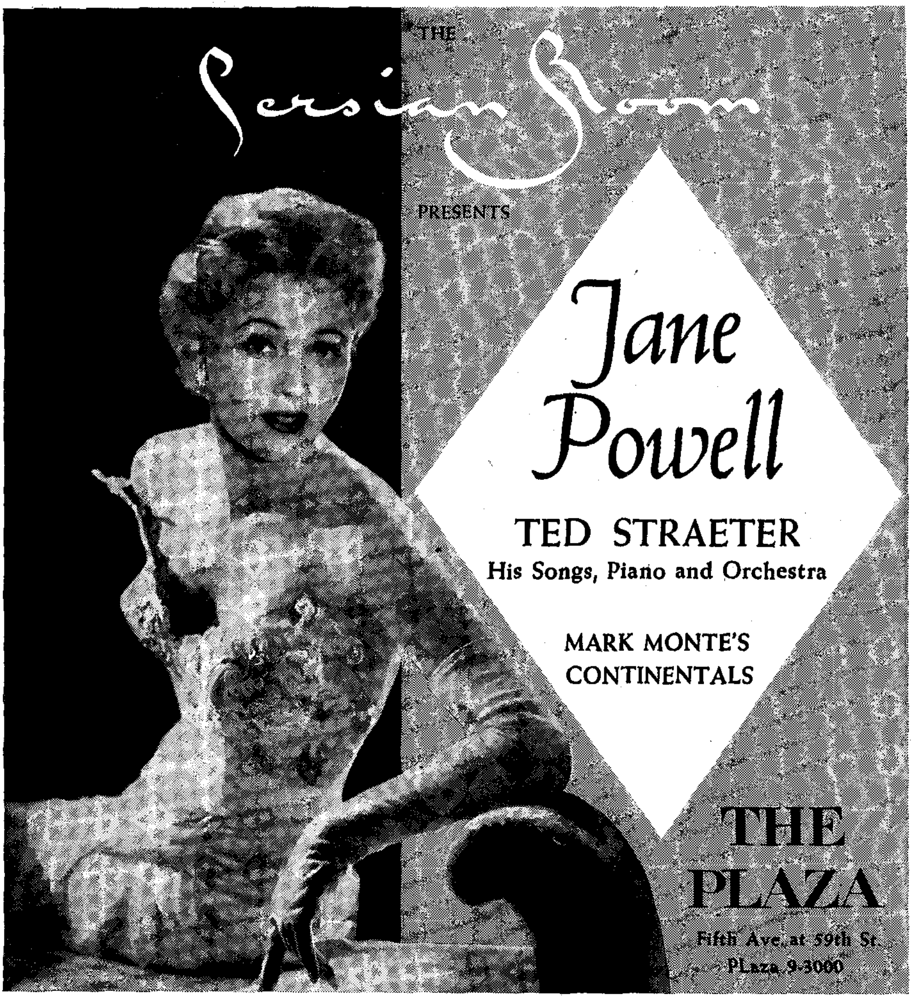
THE RACE TRACK

New Blood

TO judge by the big crowds at Jamaica last week and the fuss they made over racing that was lively enough but hardly of a quality to sear itself into one's memory, the enthusiasm of horseplayers has a very low boiling point. Still, it's an ill wind, and so forth, and on Saturday the Gotham Stakes, formerly for three-year-olds but now for older horses, gave Oh Johnny the opportunity to end the disheartening series of setbacks he had suffered on the winter tracks. Indeed, in beating Paper Tiger, Tick Tock, and half a dozen others he seemed to be as good as he was when he ended the season here last November with a galloping victory in the Display Handicap. Earlier last Saturday, the paddock was a veritable mine of misinformation about Pundit, a three-year-old owned by George Widener. Pundit won his race, all right, but he'll have to improve ten pounds to have any chance in the spring classics. I prefer his stablemate Jester, who resumed training a few weeks ago. In fact, if you ask me, it is quite possible that Jester will be the top three-year-old.

AT Belmont Park the other morning, I had a look at Alfred Vanderbilt's horses, particularly the two-year-olds by Native Dancer. I saw four of them—three fillies and a colt—and my pick of the lot was a filly, Missionary Stew, who is iron gray and has plenty of size and substance but is still feminine enough to please the most critical. And for what it's worth, she has the same groom—Lester Murray—who rubbed Native Dancer. The two other fillies are Sit This Out, who is short and chunky, and Dance All Night, a taller, more rangy type. The colt, Native Talent—a well-made youngster, whose mother is Next Move—is as black as a hat. Bill Winfrey, who trains them and about twenty other Vanderbilt racers, says they do everything right. That's about the highest praise any trainer ever gives his stock.

IF you've been wondering when Bold Ruler will return to the races, your guess is as good as anyone's, including



THE Persian Room PRESENTS

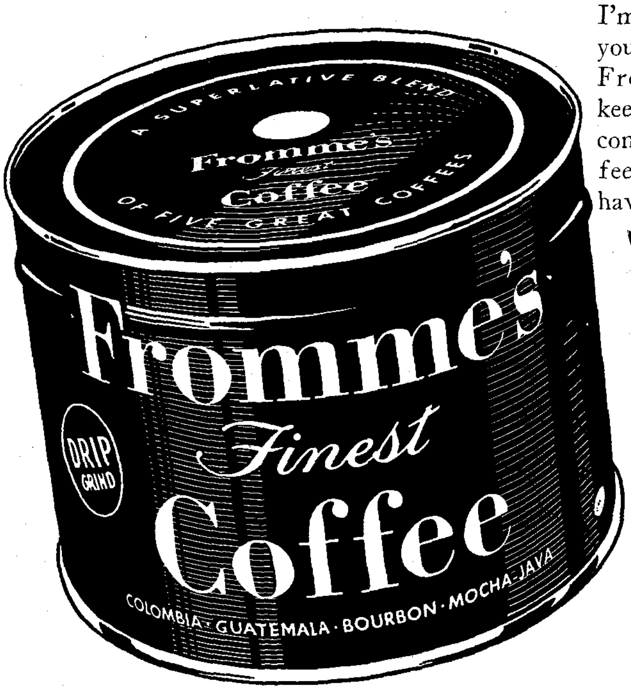
Jane Powell

TED STRAETER
His Songs, Piano and Orchestra

MARK MONTE'S
CONTINENTALS

THE PLAZA
Fifth Ave. at 59th St.
PLaza 9-3000

EUROPE AND I, we buy practically all the Antigua (Guatemala) coffee grown. It's prohibitively expensive, but I have to use it in order to maintain the unique flavor, delicacy and richness which distinguishes Fromme's Finest. Antigua is only available about two months in the year, so I hustle and get in my whole year's supply before smart Europeans gobble it all up. I'm just a small coffee man, you know—and the reason Fromme's Finest Coffee keeps growing against all competition is because coffee wise people simply must have it.



WANT A TRULY GREAT ESPRESSO COFFEE?

Try Caffé Vivo as served in leading Italian restaurants and steamship lines

Both of these great coffees at Abraham & Straus, Charles & Co., D'Agostino Markets, Gimbels New York, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, Vendôme, London Terrace Market and other fine stores throughout the country.

HARRY FROMME The Coffee Man
66 Front Street • New York 4, N. Y. • HA 2-8620

Look, Maestro no hands!

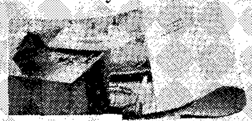
It was the evening of March third, 1956. As Conductor Enrique Jordá strode to the podium at San Francisco's Opera House, an expectant hush fell over the audience.

Conductor Jordá bowed, and turned to face the world-renowned San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. The baton rose, held momentarily, and descended with a gesture of sweeping authority to command the presentation of the Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro."

It was a brilliant performance, and as the audience was soon to discover, a historic one. Part way through, a strange and surprising thing happened. The conductor put down his baton, and the musicians laid aside their instruments, *but the music played on!*

The audience gasped involuntarily. To their immense astonishment, the orchestra's stilled strings and silenced horns now explained the loudspeakers on the stage. Though "The Marriage of Figaro" had never sounded better, the music was Ampex Stereophonic Sound, recorded on magnetic tape!

This remarkable event, before an alert and discriminating audience, proved that Ampex Stereophonic Sound could be indistinguishable from an actual flesh-and-blood performance. We'd like to prove it to you, too. Drop in at your dealer's and hear it today!



In the meantime, we've saved you a copy of our extravagant Home Music Systems brochure. Send for it.

AMPEX AUDIO INC.

1022 KIFER ROAD, SUNNYVALE, CALIF.
Please send my copy of the Ampex brochure:

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

Jim Fitzsimmons, who trains him for the Wheatley Stable. It seems that every time Bold Ruler has a workout, fever develops in the leg he hurt at Hialeah months ago. Curiously, soreness doesn't always come on immediately; sometimes it occurs later, and suddenly. Anyway, Mr. Fitz won't be sending him to the post until the ailment is completely cured, no matter how long it takes. I'm pleased to report, by the way, that Mr. Fitz has a number of nice two-year-olds. One that caught my eye was The Joker, a bay colt by Tom Fool out of Striking. He's the very image of his sire, who was a great horse, in my book. Another was Management, a bay colt by Nasrullah out of Busanda; he'll be a runner if he takes after his mama. Both belong to Ogden Phipps. In the Wheatley string, I liked The Irishman, Lady Be Good, and Ranizana, an Italian filly.

WITH these long spring evenings comes the return of the trotters under the lights. Roosevelt Raceway opened last week, and nearly thirty thousand aficionados filled the stands and the betting rings (the mutuel handle was a bit under two million) for the first light-harness racing of the season. Though I am no trotting-horse man, I thought it was a good show. The meeting at Roosevelt Raceway—as I may have said before, it's quite a place—will continue through July, and then Yonkers Raceway will open, the first of August. Between snowstorms last month, I inspected the building going on at Yonkers. By the time the trotters get there, it will have a new six-story clubhouse, an immense four-story parking lot, and many other improvements. I was especially interested in the parking lot, whose roof is big enough to hold two football fields, complete with grandstands. According to the plans, each floor will have its own entrance and exit ramps, and the structure will hold a total of three thousand cars. It should be something to see in operation after the last race any hot night.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Loss of a car key can be an unnerving experience, especially when you've carefully locked yourself out of the car. It's happened to me, and it's happened to a number of other people I know. In times like this, the driver is apt to paraphrase Shakespeare's King Lear: "My kingdom for a key!"—*Home & Auto Mechanic.*

Or Richard III: "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is, to have a locked-in key."

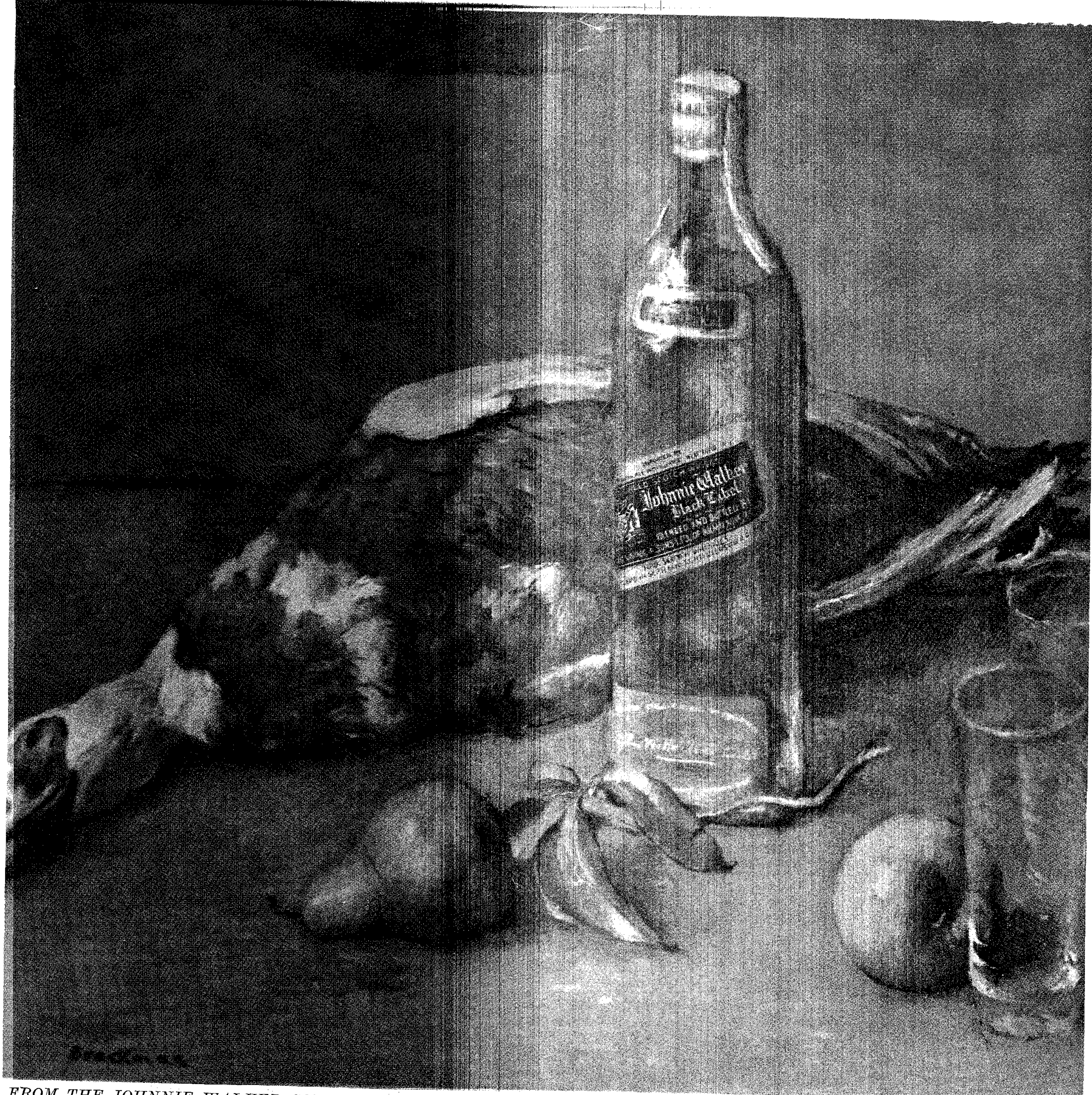
The Maisonette
BILL HAYES
FLORENCE HENDERSON
appearing at 9:15 and Midnight
MILT SHAW
and his Orchestra
and the Ray Bari Ensemble
Special Theatre Dinner 6 to 8 P. M. $4.50
(no entertainment tax)
HOTEL St. Regis
Fifth Avenue
at 55th Street

OWN YOUR VACATION HOME ON
Fire Island
90 MINUTES FROM MANHATTAN
Wonderful new community (opposite Bay Shore) fronts on ocean and bay. Fabulous beach, private boat basin, tennis.
OCCUPANCY THIS SUMMER
For brochure and directions to FURNISHED MODEL ON FIRE ISLAND, Write Dept. N.
Dunewood on Fire Island
BUILDER'S OFFICE: 42 Fire Island Ave.
Babylon, N. Y. • MOhawk 9-3236

The Aristocrat of Sea Food Restaurants

Sea-Fare
1033 First Ave. at 57th St.
44 W. 8th St. Greenwich Village

86th ST. Brauhaus
GOOD BAVARIAN FOOD
LUNCH • DINNER • COCKTAILS
YODELING • DANCING • ENTERTAINMENT
SCHNITZELBANK EVERY NIGHT
IMPORTED BEERS ON DRAUGHT
249 E. 86 (bt. 2nd-3rd) LE 4-9840



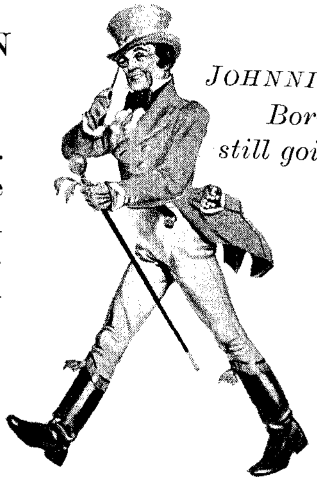
FROM THE JOHNNIE WALKER COLLECTION

"Bird and Bottle" by ROBERT BRACKMAN

Brackman in his Studio

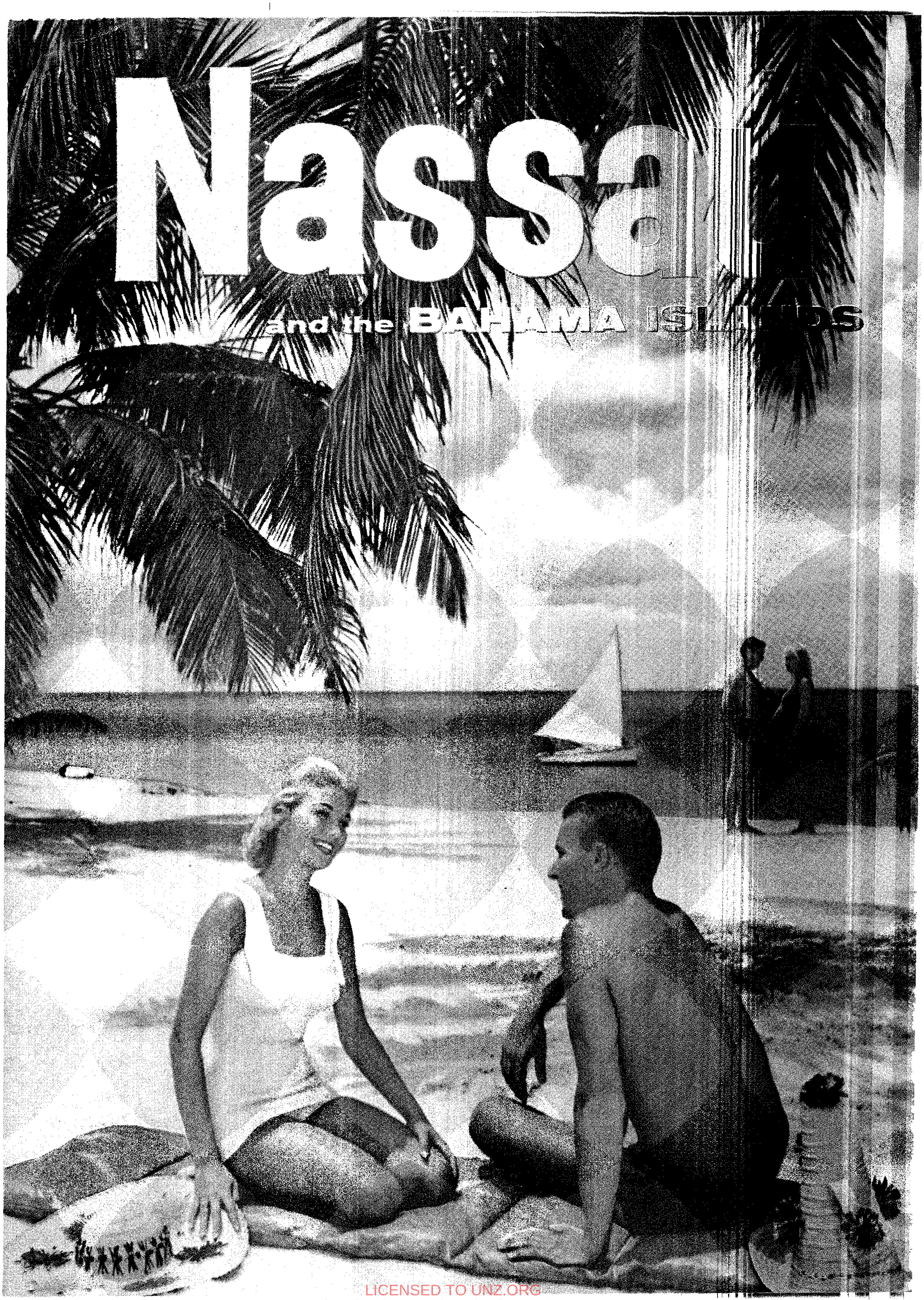
Critics say Brackman's work has a lasting quality.

Connoisseurs say the same thing about Johnnie Walker. It is an honest parallel. Johnnie Walker strode onto the scene in 1820. Like the true artist, Johnnie Walker had technique and enthusiasm. And he devoted them to making the finest Scotch whisky the world has ever known—Johnnie Walker Black Label. Matter of fact, as you look at the painting above, you are seeing a masterpiece within a masterpiece. Both are worthy of your collection.



JOHNNIE WALKER
Born 1820
still going strong

Blended Scotch Whisky . . . 86.8 Proof. Imported by Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y.


Nassau
and the BAHAMA ISLANDS

Nassau
and the
BAHAMA ISLANDS

More than 100 flights a week to the Bahamas including daily, nonstop service from New York.

Nassau is only 4 hours from New York, less than an hour from Florida. Direct air services from Miami, Fort Lauderdale, Tampa-St. Petersburg, West Palm Beach, Montreal and Toronto.

from NEW YORK every FRIDAY
the 24,400-ton, fully air-conditioned
S. S. NASSAU
7 and 10 day cruises, $170 up
2 days in Nassau—ship your hotel
(No extra charge for stopover)
INCRES NASSAU LINE, Home Lines
42 Broadway, New York 4, N. Y.

S. S. FLORIDA
Leave Miami —Mon.- Fri. — 5 P.M.
Arrive Nassau—Tues.- Sat. —8:30 A.M.
Leave Nassau—Wed.- Sun. — 5 P.M.
Arrive Miami —Thurs.- Mon.— 8:30 A.M.
Round trip, $39 up
3-day, all-expense cruises, $54 up
(two days in Nassau)
P. & O. STEAMSHIP CO.
Miami 8, Florida

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

NASSAU, BAHAMAS, DEVELOPMENT BOARD
1633-34 duPont Bldg., Miami 32, Fla.
Please send free literature to:
NY 4-12-58.
Name ....
Address ....
City.............Zone....State..........

Photo opposite page by Frederic Maura

THE PROMISE OF THE PENCILS

OUR small town near Milan has its UPIM—the Italian equivalent of an American dime store—with a stationery counter, which draws flocks of children at the beginning of each school term. I like to pore with the children over the piles of pencils in boxes and the neat stacks of writing pads. The geometric order and the dry, elusive fragrance of that counter have for me some of the spell that lingered over the pencil boxes of my uncle's stationery store—and over the years of my far-off German childhood.

My Uncle Franz was a pedantic, unsmiling man. When I was a child, though, his stationery and art-supplies store, in a quiet residential town of north Germany, seemed a paradise, infinite alike in pencils and in the possibilities they conjured up in my mind for the future. Uncle's firm enjoyed a fine reputation, thanks to the labors of my grandfather, a hard and exacting man with a distrust of poverty. Franz was his oldest son. By threatening to disown him, Grandfather had prevented his marriage to an impoverished drawing teacher who was his only love—or so the family story went. Uncle Franz, unlike my father and his three older brothers, had not been able to break away from the atmosphere of repression with which the proud old man had surrounded his children.

Grandfather died before I was born, so when Father and I began visiting Uncle for weekends, he was undisputed owner of the tall, dark building that was both house and store. It was at the end of World War I, and I was eight. By then, Uncle was a confirmed bachelor, with a mania for all sorts of minor perfections. I still remember the small hairbrush he always carried in a pocket specifically made for the purpose in his English suit, the quick, deft brush strokes to which he would treat his neat gray mustache, and his slow, mumbling voice as he held long conversations with his favorite customers, most of whom were amateur artists of some wealth.

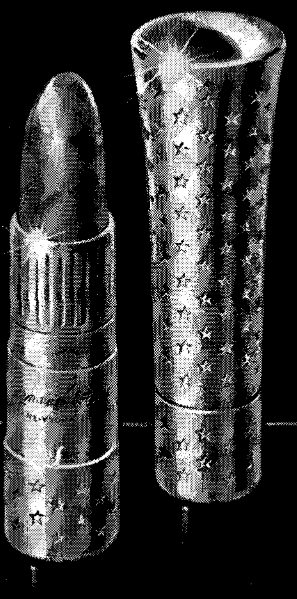
His store was so well stocked that people would travel or write to him from smaller towns to obtain special brands of drawing paper and special English pencils. Around the time that school opened, children crowded the place. They always spoke with hushed voices, overawed, as I was, by the

very new, very chic

SUPER-ROYAL

lipstick

made with Royal Jelly
in the new "Continental" case.

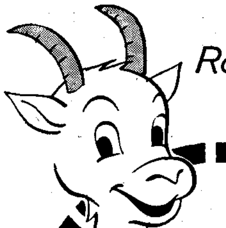


Germaine Monteil combines Royal Jelly with recently developed emollients to make your lips incomparably more beautiful.

Germaine Monteil's "Continental" case is all new too, with a "click-in, click-out" refill cartridge that makes changing lipsticks a pleasure.

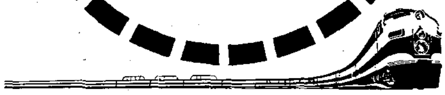
Germaine Monteil

663 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.



Really see the ROCKIES

on the incomparable EMPIRE BUILDER



From high up in a Great Dome car, *you really see America's greatest mountain scenery . . .* at eye level. The Montana Rockies . . . Glacier National Park . . . the snow-capped Cascades. And you'll love Empire Builder luxury. Great food . . . great accommodations (reserved coach seats or choice of Pullmans). Great fun!

Write P. G. HOLMES, *Passenger Traffic Mgr.*, Great Northern Ry., St. Paul 1, Minn. or see your ticket or travel agent.

It's **GREAT** going
GREAT NORTHERN

Daily streamliner between Chicago
St. Paul • Minneapolis • Spokane
Seattle-Portland

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

dark, vaulted, pillared room with its faintly pharmaceutic smell and its intermittent jangle of musical sounds coming from the chimes at the entrance door.

Order ruled throughout Uncle's household and store, but the severest order was to be found in the storage room adjacent to the store. This consisted of a long, winding corridor where square and oblong boxes and long and short pads of paper were stacked, according to size, along the walls. When I was admitted there to play, the ordinary world stopped completely for me. I felt as though I were moving through a universe of geometric forms, and the remote tinkling of the chimes and the ring of the cashbox discreetly admonished me to live up to its harmonious regimentation. In fact, I preferred not to move but to sit down on the brown linoleum floor, where I would busy myself for hours, scrawling fine lines and fat black dashes on sheets of paper with the many varieties of hard and soft pencils that Uncle generously provided for this pastime. It became more than a game with me; trying out the pencils was like meeting surprising people, subjects of a privileged world, remote from the chaotic world I knew outside. Brought to paper, the pencils acted out their slender personalities. They could be conciliatory and gentle, making fascinating shadowy lines under the pressure of my hand and rubbing fingers, or they could be relentless and unyielding, producing sharp, thin lines that did not smudge.

I still wonder why I never attempted anything more ambitious than those aimless straight lines and conventional curves. At the time our visits began, I had finished my first two years of school, where I had not done badly in drawing, which, in class, was confined to copying. Maybe the previous years of war diet, and the sense of hollow fatigue I experienced most of the time, made me all too ready for daydream games when I was not in school, and, too, the only picture I found in the storage room was beyond my skill to imitate. It was printed on the oblong boxes that contained a certain kind of English drafting pencil and showed two knights in full armor, riding magnificently caparisoned horses and tilting at each other with pencils. Uncle told me that these were pencils of the most expensive kind, and, deeply impressed, I used to open the boxes to inhale the whiff of wood and graphite that came from inside. Dry and aromatic, it seemed to me the expression of a secret

MACY'S TASTER
DOUBLE CELEBRATION

Always fond of festivities, our Taster has two reasons to celebrate right now ... Macy's 100th Anniversary and one of the nicest, pleasantest wines to come out of Italy in a long time: Astro Bianco Portofino. A white wine that smiles in your glass, it's dry, rather fruity, and delightfully soft. From the sunny coast of Portofino, this is a wine that will make you dream of Summer. And it's so lightly priced ... like all the other treasures of Macy's famous wine cellar. 24 oz. **1.69,** 3 for **4.92** case of 12, **19.27.**

★

Macy's Fine Wine & Liquor Store
459 7th Ave. LA. 4-3600
Li. 1-1

★

★ **MACY'S**

HI-FI
BAR
STORAGE UNIT
ph. enfield designs
50 west 53 street • new york 19

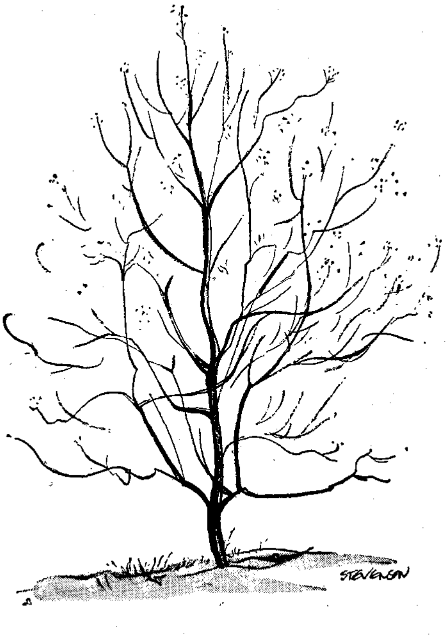
Cha-Cha-Cha with
CUGAT
in the Café Rouge
THE
STATLER HILTON
PEnnsylvania 6-5000

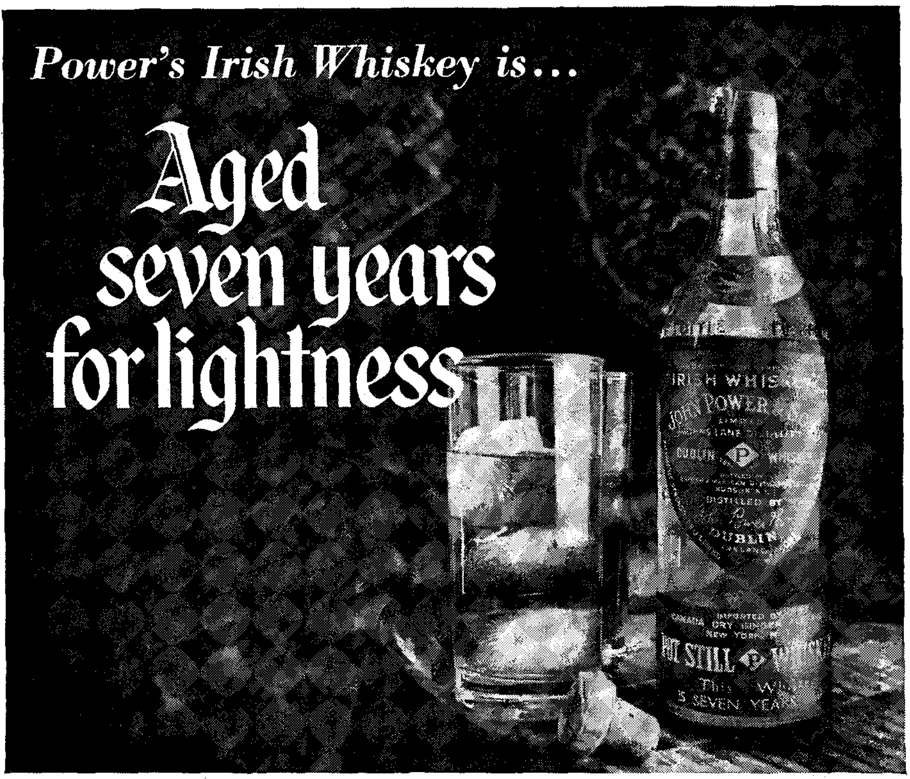
Eden Roc Club

LUNCH
COCKTAILS
DINNER • SUPPER
DANCING FROM 10:30 P.M.
148 EAST 48th ST. PL 1-3382

power that ruled over the pencil spirits and their tournaments with geometric precision and harmony. I felt that I had discovered something extraordinary, something remote from the sad confusion of that postwar period and the crowded disorder of our small apartment, which had replaced the spacious house in the forested countryside near Berlin that my father had had to sell. I accepted Uncle's eccentricities willingly; all I wanted was to stay close to my secret world, in his storage room.

UNCLE had one customer who seemed as eccentric as he—a tall, erect lady who came frequently to the store and whom I was told to greet with my deepest curtsies. Her visits always followed the same strange pattern. With Uncle in attendance, she would testily choose several pencils, poise one between her bony fingers, and say something about her poor mother's feeling better today, thanks to an easy chair Uncle had been kind enough to send her—or it might be fruit, or a book he had sent. Uncle would bow and I would curtsy again. Then, dropping her gracious manner, she would forcefully adjust her pince-nez on her white-powdered nose, study my uncle's face, and sketch on a pad a few brisk lines, which, miraculously, conveyed his plump cheeks, waxed mustache, and aquiline nose. Suddenly she would address me: "Never forget to sharpen your pencil to a needle's point. That's the only way to pin things down, neatly and lastingly, like a butterfly. That is, if you have caught one worth preserving." And as if delivering this message had been the whole purpose of her visit, she would proudly turn and make for





And the Irish really know *how*, for whiskey was born there! In all Ireland, Power's is famed for its lightness and flavor.

Small wonder so many people familiar with *all* whiskies, prefer Power's Irish Whiskey. Try some.

POWER'S GOLD LABEL IRISH WHISKEY

IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY

A PRODUCT OF IRELAND. 7 YEARS OLD—86 PROOF • CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

its speaker is twice ordinary size!
WESTINGHOUSE

Model 650T7

Glamorous Westinghouse AM-FM radio has console-tone

Thanks to its 10" Wide-Fi Speaker (*larger than in many 21" TV sets!*) you enjoy console-quality music! A complete home entertainment center, it brings you AM programs *or* superb FM music. There's even a phono-jack for your phonograph! 7 tubes plus rectifier, built-in AM-FM antenna. Wrap-around back. Choose Ivory and Shadow White or Charcoal and Shadow White. **90-DAY LABOR AND PARTS WARRANTY.**

YOU CAN BE SURE...IF IT'S Westinghouse

Television-Radio Division · Metuchen, New Jersey

J. PRESS
Dacron / Worsted Suits*
**Du Pont trademark for its polyester fiber*

FOR 1958 J. PRESS does it again with Dacron/Worsteds spun finer and weighing ounces less per yard than heretofore, to make the handsomest, lightest weight and most wrinkle-proof suits yet conceived.

Pindots — *Deep Blue or Dark Olive*
Hairlines — *Oxford Gray Contrasts*
Midnight Gray Contrasts
Multiple Muted Stripes —
Black/Brown with Black Stripes
Medium Olive with Black Stripes
Dark Gray with Black Stripes
Basket Weave — *Dark Indigo-Blue*
Glen Checks —
Medium Gray with Blue Overcheck
Dark Gray with Maroon Overcheck
Oxford Blue with Blue Overcheck
Olive with Blue Overcheck
Dark Olive with Rust Overcheck

Priced at $80

Mail Orders Accepted. Submit height, weight, chest and waist measurements, Trousers sent uncuffed. Include 50c package postage.
Sample Swatches and New Brochure upon request.

NEW HAVEN * CAMBRIDGE * NEW YORK
J. PRESS INC.

262 York St. — New Haven
82 Mt. Auburn St. — Cambridge
341 Madison Ave. — New York

Mr. W. F. Rockwell, Jr.
President of
Rockwell Mfg. Co.

portrait by
Fabian
Bachrach
the man
who "shoots"
Presidents

54 East 52nd St.
New York
PLaza 5-6233

The Third Generation of a family of portrait photographers who have photographed every president of the United States since Lincoln

the exit, followed by a salesman holding in his hand a package of the pencils she had chosen. He would open the door for her, hand her the package, and bow as she went out.

"Why is she angry with us?" I asked anxiously, after one of these visits. Uncle's eyes crinkled in a smile. "Inevitable," he murmured. "But it never lasts." That was the day he showed me a collection of pencil sketches the lady had drawn of him over a period of many years. It was already a fat loose-leaf volume. I admired the way she had elaborated the thin lines of his mustache on these portraits, making them curve out boldly from his lips. The more recent the portrait, the more prominent his mustache, so in the progression of drawings his looks resembled more and more those of a courtly cat. I could find no suggestion of the pinned-down butterfly she had mentioned to me.

From what my parents said at home, I finally gathered that the lady with the pince-nez had been Uncle's great love, the drawing teacher whom his father had prevented him from marrying. He was such an obedient son that he accepted his father's edict. She had expected he would renew his suit and marry her after Grandfather's death, but by that time he had given up the idea, and she had, too. She was just pretending to feel hurt. Things had turned out well for her. Uncle, out of pure good will, paid her so generously for the drawings she made of him that she and her ailing mother could live comfortably. My Jewish mother, who never joined Father and me in our visits to Uncle, once said under her breath that these payments of Uncle's were one of his few generosities, and quite surprising in such a peculiar man.

ANOTHER of Uncle's peculiarities was his Sunday walks. I dreaded them, yet there was no way out for me, since our visits always fell on weekends. On Sundays, the doors of my pencil paradise were closed, and I had to prove my worthiness for future admittance. This meant walking with my father and uncle for seven, sometimes eight hours; there were no indulgent stops at restaurants but, instead, hard-boiled eggs and buttered bread to be munched on foot, and from time to time a fruit candy to quench the thirst. The country must have been beautiful, but we traversed it without looking to right or left—three taciturn figures clad in sturdy *loden* and heavy shoes. All that I remember is the *Schrittmesser*, a

World Traveler®

$10

Here is your perfect traveling hat—by Thomas Begg. Rainproof, packable, light as all get-out, this easy-to-tote hat is smartly "at home" everywhere . . . meets all kinds of weather with aplomb. Cleverly fashioned—unique rough loden texture. At a low $10.

In Granite Grey, Charcoal Grey, Charcoal Brown, Ancient Bronze, Black.

Mail Orders Invited.
Send Check or Money Order.
Add 50¢ For Mailing.

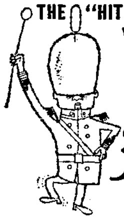
Thomas Begg
GENTLEMEN'S HATTER
480 Park Avenue, N. Y. 22—at 58th St.
400 Madison Avenue—at 47th St.
1427 Broadway—Met. Opera Bldg.

Philip Truex presents
the CITY gardener

FEATURING
Living plants for city living
terraces . . . gardens
offices . . . homes
ALSO
accessories . . . supplies
services

Special Guest Star
PYRACANTHA LALANDI
(Firethorn) a hardy shrub tolerant of Manhattan conditions. May be grown as a vine, an espalier, or even as a house plant. Bears white flowers in spring, orange berries in fall.
Three year pot-grown specimen, 1½' high..........$5.00
Planted in 12" diameter tub..........$12.50

437 Third Avenue, N.Y.C. • LE 2-8632



THE "HIT PARADE OF NAME BANDS" presents
VAL ERNIE
& his Society Orch.
alternating with
ARGUESO & his Latin Rhythms
EXCITING NEW Roseland
ALWAYS 2 GREAT BANDS
DANCE CITY
CONTINUOUS DANCING Eves. ex. Mon.
MATINEES THURSDAY & SATURDAY
SUNDAY CONTINUOUS from 3:30 P.M.
TERRACE RESTAURANT·BAR
52ND ST. WEST OF BROADWAY

Serving Dairy Food Over 32 Years
B'WAY N.Y. 82nd ST.
Steinberg's
DAIRY RESTAURANT

watchlike contraption that Uncle wore on his lapel. It ticked off our steps over undulating hills and shadowy paths; it ticked at sunset, when the forest began crackling with secret life and an occasional deer galloped away. It ticked and measured not the passing of time but the day's accomplishment of my aching feet when I dragged them at last up the high staircase to Uncle's apartment, over the store. It stopped ticking only when we sat down at the supper table. This was the moment Uncle gave his contraption a sharp, searching look and announced the number of steps it recorded. It was almost always the amount he had measured on the preceding Sunday and on many other Sundays before, when he had been alone. He kept charts of the number of his Sunday steps, and it was his favorite pastime to compare them and work out slight improvements in his outfit and diet, to increase the distance. Uncle never praised me for my disciplined endurance, but Father sometimes told Mother how well I had done and how proud he was of his daughter. "Nothing to be proud of," Mother, usually so gentle, snapped back. "It's cruel to exercise a frail eight-year-old child this way. Your brother does not care for our children, that's all."

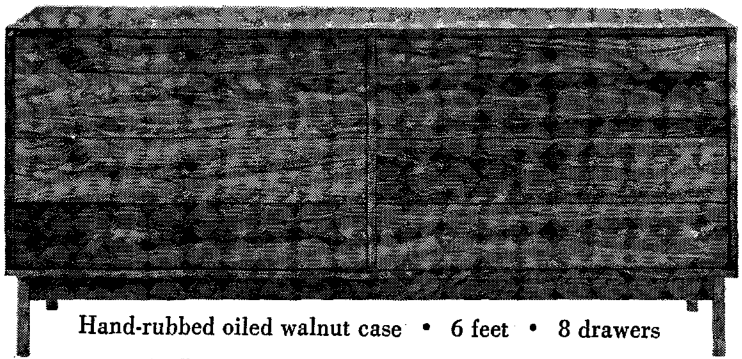
She proved to be right. At best, Uncle must have tolerated me, and his tolerance ended with the one time my father took my sister along on our visit. She was a year younger than I, nervous and lively, and since our trips entailed staying overnight, there was plenty of time for her not only to upset Uncle's household routine in the apartment upstairs but also to disarrange several gross of pencils in the storage room below. By Saturday afternoon, Uncle's deaf old housekeeper and his malicious cat, Molly, were already in a turmoil when I heard a great clatter of boxes, followed by ominous silence. I ran to the storage room, but Uncle was there before me. He stood looking at the clutter of pencils spilled over the floor, saying nothing but brushing his mustache with short, nervous strokes. The gesture with which he stuffed the brush away was a gesture of finality, and with a flash I realized that it included me—I was considered guilty by association.

Explanations came later, in a long letter addressed to my father after we returned home. Mother cried over it. We children were not to come any more to his house, Uncle had written, and he went on to say that we were pampered—the sorry outcome of Fa-

for your pleasure...
Go Jamaica
thoroughbred racing on Long Island
3
12

First Race 1:15 PM • Daily Double Closes 1:05 PM • Gen'l Adm. $1.95 (tax incl.)
Special Trains: Penn. Sta. from 10:45 A.M. (Sats.—10:30) Flatbush Ave., B'klyn, 10:35 A.M.
By Car: via Belt P'kwy to N. Y. Blvd. exit or Van Wyck Expressway to Rockaway Blvd. exit.
By Subway: 6th & 8th Ave. (Ind.) E and F trains to Parsons Blvd. Sta., Jamaica. Bus to track.

superb at $199.50



Hand-rubbed oiled walnut case • 6 feet • 8 drawers

the workbench
46 Greenwich Ave., N. Y. ALgonquin 5-1270

the house of tamara
311 Mamaroneck Ave. White Plains 6-2393

KISS!

Kiss your wife tonight no matter what she serves for dinner. But give her an extra big hug if she treats you to **Seabrook's** superb Beef Goulash. It's a gourmet dish, ready-to-serve in just 12 minutes—and no pots for her, or **you**, to wash! **Seabrook's** Beef Goulash is available in your local frozen food cabinet.

THE GOTHAM
5TH AT 55TH
Pre-Theatre
Roast Beef Dinner
$3.85 in the Grill

Sharp Ltd. Hotels

Sunday Night Buffet
from 6 to 10 p.m.
THE STANHOPE
5TH AT 81ST

STUART NICETIES . . . ONE OF A SERIES

Our imported STORMSTER all-weather coat

Made for us by continental craftsmen with a ruggedness and flair all its own. Of fine cotton twill, in olive tan or dark navy. $38. With button-in liner of pure wool loden cloth. $50.

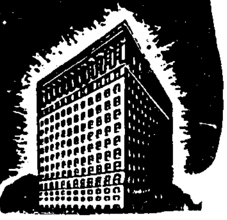
Sizes 34-46. In regulars and longs. Please add 45¢ on mail orders for postage.

Paul Stuart

18 East 45th Street, New York
Murray Hill 2-0139
Gift Catalog upon request

THE Pearson HOTEL
CHICAGO
190 E. PEARSON ST.

A distinguished address in the heart of the Near North Side's Famous Gold Coast.



Air Conditioning and Television in every guest room

Design from Denmark

Solid staves of oiled teak, invisibly reinforced with iron bars and inter-lined for ice cube permanence.

15½" 2-tray size, **$21.50**
19" 4-tray size . . **$29.50**
Add 60c handling charge

Write or Phone Jean Tree PL 7-8100

BLACK STARR & GORHAM
FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK 36, N.Y.
MANHASSET MILLBURN WHITE PLAINS

ther's regrettable marriage with a Jewish woman.

AFTER that, Uncle was not mentioned in our house, and he would have remained simply an unsettling episode in my life if it had not been for the large supply of pencils and pencil boxes he had given me in the past. There they rested among my most treasured possessions, with the galloping knights and the dry, elusive whiff of promise, waiting for their occasion.

The moment came—or so I thought—when we had a new drawing teacher at school. He was an elderly gentleman who, with his high stiff collar, his iron-gray mustache in Hindenburg fashion, and his laconic manner of speaking, reminded me of my uncle and his world of minor perfections. For this reason, I was willing to accept his drawing methods, which consisted of our transforming the apples, lemons, and leaves he assembled on his lectern into geometric forms on paper, and then coloring in the pencilled outlines. According to him, a good draftsman had something in common with an infantry soldier, marching his pencil with precision over long, dusty roads and natural obstacles. At first, I followed him with the same dread with which I had set out on Uncle's Sunday walks, but something in his deftly produced abstractions on the blackboard, only faintly echoing the irregularities of nature, must have caught my imagination. I especially fancied his circles, which he drew freehand and perfectly. At home in the evenings, I would take one of my yellow pencils and push its point slowly around and around. It would continue moving solemnly into my sleep, achieving curves and circles of such perfection that I would wake up with a feeling of exhilaration. But back in the sober daylight of the classroom, I went on scrawling my deflated balloons and wobbly ovals; they resembled nothing in nature *or* geometry, and elicited such caustic remarks from my drawing teacher that I passed through a phase of utter frustration over my failures.

Fortunately, with the arrival of a new school year and a younger drawing teacher, I lost my attachment to geometric forms. The new teacher, a young man with lots of unruly hair and no mustache, brimmed over with modern theories. Now it was fantastic curves and scrolls, extensions of our dreams, that we were urged to produce on paper. He praised me often for my wild creations, which were a far cry

THE Astor
PRESENTS

The Hunting Room

Incomparable dining pleasure awaits you in this gracious restaurant. Open daily for luncheon, theatre dinner and supper. The Hunting Room features Rudy Timfield at the piano 9:30 p.m. to 1:00 a.m. nightly except Sunday. **No entertainment tax, no cover.**

Columbia Room

Ideal setting for cocktails before and after the theatre. Dancing Fridays and Saturdays 9:30 p.m. to 1 a.m. to Lester Lanin's orchestra. Intimate cocktail piano music daily except Sunday.

Hotel Astor
TIMES SQUARE
JUdson 6-3000

A ZECKENDORF HOTEL

NOW TWICE DAILY thru May 11; Daily, 2:00 & 7:30 P.M.; Fri. & Sat., 8:30; Sun., 6:30
BOX OFFICE NOW OPEN AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

Ringling Bros AND Barnum & Bailey CIRCUS

THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

PRICES (Tax incl.) NIGHTS & MATINEES: $2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.50. Tickets include admission to side show & menagerie

CHILDREN UNDER 12 **HALF PRICE** STARTING APR. 14
Weekday Matinees and Mon. thru Thurs. Eves.

Send check or money order with self-addressed stamped envelope to RINGLING CIRCUS, Madison Square Garden. Add 25c for handling charge

The house of quality food for the Epicurean
Your Host, Richard Mei
1341 THIRD AVE.
at 77th St., N. Y. C.
BU 8-2886

SUN YAH

A waterfront community in an island haven — 2 hours from N. Y. C.

swim — sail — fish from your own yard

loveladies harbor

Send for Brochure A36
Loveladies Harbor • Harvey Cedars, N. J.

from, if not a betrayal of, what I had previously considered perfection. Only once did my geometric obsessions come back to me—strangely enough, during a dancing lesson. It was an irrelevant incident, but with a salutary effect, and I recall it clearly.

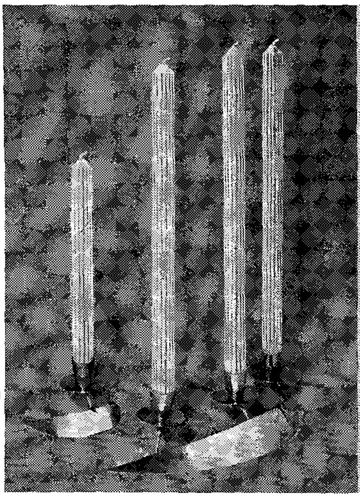
The wealthy wife of a conservative newspaper owner had persuaded my mother to send my sister and me to a dancing class that she had arranged in her house for a selected group of boys and girls. Two sad violinists, who fiddled for free meals at the newspaper owner's opulent table, provided the music, and a former lady-in-waiting from the departed imperial court taught us to dance minuets, cotillions, and the difficult figures of the quadrille. One afternoon, our small group of white-dressed girls and boys in sailor suits and patent-leather shoes must have stumbled along more listlessly than usual, because the dancing mistress waved her purple chiffon handkerchief impatiently at us and called to us to stop. "Ladies and gentlemen, the figure you are attempting to dance now is called Le Moulin. Remember your geometry, I beg you. You are the mill wheel. You have to move in a circle, brilliant and perfect to look at, like a Catherine wheel. *Avanti!*" And while the two violinists began to play with sad intensity, I dropped the sweaty hand of my partner, held my skirt out high between two fingers of each hand, and began to swirl around with outstretched arms. I was completely insensible to my surroundings, conscious only of my propulsion through space. For once, I felt an integrated part of a magic circle, brilliant and sparkling as I had not even dared visualize in the secrecy of my pencil dreams.

I was brought back to reality by my hands striking hard against the cheeks

COINTREAU
COINTREAU
LIQUEUR ®

20

Among twenty Cordials by Cointreau, there's a flavor that can be the crowning touch to your dinner tonight. There are liqueurs, fruit-flavored brandies and specialties—Cointreau in quality, Cointreau in reputation. ▪ Cointreau Liqueur, *the crowning touch to a perfect dinner,* 80 Proof. Produced and bottled by ©Cointreau Ltd., Pennington, N. J.



A lovely gift . . .

dripless beeswax candles

These slow burning, non-wilting candles of pure beeswax have a unique honeycomb design that prevents dripping. In white, aqua, red, coral, gold, yellow, dark green and black. Post paid gift box of four: 10", $2.55; 15", $2.95. The custom made bronze candle holders are exclusive with America House. Single, 3½" high x 4¾" wide, $7.45 each; tripleholder, 3½" high x 12½" wide, $16.50 each.

Catalog on request

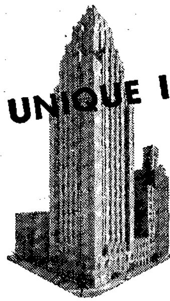
AMERICA HOUSE
32 East 52nd Street
New York 20, N. Y.
PLaza 3-0839

For a Week or Weekend

Superb meals and comfortable accommodations await you at the beautifully situated Inn. Adjoining the Princeton University campus, it offers 100 fine guest rooms. Cocktail lounge. Private function rooms. Excellent golf.

DOUBLE ROOMS FROM $10.00
WRITE, OR CALL WALNUT 4-5200

PRINCETON INN
PRINCETON, N. J.



UNIQUE IN MANHATTAN

FOR ITS VIEW of the East River, United Nations, the spectacular skyline of New York.

FOR ITS LOCATION and gracious environment on exclusive Beekman Hill, only minutes from midtown.

FOR ITS SERVICE, courteous and courtly, as personalized as the service in a private club.

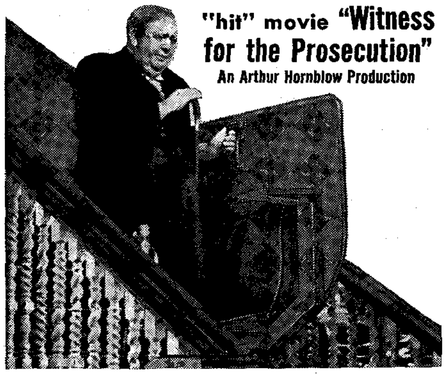
All outside rooms
Singles from $7.50
Doubles from $12

WRITE FOR BOOKLET N

Beekman Tower
HOTEL
Overlooking the East River
at 49th and First, New York 17, New York

TOP O' THE TOWER COCKTAIL LOUNGE

Charles Laughton
rides an **INCLIN-ATOR**
in this scene from the
"hit" movie **"Witness for the Prosecution"**
An Arthur Hornblow Production



Thrills, humor and suspense combine to make this scene memorable. Charles Laughton, playing a lead part as the attorney for the defense, skims up and down the stairs of this set on an Inclin-ator. You can have the comfort of an INCLIN-ATOR in your home. It will save you and your family from the unnecessary strain of climbing stairs dozens of times a day. Many smart people install an INCLIN-ATOR without waiting for the doctor to tell them to "take it easy."

We also build the "Elevette" for those who prefer a vertical lift.

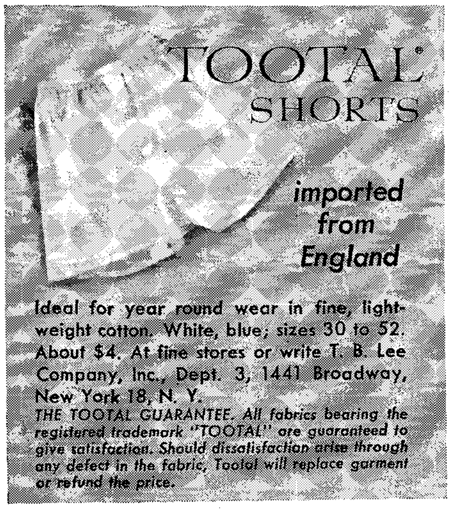
Send for this folder—It tells how easy and inexpensive it is to have an Inclin-ator or Elevette in your home.

INCLINATOR COMPANY OF AMERICA
2210 Paxton Blvd., Harrisburg, Pa.

the Racquet Shirt, knitted of 100% Orlon
for action, comfort, and good looks. About $10

THE **Activair** SHIRT COMPANY

Whitehouse & Hardy, New York, Detroit
Jerrems, Chicago
Boyd's, St. Louis
Phelps Terkel, Los Angeles
For other stores write:
GORDON-FORD SALES COMPANY EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.



TOOTAL SHORTS

imported from England

Ideal for year round wear in fine, light-weight cotton. White, blue; sizes 30 to 52. About $4. At fine stores or write T. B. Lee Company, Inc., Dept. 3, 1441 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

THE TOOTAL GUARANTEE. All fabrics bearing the registered trademark "TOOTAL" are guaranteed to give satisfaction. Should dissatisfaction arise through any defect in the fabric, Tootal will replace garment or refund the price.

and shoulders of the boys standing at either side of me. The music stopped, and the dancing teacher, unaware of the artistic impulses her words had set free in me, reproached me for my grave discourtesy. Her face had lost its cheerful control and looked old and ravished. There was no laughter or mockery from the class; we had not yet reached the state of flirtatious amusement that goes with dancing, and the boys and girls stood quite still, staring at me in bland curiosity. Made to sit on a solitary chair while the others continued dancing, I felt deeply ashamed, and deeply disillusioned with my dreams of perfection. It was the last of my experiments with geometric forms.

—Ruth Domino

•

DO GOOD WORKS, UP TO TWENTY PER CENT OF ADJUSTED GROSS INCOME

Take all you have, the Bible says, and give it to the poor—
But such a course is sure to leave you somewhat insecure.
Twenty per cent the government considers as the max-
imum to be deducted on your income tax.

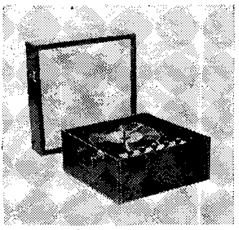
In giving alms, the Bible says, let not your left hand know
The generous donations that your right hand may bestow,
And do your good in secret, and conceal its very tracks—
Then how can you deduct it on your income tax?

And lay not up your treasures in this earthly habitation,
Where moth and rust and burglaries entail depreciation.
There's one consideration that this admonition lacks:
Such losses *are* deducted on your income tax.

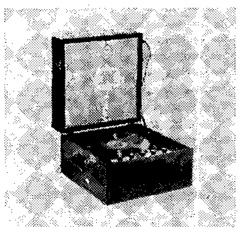
Although you take the Bible as the way to get to Heaven, you
Will not impress the officers who guide internal revenue.
So if you buy a Bible, merely read it and relax;
It cannot be deducted on your income tax.
Ho, the income tax! Hey, the income tax!
It cannot be deducted on your income tax!

—Morris Bishop

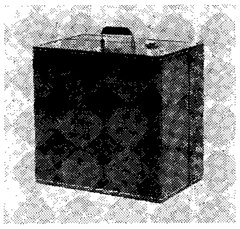
LIBERTY *Music Shops*
CRITIC'S CHOICE in HI-FI
THE GREAT SCOTT *Custom*
Portable Phonograph WITH SPEAKERS IN DETACHABLE LID



Plays with Speaker Lid Detached



Plays with Speaker Lid Attached



Portable, can be carried anywhere

Employing the basic principle of High-Fidelity Reproduction—the speaker placed separately, away from the changer and amplifier, this marvelous new instrument will reproduce your finest recordings with "presence" rarely heard even in expensive consoles. Comes in handsome Kalistron finish—black, brown, eggshell, or gray. Price, including Garrard changer, DIAMOND NEEDLE . . . 199.50
Write for free brochure

450 MADISON AVENUE at 50TH STREET, N. Y.
975 MADISON AVE. AT 76TH ST. (Hotel Carlyle), N. Y.
795 MADISON AVENUE AT 67TH STREET, N. Y.
150 EAST 42ND STREET (New Socony Bldg.), N. Y.
228 EAST POST ROAD, WHITE PLAINS

LIBERTY *Music Shops*

The **GRILL**
Air-Conditioned

SWING and SWAY
with
SAMMY KAYE
and his Orchestra

Hotel **ROOSEVELT**
MADISON AVENUE AT 45th STREET
one of the fine hotels of the
HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA

See your Travel Agent
for the
POMPANO CLUB
BERMUDA Cottage Colony
New York Representative:
Phone: Judson 6-3070

A TRULY REMARKABLE RESTAURANT
Rattazzi
LUNCHEON
COCKTAILS
DINNER
OPEN NOON TO MIDNIGHT
9 EAST 48 STREET, N.Y.C.—PL 3-5852

Pabst® makes it perfect!

Join the fun when the riding's done—and Pabst makes it *perfect!* What'll *you* have? Pabst Blue Ribbon—clearly refreshing, *clearly* delicious. If you're in favor of *flavor*, you make it Pabst, because Pabst makes it perfect... finest beer served *anywhere!*

Pabst Blue Ribbon
Pabst Blue Ribbon
BEER

America's oldest and most experienced national brewer · established 1844 · Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer · Old Tankard Ale · Andeker Draught Supreme

©1958. TRADEMARKS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. PABST BREWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, PEORIA HEIGHTS, NEWARK, LOS ANGELES

Made in a lightweight blend of 55% "Dacron" and 45% worsted, this handsome tropical is about $80.

DON'T SIZZLE

Tropicals of "Dacron"* polyester fiber and wool bring you the cool comfort you appreciate with the neatness you demand. Select from intriguing new colors, styles and patterns. Suit by H. Freeman & Son, Philadelphia.

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING... *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

DACRON
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

*"DACRON" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS POLYESTER FIBER. DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, DOES NOT MAKE THE FABRIC OR SUIT SHOWN HERE.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

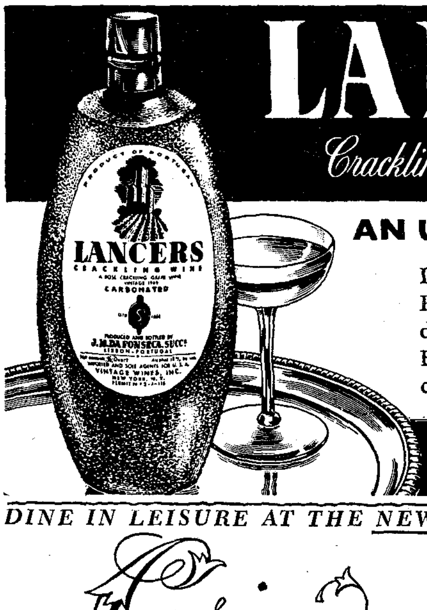
Reluctant Dragon

IN its transition to the screen, Irwin Shaw's novel "The Young Lions" has undergone quite a sea change, and so has its central character, a young German ski instructor. As described by Mr. Shaw, this chap was civilized enough before the outbreak of the Second World War but subsequently became a fanatical brute, obsessed with Hitlerism and conquest. As represented in the movie, however, he is really just a poor, mixed-up skier who wishes that he didn't have to go around shooting people and longs for the day when amity will reign among the nations of the earth. In his portrayal of this kindly, troubled youth, Marlon Brando—sporting hair so blond that it looks Simonized and employing a German accent that might be considered extravagant in Yorkville—does a good deal of disconsolate peering into space but seldom indicates that he has any more emotional depth than a figure in a comic strip. This is also true of Montgomery Clift and Dean Martin, who play, respectively, a forlorn, romantic Jewish boy and a Broadway producer anxious to stay as far as possible from the noise of battle.

As adapted by Edward Anhalt and directed by Edward Dmytryk, who did most of his shooting in Paris and its environs, "The Young Lions" charges all over the military landscape, from Occupied France to induction centers in Manhattan, and from battlefields in North Africa to soldiers' haunts in London. Developed in episodic style, it keeps ranging back and forth among its characters (the picture runs for better than two hours and a half), and no sooner have we become faintly interested in one than we're off to see how another is making out. Mr. Brando first comes to bat in a sort of prewar prologue, when we encounter him rolling around in the Bavarian snow with an American girl (Barbara Rush). As it happens, the American girl is enamored of the Broadway producer, but she seems perfectly willing to romp a bit with the ski instructor. Then all the Germans at their ski lodge start whooping it up for Hitler and giving forth with "Deutschland, Deutschland Über Alles," and when Mr. Brando indicates that he doesn't

the perfect after-dinner demi-tasse
INSTANT
ESPRESSO
COFFEE
DEMI-TASSE BY Ehlers

After-dinner . . . rich, authentic espresso, without machinery. Now make it in an instant, with Ehlers new Instant Espresso! *Ehlers Coffee, Brooklyn 37, N. Y.*



LANCERS
Crackling Carbonated Vin Rosé

AN UNUSUAL DINNER WINE!

Imported from Portugal. A Light-bodied Rosé wine—slightly effervescent—delightfully different in taste. Bottled in hand molded earthenware crock or glass jug.

SOLE IMPORTERS **VINTAGE WINES,** INC.
625 W. 54th St. N. Y. 19, N. Y.

DINE IN LEISURE AT THE NEW
Casino
ON THE
Park
Designed by Raymond Loewy Corp.
LUNCHEON • PRE-THEATRE DINNER • DINNER
SUPPER • SUNDAY BRUNCH
STEVEN WELTNER AT THE PIANO
Tel. CIrcle 7-0300
ESSEX HOUSE
Vincent J. Coyle, V. P. and Mng. Dir.
160 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH

VALLEY FORGE
MILITARY ACADEMY

Valley Forge, hallowed shrine of American Freedom, has loaned its cherished name to this fully accredited, distinguished military academy and Junior College.

The Academy educates young men for entrance into all leading colleges. Senior R.O.T.C. prepares them for a commission. The athletic program keeps bodies well, teaches fair play, and sportsmanship.

A magnificent campus, with 52 Colonial brick buildings, houses Infantry, Artillery, Cavalry and renowned Cadet band. On its 200 rolling acres young Americans prove the Academy's right to say: **"From the embattled fields of Valley Forge went men who built America; from the training fields of Valley Forge go men who will preserve America."** **Lee Hall, Wayne, Pa.**

DON'T MISS

the latest edition of America's Greatest Antiques Show

THE

New York Antiques Fair

71st INFANTRY ARMORY
Park Ave. & 34 St., New York City

MONDAY THROUGH SUNDAY
APRIL 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20
1 P.M. to 11 P.M. Daily
Closing 7 P.M. Sunday

123 exhibits gathered from all parts of the world. Everything for sale.

NUTTALL MANAGEMENT

The
Café Lounge
and Bar

Luncheon Cocktails Dinner

Dancing Daily

5:30 p.m. to 1:30 a.m. • Sundays 5 p.m. to Midnight

SAVOY-PLAZA
FIFTH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET
ELdorado 5-2600
A HILTON HOTEL

MUSIC LOVERS RENDEZVOUS
ASTI
ITALIAN AMERICAN CUISINE
13 EAST 12th STREET AL. 5-9095·9773

MUSIC LOVERS RENDEZVOUS
ASTI
ITALIAN AMERICAN CUISINE
13 EAST 12th STREET AL. 5-9095·9773

MUSIC LOVERS RENDEZVOUS
ASTI
ITALIAN AMERICAN CUISINE
13 EAST 12th STREET AL. 5-9095·9773

think Hitler is such a bad fellow, either, the young lady decides he isn't her dish.

With this little idyll out of the way, the movie gets down to military cases. Mr. Brando is shown as a Wehrmacht lieutenant headed for Paris; once there, he takes up with a French girl (Liliane Montevecchi), who comes to realize that he is a fine fellow way down deep. Now we shift to the United States, where our Broadway producer and our Jewish lad are up for induction. The producer (Mr. Martin, you will remember) is determined to pull strings to stay out of the Army; the Jewish lad (Mr. Clift) is willing to serve. Having met at their draft board, the two go to a party at Mr. Martin's, where Mr. Clift encounters a girl he loves at first sight (Hope Lange). After time out for Mr. Clift to woo and win Miss Lange, which he does with the goggling look of a man hit by a sandbag, we are off to training camp with the two draftees. (Mr. Martin's pulled strings have gone slack.) At the camp, Mr. Clift is treated abominably by a bunch of sadistic anti-Semites, and Mr. Martin is dispatched to London to entertain the troops.

Meanwhile, what of Mr. Brando? Well, he is getting more and more fed up with man's inhumanity to man, and irritating his superior officer, a devout Nazi (Maximilian Schell), with his strictures on German conduct in Occupied France. Eventually, more or less in passing, he enjoys the favors of his superior's wife, a strumpet, while on leave in Berlin, and then heads for Africa to join Rommel. We should now return to our other chaps, but I think you've got the general idea. Everything winds up, as you might expect, with our threesome fighting away in France. It takes a long, long time to reach this climax.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

[*From the Saturday Evening Post, May 28, 1949*]	[*From The New Yorker, November 23, 1957*]
TIME OF THE MAD ATOM	RAT RACE
This is the age	This is the age
Of the half-read page.	Of the half-read page,
And the quick hash	And the quick hash
And the mad dash.	And the mad dash,
The bright night	The bright night
With the nerves tight.	With the nerves tight,
The plane hop	The plane hop
And the brief stop.	And the brief stop,
The lamp tan	The lamp tan
In a short span.	In a short span,
The Big Shot	The Big Shot
In a good spot.	In a soft spot,
And the brain strain	And the brain strain
And the heart pain.	And the heart pain,
And the cat naps	And the cat naps
Till the spring snaps—	Till the spring snaps.
And the fun's done!	And the fun's
—VIRGINIA BRASIER	Done! —R. BLAGDEN

26,576 Francs . . .

is about the total cost for a week's stay at a top-flight French resort. For the same reasonable weekly charge, approximately $59 apiece, a couple can enjoy an equally delightful foreign flavor, congenial companions, cuisine par excellence and every summer sport at nearby Mont Tremblant Lodge.

Your rate includes accommodations, meals and practically all activities at this internationally famous resort with its 6000 acres of Laurentian beauty.

The Lodge is operated as a Club, and reservations are necessary. Season: July 1—October 1. Your inquiry is invited.

Mont Tremblant Lodge
Club & Cottages
90 miles north of Montreal
Mont Tremblant, P.Q. Canada
Mrs. Joseph B. Ryan
President and Managing Director

among the world's famous eating places

Keen's
ENGLISH CHOP HOUSE
72 West 36th St., New York

. . unique atmosphere, interesting customs and traditions.

LUNCHEON
COCKTAILS
DINNER

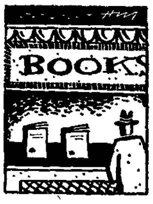
Noon to 9 P.M.

COACH HOUSE
110 WAVERLY PLACE • SPring 7-0303

QUALITY
is your Best Economy
Where laundering is an art. We give tender, loving care to your precious silks, laces, linens, shirts. Satisfaction guaranteed. Pick-up and delivery service.
MRS. KARO'S
Hand Laundry
TEmpleton 8-6516 160 East 62nd St.

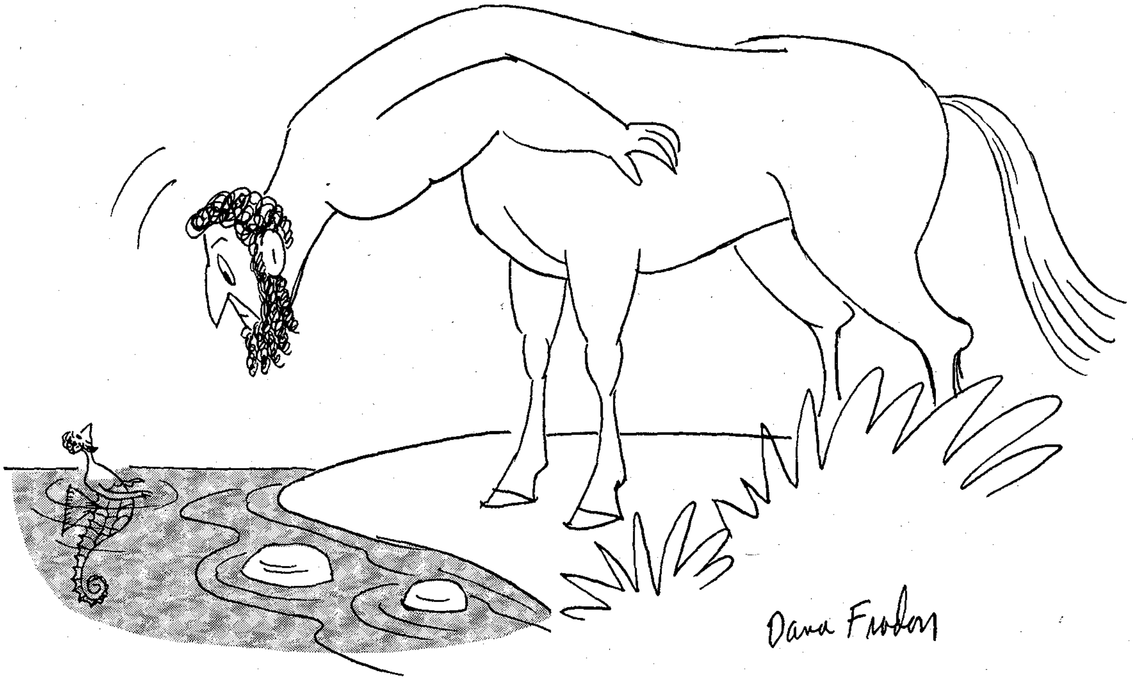
BOOKS

A Fallen Angel



THOUGH it first appeared twenty-five years ago, Dr. Enid Starkie's "Baudelaire" (now revised by Dr. Starkie and republished by New Directions) remains the fullest account of the life of the French poet that has yet been written in English. But if it is on the one hand a model biography and a monument of careful research, it is on the other a bewilderingly simple-minded exercise in the art of hero worship. For Dr. Starkie, Baudelaire is an angel of light who was cruelly wronged by life, and she sticks firmly to her opinion, although her scholarly respect for facts forces her to tell a story which shows that the poet was a male Madame Bovary, bourgeois to his fingertips, whose seeming tragedy was actually a crude farce. The poetry is powerful and persuasive enough to make anyone who reads it suppose that the man who wrote it must have lived a life of devotion to his tremendous gift, but even when his story is told by a biographer as sympathetic to him—one might almost say as fanatically loyal to him—as Dr. Starkie, it becomes apparent that his poetry was a minor part of his life. For all but a brief portion of it, his energies were largely absorbed by certain obsessions that have little to do with literature, and by that greatest of bourgeois preoccupations—keeping up appearances. He wanted, much more than he wanted to be accepted as a poet, to be recognized in the role he had chosen for himself—an aristocrat, a person of wealth, and a great man. He did not mean what is usually meant by this last term. For him, the great man was the perfect dandy, an artist whose only work of art was his own appearance. His ideal man spent hours at his toilette and did everything as if he were watching himself in a looking glass. He was always cool, detached, and in complete control of himself. He worshipped one perfect woman in a remote, asexual fashion but was not otherwise emotionally involved with anyone. He never did any work, and he had no need of money because he had unlimited credit. Everything he wanted was given him for the asking because he was so patently such a splendid fellow. It is easy to recognize this ideal figure for what it is—not the conception of a mature man but a child's vision of an existence combining full adult independence with the freedom from responsibility and care that the state of infantile dependence offers.

The story that Dr. Starkie tells explains both how this mediocre ideal came to be implanted in Baudelaire's mind and the appalling consequences of his fixations. His father was a superior lackey of the eighteenth-century type, not unlike Don Basilio, in "Figaro," a tutor in holy orders attached to the household of the Duc de Choiseul Praslin. When the revolution broke out, temporarily ruining his employer, he had enough money put by to live on and to pay for the upkeep and education of one of the Duke's sons. This act of generosity, which took some courage in the atmosphere of the Terror, received its reward when the house of Choiseul Praslin recovered its power and influence under Napoleon I. Baudelaire's father was given a sinecure in the form of an appointment to a mysterious post, taking very little of his time, in the Senate. By the time Baudelaire was born, a change of regime had led to his father's replacement, but instead of merely being cast out of his paradise, he had been compensated with a substantial pension. Baudelaire grew up with an image in his mind of a world in which justice ruled and in which his father received his due as a man of taste and culture. The father played at being a painter, spending each winter in a large apartment in a fashionable quarter of Paris and each summer in a delightful little house, with a garden that pretended to be a park, in Neuilly. Nobody did any work for all this; it all descended, without stress or strain, as a favor from the house of Choiseul Praslin. Baudelaire came to feel that at least this much was his due as a reward for being Charles Baudelaire. Most children have a belief of this sort at some stage, but unless an inhibiting shock makes them develop into the classic wastrel type, they manage to come to terms with this aspect of reality. Baudelaire did not, perhaps because his father died when he was six and his mother remarried eighteen months later. The advent of the stepfather, a tough, kindly, and able professional soldier, General Aupick, who made Baudelaire's mother exceedingly happy, coincided with the natural end of the phase of infantile dependence, when Baudelaire was, in any case, leaving the nursery, with its excessively feminine atmosphere, to begin his life as a boy in the more masculine and more demanding world of school. It was Aupick's belief that a man with courage could have anything he wanted from life if he would only work for it, and Baudelaire in time began to hate his stepfather for



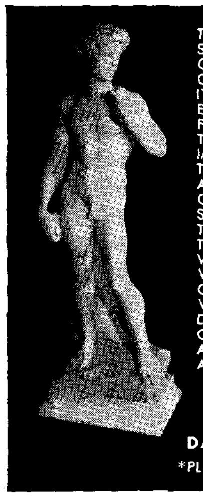
Imported India Madras

Extra cool, comfortable and good looking. Featherlight odd jackets in a wide variety of interesting plaids and stripes with blue, red, green or brown predominating. Our famous three button, natural shoulders, center vent.

Sizes 36-46 Regulars and Longs. $35. Also, extra long 40-44 $37.50.

Mail orders: state size and preferred basic color, add 50c shipping. No C.O.D.s please.

Fenn-Feinstein of NEW HAVEN
TAILORS & FURNISHERS
9 EAST 49TH ST. NEW YORK
264 YORK ST. NEW HAVEN



THIS FOURTEEN INCH STATUE OF MICHELANGELO'S DAVID IS HAND-CARVED BY ONE OF ITALY'S MOST EXPERIENCED CRAFTSMEN FROM THE FINEST CASTELLINA MARBLE. EACH IMPORTED REPRODUCTION IS INDIVIDUALLY APPROVED BY THE ART GALLERY OF FLORENCE. SEND ONLY 25c FOR THE BROCHURE ILLUSTRATING MODELS OF VENUS DE MILO, BOY WITH THE THORN, RAPE OF THE SABINES, THE WRESTLERS, MOSES, DISCUS THROWER, AND OTHERS. ALSO AVAILABLE IN BRONZE FOR AS LITTLE AS $35.

DAVID
by michelangelo
DAVID $59.50*
*PLUS SHIPPING COSTS

les deux Charles
THIRD AND ELM STS.
HENDERSON, KENTUCKY

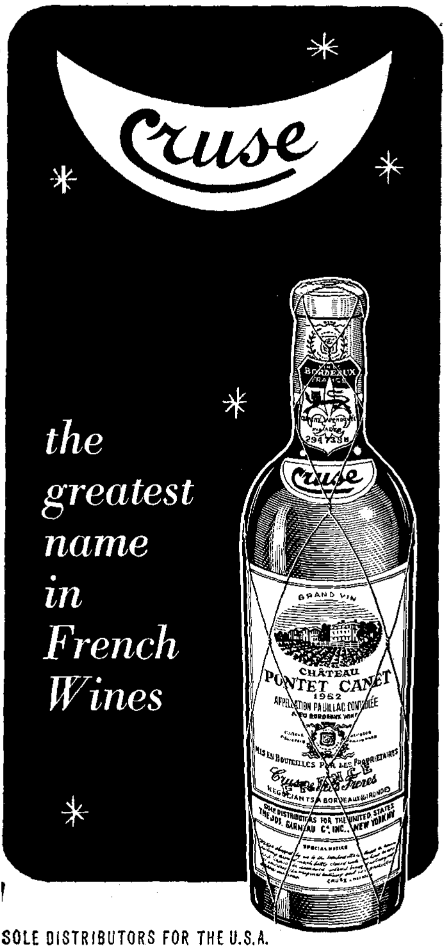
Eddie HEYWOOD TRIO
BOBBY HACKETT QUARTET
FAMOUS FOR
ROAST BEEF • STEAKS • BARBECUED RIBS
EMBERS
DINNER From 5:30 P.M. • OPEN TO 4 A.M.
161 E. 54th • NYC • PL 9-3228

having come between him and his mother and for having put an end to that blissful existence in which he had only had to ask for a thing to get it. The two main aims of his life became those of punishing his mother for having remarried and of restoring the primal state of loving dependence between them. Though the price was the complete betrayal of his poetic gift and his own destruction, he achieved both his aims, and died at the age of forty-six disgraced, penniless, and helpless, but in his mother's arms.

The infantile nature of Baudelaire's obsessions and their characteristically bourgeois forms are nowhere better shown than in the dismal pattern of his sexual behavior. One of the great events in the sensuous life of a small child in the servanted, prosperous, middle-class house of the period of Baudelaire's childhood was the transformation of the familiar daytime mother into the elaborately made-up, scented, bare-shouldered, jewelled, and grandly dressed woman who came glittering into the nursery to say good night before vanishing to a dinner party downstairs or, more excitingly, into a world of unknown pleasures in the lamp-studded darkness beyond the zone of the child's knowledge and experience. In Baudelaire's case, this recurrent excitement created a fixation on an ideal woman whom he could worship, fondle, and admire while she went through charades of dressing up but whom he could never possess. The taboo on a consummation of the relationship was natural, since possession of the ideal woman would have been, at least symbolically, incest. The sexual drive is, however, too strong to be denied by such a barrier, and Baudelaire constructed a mechanism of fantasy and rationalization in which worship of the ideal could be combined with practical gratifications. Its basic character can be seen in the notes he jotted down as the starting point for a short story that was to have been called "The Virgin Mistress":

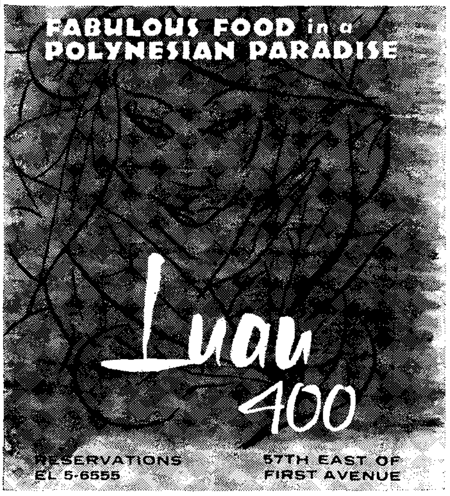
> The woman one doesn't enjoy is the woman one loves . . . what makes the mistress more beloved is debauchery with other women. What she loses in sensual pleasures she gains in adoration. A man is more agreeable when he knows that he needs forgiveness.

"The Virgin Mistress" was never finished, but "La Fanfarlo," although the ending is abrupt, shows its ideas in a further stage of development. In it, a writer called Samuel Cramer, who uses the feminine pen name Manuela de Monteverde, wins the Platonic love



Cruse
the greatest name in French Wines

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.
THE JOS. GARNEAU CO., INC., NEW YORK 16, N. Y.



FABULOUS FOOD in a POLYNESIAN PARADISE
Luau 400
RESERVATIONS EL 5-6555
57TH EAST OF FIRST AVENUE

PRE-THEATRE DINNER
Gaston
. . . an intimate restaurant
"C'est Formidable"
a discriminating continental cuisine and matching wine cellar . . .
48 East 49th St. • Closed Sat. & Sun. • PLaza 5-4285

Absinthe House

Specialties with the Flavor Distinctive of New Orleans

130 WEST 48 STREET
Res. CO 5-6571
Closed Sundays

of a good woman by making himself the lover of La Fanfarlo, a dancer who is the mistress of the woman's husband. When La Fanfarlo gives herself to Cramer for the first time, it becomes apparent that he cannot accept her as a woman; the charade must come first, and she must put on her stage dancing dress, and the full makeup that goes with it, before he can make love to her.

Pathetic as this sublimation is, it lacks the terrible sadness of the pitiful reality. The feeling of guilt created by the incestuous character of Baudelaire's fixation led him to feel that sex was shameful and horrible in itself. This produced aberrations that make his fetishism seem almost attractive. A sadistic hatred of women sprang from their wickedness in being attractive, and a resort to prostitutes came from the necessity of preserving the purity of good women by seeking vile outlets for the condemned feelings. By the time he was eighteen Baudelaire was frequenting whores, and when he was nineteen or so he was syphilitic. His life had assumed the irredeemably mediocre quality it was never to lose. The woman he chose for the role of the worshipped virgin mistress was a third-rate actress who existed on the fringe of the world of prostitution under a variety of pseudonyms—Lemer, Duval, Prosper, and Dardart—and who now frowns sullenly out of a Manet portrait in a gallery in Budapest, the secret of who she really was and where she came from lost forever. She romanced about herself, and Baudelaire romanced about her, and various stories have her born anywhere from Santo Domingo to Cape Town. When she was unfaithful to him, he took his pleasures with other actresses of the type or with the cheapest streetwalkers.

Toward the end of his life, Baudelaire succeeded in making his mother his confidante, thus introducing a macabre note of exhibitionism into the pattern. Mme. Aupick was a vicarious witness both to the progress of his unpleasing disease and to the ups and downs of his relationship with Jeanne Lemer-Duval-Prosper-Dardart. Even in this closing phase, to which his approaching death might be expected to add an element of dignity or of tragedy, the tone of essential mediocrity remained unbroken. With all the indignation and outrage of one who has never heard of such a thing, he reported to his mother the classic situation of low farce—the man whose constant presence in his mistress's apartment he had been induced to accept, on the ground that he was her

VENUS
DRAMATIC IN ITS
BURST OF BEAUTY...
HIGHLIGHTED WITH A SPHERE
OF PURE WHITE PORCELAIN.
DESIGNED IN TEXTURED
GOLD PLATE.
PINS, 5.00 AND 4.00
EARRINGS, 5.00
PLUS FED. TAX
(SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE)

AT ALL FINE STORES OR WRITE

Castlecliff
THE TALKED-ABOUT JEWELRY
366 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

designs copyrighted

WHO HAS **BEANE?**

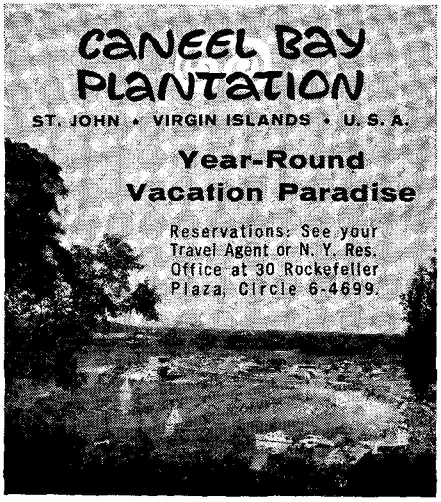
WE HAVE **BEANE!**

J. R. WILLISTON & BEANE
ESTABLISHED 1889

Members New York Stock Exchange
and other Leading Stock and Commodity Exchanges

115 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N. Y.

Miami Beach, Florida • Plainfield, New Jersey • Rye, New York



CANEEL BAY PLANTATION
ST. JOHN • VIRGIN ISLANDS • U. S. A.

Year-Round Vacation Paradise

Reservations: See your Travel Agent or N. Y. Res. Office at 30 Rockefeller Plaza, Circle 6-4699.

PARMA
Italian Provincial

At better furniture and department stores. Send 5-cent stamp to Department N for booklet.

UNION-NATIONAL, INC.
JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

EXTRA CARE IN
Moving
EXTRA KNOW-HOW IN
Packing
EXTRA FACILITIES FOR
Storage
AT NO EXTRA COST TO YOU!
Let a courteous, skilled expert come in and help you plan the most efficient and economical solution to your problems.
WEST SIDE WAtkins 9-1300
510-520 West 21st Street
New York, N.Y.
MORGAN AND BROTHER - the MANHATTAN STORAGE COMPANY, INC.
EAST SIDE LEhigh 5-9100
80th St. & Third Avenue • New York, N.Y.
FREE:
Write or phone for booklet on moving day short-cuts

SPRING....
Time to enjoy the salty breeze and warm sun on our oceanfront sundecks. Evening music and entertainment. Modified Am. Plan, Ocean water in all baths.
Write for information about our All Inclusive Vacation Plans
In New York, call MU 2-4849
Marlborough Blenheim
Twin beds with bath from $13.
ON THE BOARDWALK, ATLANTIC CITY

OPEN SUNDAYS
RESTAURANT
Laurent
We Park Your Car at Dinner
111 East 56th St. • PLaza 3-2730

Le Cupidon
DINNER, a gourmet's delight served daily from 6 P. M.
Appearing nightly Sheila Reynolds
Entertainment and Dancing Nitely
40 E. 58 ST. • PL 5-4842

brother, was the lover she was keeping on his money. It was for him, Baudelaire said, a monstrous discovery, the full details of which would scorch his throat in the telling. But the truth about the ending of the only lasting relationship he was able to establish with any woman aside from his mother is that it was utterly commonplace. After that ended, the pattern of his life degenerated further, though still rigidly inside the confines of his infantile obsessions with dressing up and with drabs.

The poverty of Baudelaire's emotional experience finds its parallel in his everyday life. His persuasion that he was a traveller with a profound knowledge of the tropics and the East rested on an inadequate foundation. When he was at the height of his adolescent crisis, his stepfather, with great kindness, settled his debts and, giving him a chance to find himself in new surroundings, financed a trip to India. Baudelaire set out, but returned after spending eighteen days in Mauritius. He never again managed to get farther from Paris than Dijon, Honfleur, and Brussels. Of the quality of the life he lived in Paris it can only be said that it was typified by a profound dishonesty. At its outset, Baudelaire was in a position that offered him every advantage in the way of freedom and independence. He had inherited his father's house at Neuilly, and with it an income that, if it promised no luxuries, at least assured him of all his necessities. Had he also had the candor to admit that he was a member of the middle class, he might have lived what remained of his life in almost any way he chose. But this was an impossibility. He wished to pass for a gentleman. In order to create the impression of wealth, he moved into an apartment he could not afford, set up Jeanne Lemer in another, took on a manservant, entertained lavishly, and spent hours every day shopping for the trappings of a man of fashion—embroidered vests, knickknacks, and the like. In two years, he spent thirty-five of his seventy thousand francs of capital, all of the money from the sale of the house in Neuilly, and twenty thousand francs he had obtained on promissory notes. He also ran up substantial bills for goods and services. In the letters he wrote to his mother when she was taking steps to have him declared financially incompetent and to have what remained of his property put in escrow, so that neither he nor his creditors could make further raids upon it, Baudelaire proposed as an alternative that he should transfer the money to her by

from the paradise isles...
Royal Hawaiian Macadamia Nuts
Royal Hawaiian® Macadamia Nuts... with a tantalizing new flavor
The nut with the really different flavor. Sweet and mellow, with all the golden-rich goodness of their Hawaiian homeland. Now available to mainland gourmets. The good taste gift — the deliciously different party snack.
In 3½, 7 and 12 oz. jars. At New York gourmet shops and food stores.
Castle & Cooke, Limited
Honolulu, Hawaii

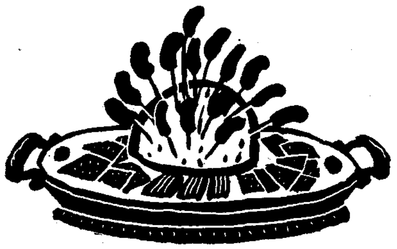
DELIGHTFUL HEADQUARTERS for dining and lodging
Whether you come for a meal, a weekend or longer, you'll enjoy the attractive Hotel Thayer at the U. S. Military Academy—only 40 miles from New York City. Cocktail Lounge.
SUNDAY DINNER Served from 12 to 8 P.M.
LUNCHEONS from $1.50 • DINNERS from $2.60
240 ATTRACTIVE ROOMS FROM $7 DOUBLE
U. S. HOTEL THAYER
WEST POINT • NEW YORK

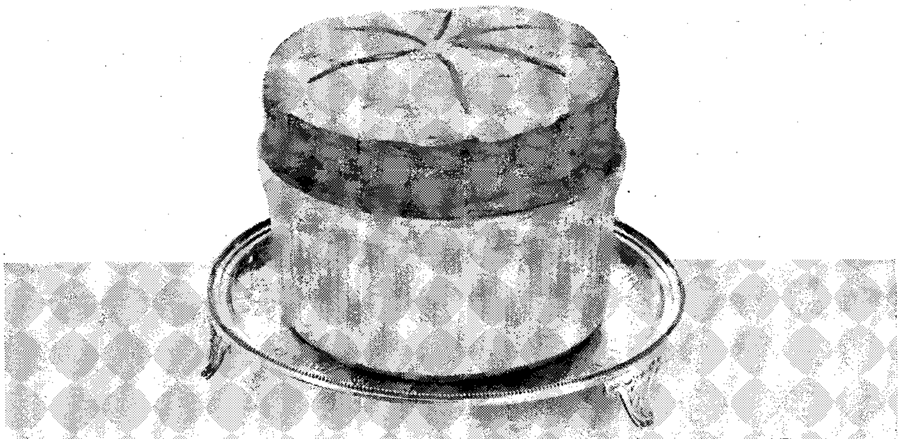
the Living Room
intimate Supper Club
Presents Nightly
The VERSATONES
RCA Calypso Recording Artists & other acts
OPEN 5 P.M.—Entertainment from 9 P.M.
DINNER • COCKTAILS • SUPPER
915 2nd AVE. nr 48th ST. EL 5-2263

Jack Stutz will make you Right At Home at the Game Cock
14 EAST 44TH STREET
LUNCHEON COCKTAILS DINNER SUPPER

deed of gift, and that she should then dole out his income to him. She rejected this proposal, but Baudelaire brought it up again twenty years later, after his stepfather had died. Although he was by then over forty, he proposed that they should set up house together, that she should take full control of his income and his affairs, just as if she were his legal guardian and he had never come of age; he wanted to put himself back into the position of a child who receives everything from his mother.

A child also gets his keep, his pleasures, and his toys for nothing, and Baudelaire went to extraordinary lengths to achieve this, going up to and beyond the margins of fraud in doing so. When the family finally had him declared incompetent, his capital was put in the hands of a trustee called Ancelle, who had discretionary powers to pay out to him or to withhold his income, and to arrange loans in anticipation of it. In certain circumstances, he could even use capital to pay off debts. But Baudelaire was determined never to pay off a debt if he could help it. To make sure that Ancelle wouldn't do such a thing, he as far as possible kept the names of his creditors secret. He spent days lying in bed in a torpid state, scheming ways of getting cash that would meet the interest on loans he had raised to pay the interest on other loans. If he wrote to his mother saying he was on the point of suicide, she would write to Ancelle and Ancelle would give him money. The money, when it came, was never quite enough. Baudelaire would declare that the absolute minimum needed to save him from disgrace or self-destruction was three thousand francs, and presently Ancelle would pony up four or five hundred. By Baudelairean logic, it followed that since this sum was nothing like enough to deal with all the debts, it was futile to devote any of it to them. Baudelaire would consequently go off to the Tour d'Argent or a similarly expensive and fashionable restaurant and spend the money on the kind of display that won him new credit. Alternatively, if he succeeded in creating a real impression of urgency and Ancelle, at his mother's urging, produced a substantial sum, Baudelaire would show his delight





WHAT? Soufflé Grand Marnier.
WHERE? Aboard the French Line's Ile de France — the gourmet's paradise afloat.
HOW? With Grand Marnier Liqueur a l'orange, of course. It's made exclusively with a fine champagne cognac base.
WHEN? Any time... at home! Write now for your free recipe booklet.

Box Y4, Carillon Importers Ltd., 65 E. 55th St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

Grand Marnier
Liqueur

P.S. de résistance

Grand Marnier

LIQUEUR A L'ORANGE • PRODUCT OF FRANCE • 80 PROOF

THE BUCKET EXECUTIVE SWIVEL©
DESIGNED BY WARD BENNETT
CUSTOM CRAFTED IN GLOVE-SOFT LEATHER
HAND POLISHED ALUMINUM SWIVEL BASE.

LEHIGH FURNITURE CORPORATION, 16 EAST 53RD STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

Dinner in The Ivy

Timed for early theatregoers
or late diners

SUNDAY BRUNCH
From 12 Noon

HOTEL Drake
440 Park Ave., at 56th St.
Bing & Bing Inc., Mgt.

mexican wedding pants

Styled to tickle a Springtime fancy. Criss-cross loops at the waistband. Three tab buttons down the frontier pockets. In cool white duck without back pockets. Waist sizes 28 to 38. Shipped uncuffed. (Fine for rolling up.) 12.95 ppd. Free catalog. No C.O.D.'s. Send check or money order to

the domino
1450 east 57th st., chicago 37
also 1020 rush st., chicago 11

THE ROMANTIC
Cotillion
room
STANLEY MELBA
proudly presents the
COTILLION
STRINGS
under the direction of
ALEX ROSATTI
JOSEPH RICARDEL and his orchestra
DINNER and SUPPER
Tuesday through Sunday
BETTY
BENEE
Musical
Comedy
Star
appearing nightly
9:30 and 12:15

meet in
The Bird Cage
for Cocktails
Hotel Pierre
TEmpleton 8-8000
FIFTH AVENUE AT 61st STREET

For
EXCELLENT CUISINE
PLEASANT ATMOSPHERE
—and time to enjoy both

NEW YORK'S
POPULAR
PRE-THEATER
RENDEZVOUS

Only a few steps from most theaters, with extra fast service for the show-goer. Excellent food and generous cocktails, sensibly priced. Entertainment (except Sunday), cocktails 'til closing.

Medallion Room
AND COCKTAIL LOUNGE
HOTEL WELLINGTON
7th Avenue and 55th Street

du midi
Gay and Authentically French
Delicate Wines and Provincial Specialties at Reasonable Prices
•
LUNCHEON-DINNER-CONTINENTAL BAR
In the heart of the Theatre District
311 West 48 Street • CO 5-9395

by buying her a costly present, which would again reduce the money he had received from Ancelle to a sum not worth applying to the debts. And so it would go. When he was not threatening his mother with scandals, he was promising her success in his writing that would shortly make his fortune and enable him to repay everything he was asking for. The dishonesty of his letters to her is equalled only by their cruelty. An example dated October, 1860, moves easily from threats to lies:

> Finally, although I do not wish to frighten you for any reason whatsoever, to distress you, or to cause you any remorse, I have the right to hope that some fine morning I shall give way to despair, I who am truly very weary, and who have never known joy or security. After your death, it is clear and certain that I shall not go on living; since the fear of hurting you while you are still alive may yet stop me; but after your death, nothing will stop me.

This precedes, by a couple of paragraphs, some inventions about a play that existed only in Baudelaire's mind. What was on paper, and what he had naïvely submitted to the theatre director in question, was not even the draft of a play but an outline sketch of its situations, full of purely literary conceptions that ignored the practical realities of the theatre:

> No word about the play. And yet *I am finally satisfied with my plan.* I would not have believed that I could master problems so new to me. I despise all these banalities, but I consider that a work of this type may bring fifty thousand francs. To think that a letter from the director of the Théâtre du Cirque expressing his satisfaction would enable me to borrow three thousand francs in a month! As you know, my dream is to combine literary qualities with the spectacular setting of the boulevard theatre.

He was speaking of the draft for a Bonapartist fantasia, "The Marquis of the First Hussars," in which Napoleon I appears with some frequency, on the battlefield of Wagram and on his return from Elba. It did not, even to the friendliest eye, reveal a trace of literary quality, though its possibilities as a device for currying favor with the regime headed by Napoleon III are obvious. The charitable will have it that Baudelaire was deceiving himself about his play, but this line of retreat cannot be kept open for him. His journalism all too often shows similar motivations, and is as transparently dishonest. The most blatant example of his almost complete lack of literary integrity is provided by his attack on what he called the Pagan School of Writers. This is a statement of a principle in which he did not be-

BREWED IN
LIMITED QUANTITIES
FOR THOSE WHO
RELISH THE
WORLD'S MOST
DISTINCTIVE
BEER

prior®
Liquid Luxury
ADAM SCHEIDT BREWING CO.
NORRISTOWN, PA.
IN NEW YORK PHONE CHickering 4-5841
IN NEW JERSEY PHONE UNion 4-3000

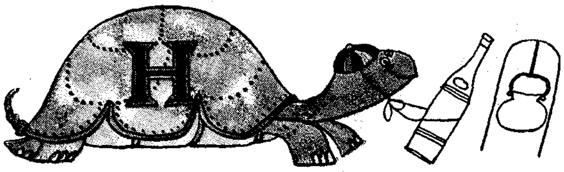
JASPER-IN-QUEBEC
for HONEYMOON HAPPINESS!
Lake-and-mountain setting. All water sports, tennis, riding, chairlift at door. Golf nearby. Hotel or motel accommodations include marvelous meals. 80 miles from Montreal by car or bus.
$167-$209 WEEKLY FOR TWO!
Write today for Honeymoon Folder or consult your travel agent.
SCENIC SPORTS CAPITOL OF THE LAURENTIANS!
P.O. Box 1020
St. Donat, Que.
Canada.

IDEAL CONNECTICUT
SUMMER HOME
Give yourself a carefree 4 mos. June thru Sept. with no service problems for only $5,000, gardeners and wonderfully efficient caretaker-cook included. Huge living room, fireplace, dining area, modern kitchen. Finest linen, silver, tableware. Upstairs living-room, three airy bedrooms, 3 baths. Top floor dormitory sleeps three or four in emergencies. 23 secluded acres, almost 1000 feet elevation. Clean sand-bottom swimming pond, also large lake for boating-fishing. Gardens planted with delicious vegetables, salad greens, herbs, flowers galore. 1½ hours from New York by car, 16 miles from Parkway. Also excellent trains and taxi service. 2 miles from West Redding or Bethel stations, 4 miles Danbury. Anyone who can afford it will adore it. Write:
Box CS, The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.
25 W. 43rd St. New York 36, N. Y.

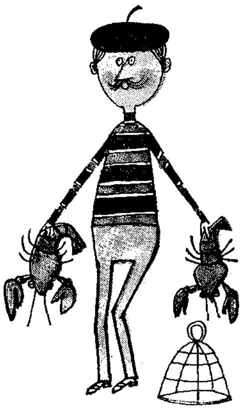
Where hand laundry is an art!
BERKELEY SUTTON
PRIVATE LAUNDRY
Fine linens are our specialty!
224 E. 57th ST. (bet. 2nd & 3rd Aves.) • PL 3-0809

We urge you politely, to consider these delicious soups...

We sent our soup men forth to seek out the most delicate, the most delicious, the most robust of all soups. Here are broths to cause invalids to leap from their beds in ruddy health. Soups to make Samsons of the puny. Rare Soups to set your guests a-flame with envy.

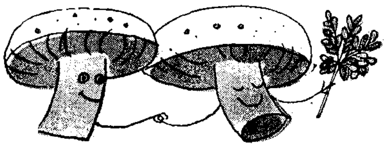


FROM WEST GERMANY we bring a Green Turtle Broth awash with chunks of teen-age turtle. Laced with a fine old Madeira. A rich, healthy-looking soup of turtles too inexperienced to have bags under their eyes . . . tender as only the very young can be.



FROM FRANCE comes a Lobster Bisque which makes monkeys of all other Lobster Bisques. A bisque, creamy-smooth as satin. Made of the French l'homard, who waits in cold northern waters for the whistle of the lobstermen. A piquant bisque, heavy with lobster meat.

FROM AMERICA, we are proud to introduce a totally new soup. A clear Onion Consommé enriched with Sherry. Made with Cornish game hen stock, sliced onions (later removed) and carefully considered spices. A clear broth, rich with flavor.

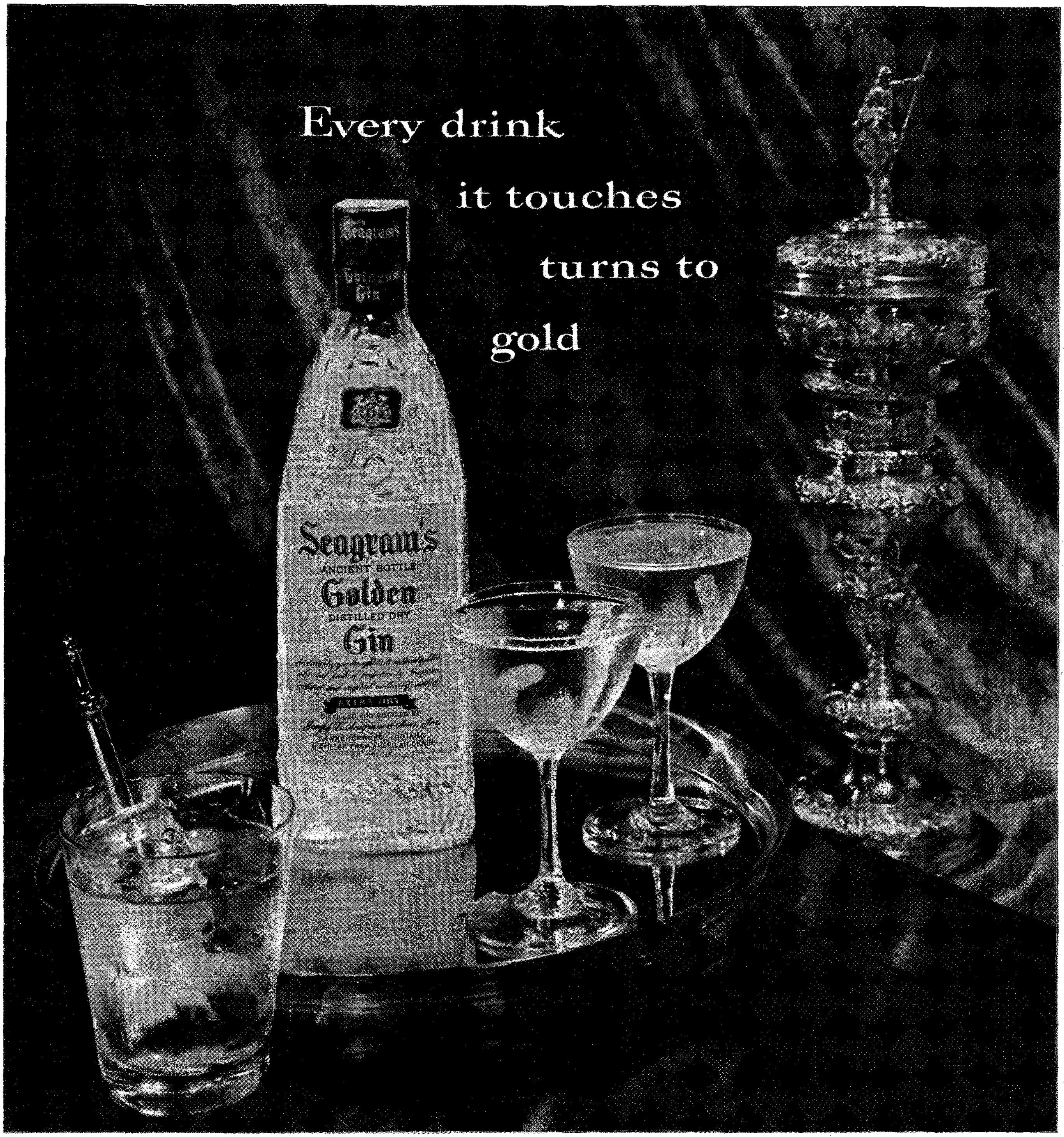


FROM SWEDEN we offer a delicate Mushroom Bisque which is to other Mushroom Bisques as the mighty oak is to the potted rubber plant. Tender young mushrooms were picked before sun-up . . . diced instantly lest their elusive flavor be lost . . . made into a rare bisque complete with secret herbs and such.

Besides these we have by far the finest Vichyssoise made... a rare Potage St Germain with the taste of freshly made Pea Soup... a rich and sturdy Oxtail Soup from West Germany. Don't let today's sun set without tasting some, or all, of these superlative Gourmet Soups.

Speed like an Antelope to your finest Food Shop

GENERAL FOODS GOURMET FOODS



Artistry in Gold . . . circa 1680. Cup created by Andreas Muller of Freiburg, courtesy J. J. Klejman.

So extra dry . . . it's golden

This gin is "one of a kind". The golden touch is Nature's own stamp of greatness. It signifies exquisite mellowness—absolute dryness. All the wealth of the Medicis couldn't buy more magnificent martinis than can be yours tonight. Yet it costs *you* but *pennies* more to . . .

Say Seagram's and be Sure

Seagram's Golden Gin ***the world's Perfect Gin***

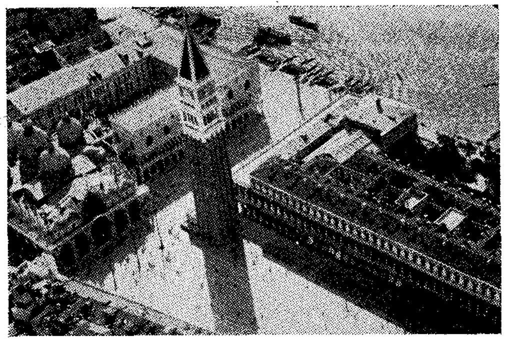
SEAGRAM'S GOLDEN GIN MAY ALSO BE OBTAINED IN CANADA · SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS COMPANY, N. Y. C. 90 PROOF, DISTILLED DRY GIN, DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN lieve. "The time is not far off when it will be understood that any literature which refuses to march fraternally between science and philosophy is a murderous and suicidal one." Implicit in this is derision of the classicists who find value in Greek and Latin literature. This performance was called forth because the scholarly Louis Ménard, who had won Latin prizes at the Lycée Louis le Grand and who had behaved with conspicuous courage in the June revolution of 1848, in which Baudelaire played an occasionally clownish part, had established a position for himself as a Greek scholar. Another example is Baudelaire's attack on Balzac for signing his name to ghosted articles, at a time when he himself was about to publish a story, purporting to be his own, that he had lifted bodily from a ten-year-old English publication.

The abysmal quality of Baudelaire's life cannot be offset by the discovery of anything fine in his thought. What is discernible of his philosophy in his poetry, behind the surface of powerful language, effective imagery, and music, has no positive aspects, and its negative aspects are corrupt. As prose, deprived of the organization that gives his poetry a semblance of meaning, his ideas reveal themselves as a ragbag of prejudices, without coherence or order, that reflect the mediocre nature of his experience and the progressive deterioration of his character. His lack of any basic beliefs enabled him to express revolutionary views in 1848 while accepting editorial jobs on conservative papers, and later to say he was against the bourgeois while supporting the supremely bourgeois dictatorship of Napoleon III. His absence of moral feeling went with an acute lack of sensibility. The poet who hates nature, women, the bourgeoisie, the working class, the peasantry, everybody engaged in commerce, the entire population of Belgium, democracy, progress, and science, and the Jews has obviously a coarsened mind accustomed to absorbing abstractions and categories of the most ill-considered and arbitrary kind. Ultimately, Baudelaire sank to such expressions as "There's a splendid conspiracy to be organized for the extermination of the Jewish race." Dr. Starkie turns from sentiments such as these and from the dismal record of whoring and petty frauds to write in this vein:

> Baudelaire believed that artists, of whatever kind they might be, were links in a chain that united humanity with God. Artists, each in his different way, render the aspirations of humanity which—since man can rarely master inarticulate-

For travel pleasure beyond compare

See Italy first



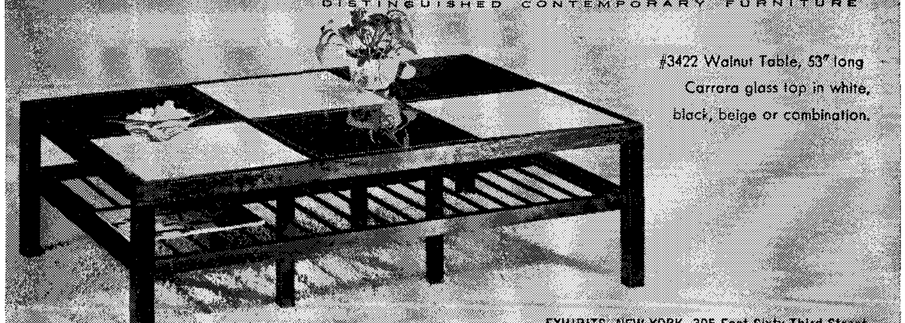
PIAZZA S. MARCO-VENICE

Italy will delight you this summer . . . her exciting cities and charming old towns . . . her lovely seaside, lake and mountain resorts . . . her art treasures and summer festivals . . . all offer you a vacation of fascinating variety. Excellent accommodations are available to fit any budget . . . the food is superb . . . transportation inexpensive . . . shopping a delight. Luxurious motor coaches provide low-cost tours throughout Italy . . . domestic air rates are economical . . . 15 and 30-day rail tickets permit unlimited travel. And special coupons procure gas at reduced prices if you take your own car. A wonderful holiday awaits you in Italy this summer— see your Travel Agent now!

INCLUSIVE TOURS
sold only through Travel Agents, make available
SPECIAL REDUCED RATES
for transatlantic transportation and other facilities in Italy.

ITALIAN STATE TOURIST OFFICE—E. N. I. T.
21 East 51st Street, New York 22, N.Y.
CHICAGO—333 N. Michigan Ave.
NEW ORLEANS—International Trade Mart
SAN FRANCISCO—St. Francis Hotel

WIDDICOMB
DISTINGUISHED CONTEMPORARY FURNITURE



#3422 Walnut Table, 53" long
Carrara glass top in white, black, beige or combination.

EXHIBITS: NEW YORK, 305 East Sixty Third Street
CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • GRAND RAPIDS • CLEVELAND
ST. LOUIS • DALLAS • ATLANTA • INDIANAPOLIS • MINNEAPOLIS • MONTREAL
WIDDICOMB - MUELLER CORPORATION • GRAND RAPIDS

Good Taste
dictates a stay at
Hotel DRAKE in New York
The City's most distinguished hotel . . . in fashionable Park Avenue . . . adjacent to everything of interest in New York.
Fresh, cheerfully appointed rooms and suites . . . home of the internationally famous Drake Room and The Ivy restaurants.
Occupancy for long or short stay
HOTEL *Drake*
440 Park Avenue at 56th Street, New York 22
Bing & Bing, Inc., Mgt.

hand-shaped®
suits from $85 . . . jackets from $60.
Sold to men accustomed to wearing the best, by fine stores throughout the country. Our brand names:
Austin Leeds and *Groshire*
GROSSMAN CLOTHING CO., NEW YORK

CHEERS, MAJOR BARLOW

—for knowing that even though the war was being fought to destroy the Germans, the *real* occupation of your men was the no-holds-barred jockeying for position within your Public Relations unit.

CHEERS, MAJOR BARLOW

—for being the most razzle-dazzle Texan military man since Sam Houston—and for inspiring such all-out reactions as "he's abusive," "he's mahvelous," "he's an s.o.b.," "he's sweet."

CHEERS, MAJOR BARLOW

—for *becoming*, upon publication, one of the most comic, tender novels of recent years—exploding with the hilarious exploits of the public relations men (and their women) of the U. S. Army Air Force in England during World War II.

CHEERS, MAJOR BARLOW

By WILLIAM FAIN

author of *The Lizard's Tail*

$3.95 at your bookstore

Crown PUBLISHERS

ness—would otherwise remain unexpressed. They are also the interpreters of man to the Almighty, for they have learnt, often only dimly, to read the mysterious symbols of the world. They express man's despairing cry as he feels lost in the enveloping darkness, they are the "*appels de chasseurs perdus dans les grands bois.*" They are the beacons which light up humanity on its path through the darkness.

It was still possible, though only just, to write like that in 1933. But it is no longer enough to declare oneself against materialism and the bourgeoisie to achieve the status of a great spirit. To be convincing, after the past twenty-five years, it is necessary for those who hoist the banner of rebellion to be precise not only about what they aim to destroy but about what they intend to put in its place. Baudelaire made it plain what he was against, but what he was for is another matter. His words, apart from the sonorous magic of their rhetoric, mean something unpoetic and extremely ugly. We have lately seen some of them translated into action in such places as Ravensbrück and Dachau. It is impossible, in fact, not to recognize in all of Baudelaire's work a noisome tributary to the stream that swept Europe into that sort of obscene folly. It was not by accident that Baudelaire recognized a kindred spirit in Joseph de Maistre, the propagandist for authoritarianism whose intellectual dishonesty in his defense of the Inquisition was so shocking to the poet and novelist Alfred de Vigny. He admired de Maistre's sophistries because they provided a rational basis for his own love of cruelty, injustice, and destruction. Even when full allowance is made for the compulsive power of his poetry, Baudelaire's name cannot be placed on the honor roll of those who lived to serve the creative imagination. It belongs to that black fraternity of French intellectuals of which de Maistre is the chief and of which Paul Déroulède, Henri Rochefort, Charles Maurras, and Léon Daudet are typical members. They have it in common that they would go to any length to avenge themselves on society for its atrocious crime of making them the bourgeois children of bourgeois parents and denying them their right as aristocrats and superior beings.

—ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE RETURN OF ANSEL GIBBS, by Frederick Buechner (Knopf). Mr. Buechner casts his own particular, brilliantly indirect illumination on a private world that is luxurious, com-

Step past the velvet rope for champagne and ...

DANCING AT "EL MOROCCO" 12" LP—$3.98

SOCIETY MUSIC with a BEAT

ULTRA HIGH FIDELITY RECORD by RKO Records

Write For List Of New Releases

Send $3.98, check or money order (includes postage) c.o.d. acceptable

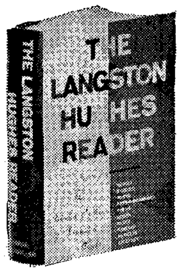
RKO Records • 1440 Broadway • New York 18

"The informal, gay, day-to-day portrait of the artist as a young man—in his seventy-fifth year." —N. Y. Times

THE PRIVATE WORLD OF **PABLO PICASSO**

By DAVID DOUGLAS DUNCAN

At all bookstores. $4.95. Published jointly by the Ridge Press and Harper & Brothers



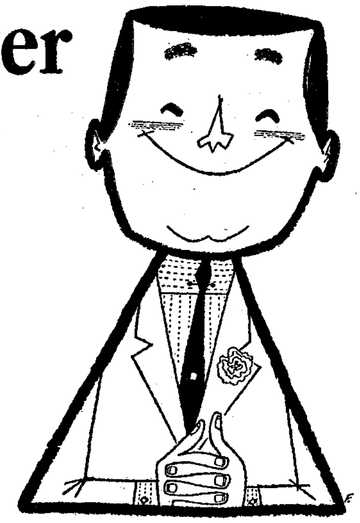
SIMPLY WONDERFUL—THE BEST OF LANGSTON HUGHES IN ONE BIG BOOK

Here's a fine, rich dish of Hughes, highlighting the libretto of "SIMPLY HEAVENLY," selections from his SIMPLE novels, short stories, poems, blues, autobiographies, and pageant—all the characteristic sentiments that have established his position in world literature. $5.95

GEORGE BRAZILLER, PUBLISHER, NEW YORK

fortable, furnished with intelligence and a certain charm, possessed of intense loyalty to itself and its members, and generous, with polite and sensible reservations, to outsiders. This is the world of Ansel Gibbs, a rich, middle-aged American, full of honors and privileges, who is spending a few days in New York before he goes to Washington to accept a Cabinet post. The time is Christmas. Gibbs, a widower, is staying at the town house of Miss Louise van Louwe, a relative of his by marriage, who has been a kind of mother to his only child, Anne. Mr. Buechner arranges the scene and places his characters with a certainty that generates its own excitement—there is no doubt that something is slightly awry in this glittering picture, and it is evident that the people we see moving so easily in their well-ordered world are going to find themselves facing a crisis before much time has passed. What is awry is that Anne Gibbs has been going around town with a famous television figure, a very young man named Robin Tripp, whose father committed suicide many years ago, after being, as he thought, abandoned by Gibbs. Gibbs and the older Tripp were lifelong companions, and Gibbs has always felt responsible to some extent for his old friend's death. When Robin Tripp asks Gibbs to appear with him on television, Gibbs agrees, although he knows the occasion will be touchy, and possibly disastrous for him at this moment of his career. What happens during the show, and after it, is interesting, but not so interesting as the relationship that suddenly becomes fixed between Gibbs, who has rather enjoyed the lively sensation of being frightened by his moment of public confusion, and Tripp, a brash and sententious young man, complacent in his conviction of his own essential humility and harsh honesty, who has inherited his father's envy of and love of Gibbs. The great crisis, after all, lies in the moment when Tripp feels that he has Gibbs where he wants him, while Gibbs is made not altogether painfully aware of his own vulnerability, and therefore of his own humanity. It is a moment that could have occurred anywhere, but never with the dramatic effect that is to be gained from greasepaint, bright lights, a stage, and the consciousness of a vast television audience watching. Mr. Buechner, a highly interesting writer, has written a good book that is

Be a snifter expert



EXTRA SPECIAL
RUM
Ron Bacardi Superior
BACARDI Y Cía
SANTIAGO DE CUBA

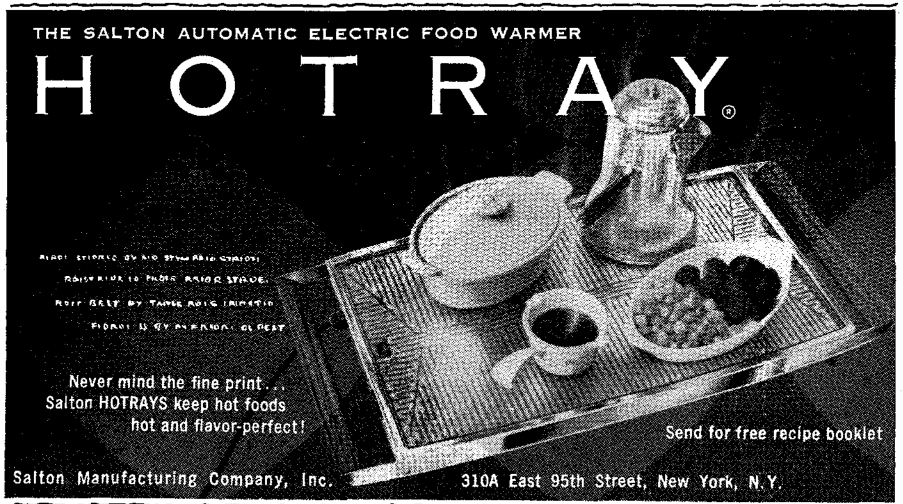
Put *rum* in a *snifter?* Of course. But for an extraordinary surprise and bouquet, try an extraordinary rum — Cuban Bacardi Añejo Brand (pronounced an-YAY-ho), the pride of the Bacardi family, a favorite with connoisseurs. Subtle, aristocratic and incomparably smooth. And, let us be frank, expensive. But worth it? Try a snifter (or a *highball*) and see!

Be a real 100% expert—send 10¢ for two delightful food and drink recipe booklets.

BACARDI
America's favorite brand - by far

© Bacardi Imports, Inc., Dept. 58N, 595 Madison Ave., NY, Rum, 80 proof

THE SALTON AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC FOOD WARMER
HOTRAY®



Never mind the fine print...
Salton HOTRAYS keep hot foods
hot and flavor-perfect!

Send for free recipe booklet

Salton Manufacturing Company, Inc. 310A East 95th Street, New York, N.Y.

4 5 and 6 by TEY

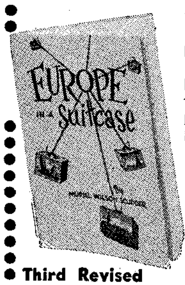
THE DAUGHTER OF TIME
THE SINGING SANDS
A SHILLING FOR CANDLES

Three incomparable mystery novels
in one Omnibus volume

By JOSEPHINE TEY
$4.50
Macmillan

COCK ROBIN

EUROPE BOUND?

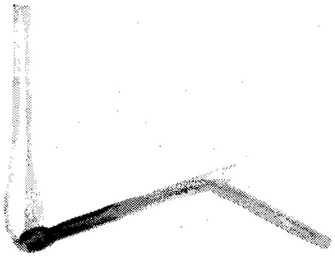


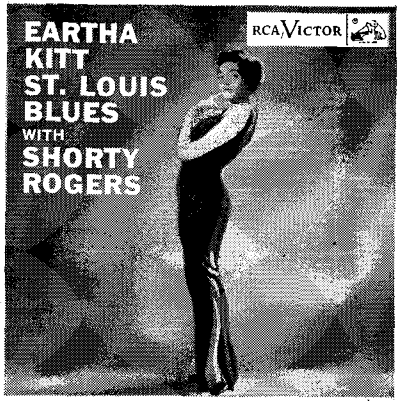
World travelers know EUROPE IN A SUITCASE is the best book to read before going abroad! It's jam-packed with paid-the-hard-way experience . . . gives twelve check lists to help you prepare for your trip with complete calm. Male or female learn what to take before taking off! Profit from the hundreds of travel tips in this fact-packed book . . . they'll save you headaches, heartaches, time, money, energy!

Third Revised Edition
$1.00 ppd.

Send today for the Third Revised Edition . . . just $1.00 ppd. *By Air Mail in U.S. add 20c.*

Muriel W. Scudder
237 Abbey Road, Manhasset, New York



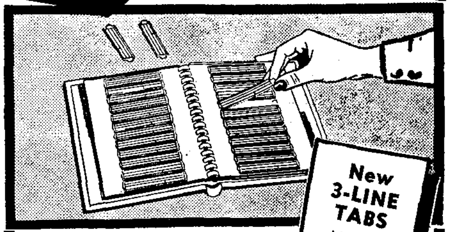


WOW!

EARTHA KITT ST. LOUIS BLUES WITH SHORTY ROGERS

The dynamic Eartha Kitt sings blues classics from her new Paramount picture, "St. Louis Blues." Shorty Rogers and his Orchestra assist. A New Orthophonic High Fidelity recording.

RCA VICTOR



SPACE FOR 288 NAMES

NEVER OBSOLETE Telephone-Address Book FROM $3.50

New 3-LINE TABS Name, Address, City, State & Phone

Revisions made lightning-fast. Slip out old tab, replace with new one. Always alphabetically perfect. Special pages for Birthdays, Anniversaries, etc.

No. "35" Holds 168 names (2-line tabs), at $3.50 ppd.

No. "55" Holds 288 names (3-line tabs), at $6.45 ppd.

No. "77" LOOSE-LEAF, originates for 288 names (can hold 864 names) $9.45 ppd. Extra leaves @ 50c ea.

TABS SUPPLIED. Extra tabs $1.00 for 100 (on perforated sheets). In N.Y.C. add 3% Sales Tax. No C.O.D.'s.

N. WIDDER ASSOCIATES, 110 Fifth Av., NYC
Visit our factory showroom (Cor. 16 St.)
CHelsea 3-2500

YOU NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD! broccoli...with hayden's hollandaise

Your grocer should have it—if not write Hayden's Hollandaise, College Point 56, N.Y.

less gigantic in conception than it appears to be.

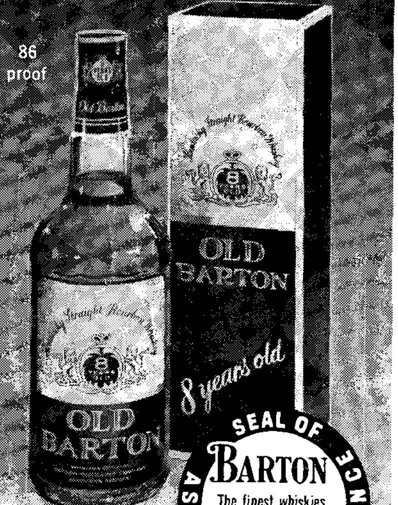
A SUMMER PLACE, by Sloan Wilson (Simon & Schuster). A conventional and fattily written novel dealing with a couple of middle-class Eastern families and a steady, worried round of adultery, alcoholism, divorce, and premature marriage, all of which is settled in a firm, rose-colored way. The story is set on a Maine island and in Buffalo, Florida, Connecticut, and elsewhere, and covers twenty years or so. A Literary Guild selection.

LAST IN CONVOY, by James Pattinson (McDowell, Obolensky). This meticulous, slow-gaited chronicle of the last voyage of a decrepit English merchant steamer, the S.S. Regal Gesture, during the Second World War, begins in Bermuda and ends some weeks later off the Irish coast, after the ship, disabled by faulty engines, has been left behind by a convoy, fired on by a submarine, and attacked by a plane, and has suffered a mutiny and the loss of her captain. Mr. Pattinson's blood-and-thunder scenes are very good.

GENERAL

THE SICILIAN VESPERS, by Steven Runciman (Cambridge). An account of the international tangle of imperial greed, papal arrogance, and regal ambition that resulted in—and, inevitably, also followed—the temporarily successful revolt of the townsfolk of Palermo, Sicily, against their Angevin oppressors on Easter Monday, 1282. Sir Steven sees in the Sicilian Vespers, as the uprising came to be known, a turning point in European history—the end of the Church's dream of a universal papal monarchy and the first step in the geographical evolution of the modern European nations. It is thus necessary for him to take us as far afield as Byzantium, Hungary and Germany, and England, France, and Spain to study, at least in passing, the reigns of a hundred monarchs, but he makes no apology for this. "A historical canvas is necessarily crowded," he remarks, "and readers who are afraid of crowds should keep to the better-ordered lanes of fiction." It is a needless warning. With Sir Steven as our lucid guide, we move through the assembled throng without a stumble, without the slightest jostling, and the sights he shows us are magnificent.

THE LOST WORLD OF THE CAUCASUS, by Negley Farson (Doubleday). In



OLD BARTON
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON
Proud member of KENTUCKY'S foremost family of fine whiskies

86 proof

8 years old

SEAL OF BARTON ASSURED EXCELLENCE The finest whiskies ever made regardless of price

The Barton Seal also appears on: Kentucky Gentleman
Colonel Lee • Tom Moore
Barton's Ancient Bond • Barton Reserve

BARTON DISTILLING COMPANY
BARDSTOWN, NELSON COUNTY, KENTUCKY

THE gift book ...for the expectant father!

Includes personally tested artful dodges, ploys and squeeze plays that will give him the techniques necessary to cope successfully.

HOW TO BE A FATHER
by Frank B. Gilbreth, Jr.,
co-author of *Cheaper by the Dozen*

20 full-page drawings by James J. Spanfeller
$2.95

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY

Established 1864
Keeler's
STATE STREET
The Restaurant Landmark of
ALBANY, NEW YORK

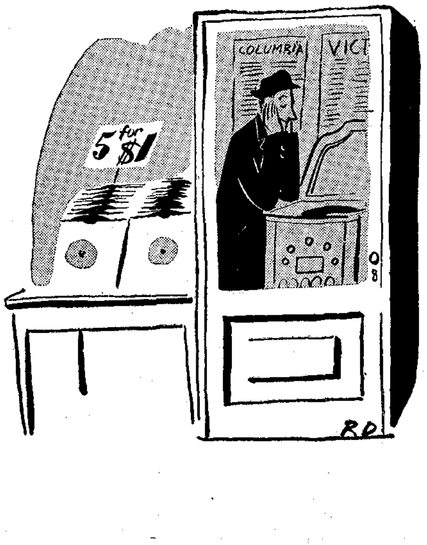
MORE THAN 135,000 COPIES SOLD

"Where Did You Go?"
"Out."
"What Did You Do?"
"Nothing."

By Robert Paul Smith • $2.95 • NORTON

1929, the author, then a foreign correspondent in Russia, took a trip through the western Caucasus with a friend of his, an engaging old English eccentric named Alexander Wicksteed, who had lived in Moscow for some years, had embraced the Revolution, and, by wearing peasant boots and no tie, and growing a beard and shaving his head, was trying his best to be a Russian. The pair—Farson on horseback and Wicksteed resolutely on foot—went up into the wild and almost inaccessible lands of the Karachaites, the Balkar, the Tchetchen, and other fierce tribesmen, among whom they feasted and bedded down at night in squalid stone huts. To Farson, it was one of the greatest experiences in his life; the mountains and their people "possess" you, he says, and "once you have felt the spell of the Caucasus you will never get over it." The book, dedicated to Wicksteed, who has long since died and who enlivens its pages like a quasi-Bolshevik Don Quixote, is beautifully written and is illustrated with remarkably fine photographs the author took with his old Kodak.

In a Quiet Land, by John O'Donoghue (Coward-McCann). In this memoir, Mr. O'Donoghue, who is fifty-eight years old, a resident of England, and a house painter by trade, looks back on his boyhood and youth on a potato-patch farm in the hills of County Kerry with an innocence so total that it perfectly recreates that vanished time. It seems never to have occurred to him that the incidents he recalls—ghost stories by the fire, his first day at school, a peat-digging expedition, a trip to a local fair, a hell-fire sermon—are something less than unfamiliar. They happened, he remembers them well, and he sets them down in the hope of entertaining us. And he entirely



CAREL CARTER
CARDS FOR CHRISTMAS

- Now showing new 1958 designs
- Classic distinction — True exclusiveness
- Dignified presentation by private appointment
- Write for name of nearest personal representative

Carel Carter
1950 North Fairfield
Chicago 47, Illinois

Only 17¢ a day . . .

can mean so much to Man Rook and his mother

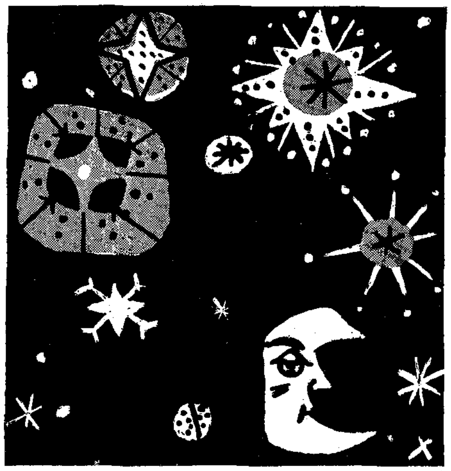
Yes, 17¢ a day could mean so much to Man Rook. It *could* mean, for a whole year, attractive new clothes, bedding and warm blankets, a toy to play with, even food—including extra milk. Man Rook's mother struggling in postwar Korea does not have the 17¢ a day for her baby.

HOW YOU CAN HELP

You can help Man Rook or another needy baby through the Baby Sponsorship Plan of Save The Children Federation. For just $5 a month—$60 a year—you can have food and the essential clothing for an entire year sent to a baby in Greece, Finland, France, Western Germany, Italy or Korea. You will receive a photograph and full information about "your" baby. You may write to his family, and your generous material aid will become part of a larger gift of understanding and friendship.

SCF NATIONAL SPONSORS (*a partial list*)
Faith Baldwin, Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower, James A. Farley, Herbert Hoover, Rabbi Edgar F. Magnin, Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, Mrs. Spencer Tracy.
"Registered with U. S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid"

"SERVING CHILDREN FOR 27 YEARS."
SAVE THE CHILDREN
FEDERATION
345 East 46th Street, New York 17, N. Y.
Please send me my baby's name, story and picture.
I want to sponsor a baby in Korea . . . Greece . . . France . . . Italy . . . Finland . . . West Germany . . . Austria . . . or where the need is greatest. . . . Enclosed is $60 for 1 year . . . $15 for 1st quarter . . . $5 for the 1st month. . . .
I cannot be a sponsor but enclosed is my gift of $. . . .
NY 4-58
Name ....
Address ....
City .... State ....
Contributions are Deductible from Income Tax



STAR STUFF

You could feel the sputterings of Sputnik here at Schwarz. Sales in our star-gazing departments increase every year, and since strange new things have rushed through the heavens, there's been a noticeably greater demand for our junior planetariums, telescopes, and electronic detecting dee-vices. Schwarz scientific toys nowadays are more fascinating fun than ever before, it seems.

Send for Free Catalogue X1

F A O SCHWARZ

World's Greatest Toy Store

745 Fifth Ave., at 58th St., New York
Telephone MUrray Hill 8-2200
Boston, Mass. • Ardmore, Pa.

Travel the High C's

with VOX' musical **C***ook's Tour of the* **C***aribbean*

—Vincent Martin, Guy Durosier, Count Desiré, Cecil Lloyd, Tower Isle Orchestra performing their specialties! VX 25.550

. . . and these other musical Cook's Tours
ROME (VX 25.530), ITALY (VX 25.000), NAPLES (VX 25.030), VENICE (VX 25.120), SPAIN (VX 25.140), LATIN AMERICA (VX 25.110), CUBA (VX 25.020), PARIS (VX 25.360), VIENNA (VX 25.100).

At your record dealer.
Write us for complete catalog N.
236 West 55th St., N. Y. 19.

VOX

COME DOWN TO THE SEA TO

GLOUCESTER

on ocean-cooled CAPE ANN

Savor the varied delights of this world-famous fishing port, wonderful beaches, sightseeing thrills, music, theatre, sports events, incomparable seafood. Hotels, motels, guest houses and cottages offer a wide choice of attractive accommodations.

For FREE literature
and information write:

CITY MANAGER, DEPT. NY1
GLOUCESTER, MASS.

SEE THE WONDERS OF SPACE! ★

FREE CATALOG

Telescopes • Binoculars
Satellite Scopes • Microscopes • Kits • Parts
OVER 1,000 OPTICAL BUYS
80 Pages — Charts, Pictures, Information
Request FREE CATALOG "CR"

EDMUND SCIENTIFIC CO., BARRINGTON, NEW JERSEY

succeeds. Foreword by Sean O'Faolain.

THE WAY BACK, by Vincent Brome (Norton). In 1941, Dr. Albert Guérisse, a Belgian Army doctor who had escaped to England after his country's defeat, took the alias Patrick O'Leary and went to work in France organizing escape routes for Allied airmen who had been shot down over Europe. His underground railroad functioned magnificently until it grew too big; a big outfit can be infiltrated fairly easily by enemy agents, and O'Leary's was. O'Leary was turned in to the Gestapo, put through a series of ghastly tortures, and finally sent to Dachau. There he founded an organization that substituted prisoners who were dying of disease for prisoners who were condemned to death; it saved about five thousand lives. Mr. Brome relates this hair-raising story in a rather plain-Jane fashion, which is good enough, since no extra adjectives are needed to persuade the reader that O'Leary and his colleagues were men of almost incredible spirit.

GEORGIAN AFTERNOON, by L. E. Jones (St. Martin's). This is the third of the graceful memorials the author has written to his, and England's, past, the others being "A Victorian Boyhood" and "An Edwardian Youth." Sir Lawrence, who spent most of his active life (he is now in his seventies and retired) as a banker in London and as the squire of ancestral holdings in Norfolk, is an extremely polished writer, and a joy to read. He tells us here of his first experiences in the world of business in London (introducing us to some of the odd and arresting people he met in the City), of his experiences as an officer and as a prisoner of war in the First World War (affording us a marvellously revealing glimpse of the pukka British Army in the days of all its glory, gallantry, and absurdity), and of the rather high-toned rustic pleasures of county living in the not so old days. He writes without sentimentality and without regrets, but not without a gentlemanly sigh.

GLADSTONE, by Francis Birrell (Macmillan). The first American edition of a twenty-five-year-old English portrait of the indomitable four-time Prime Minister that, though of almost epigrammatic brevity ("The Government embarked on the traditional, the useless, the inevitable policy of suppressing the Land League by coercion"), never shrinks to the

A man needs only one reason . . .

Fight Cancer with a checkup and a check

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

A luxury resort in a setting of natural magnificence

THE HARRISON HOT SPRINGS HOTEL
British Columbia, Canada

Lake front • Miles of forest trails
Acres of garden • Two heated pools
Excellent cuisine • Dancing nightly
Golf, tennis, riding, boating.

Short drive from
Vancouver, Canada or Seattle

· See your Travel Agent or write
Max A. Nargil, General Manager

facing Lake Michigan
on the Gold Coast

Enjoy incomparable luxury only five minutes from downtown . . . steps from famous restaurants and exclusive North Michigan Avenue stores. Superb appointments and friendly service. Rooms, suites and apartments.

Lake Shore Drive HOTEL
SUperior 7-8500
181 East Lake Shore Drive
CHICAGO

Hand carved and gilded eagles, traditional emblems of the quiet elegance of the Federal period, are appropriate symbols of gracious living in modern decoration.

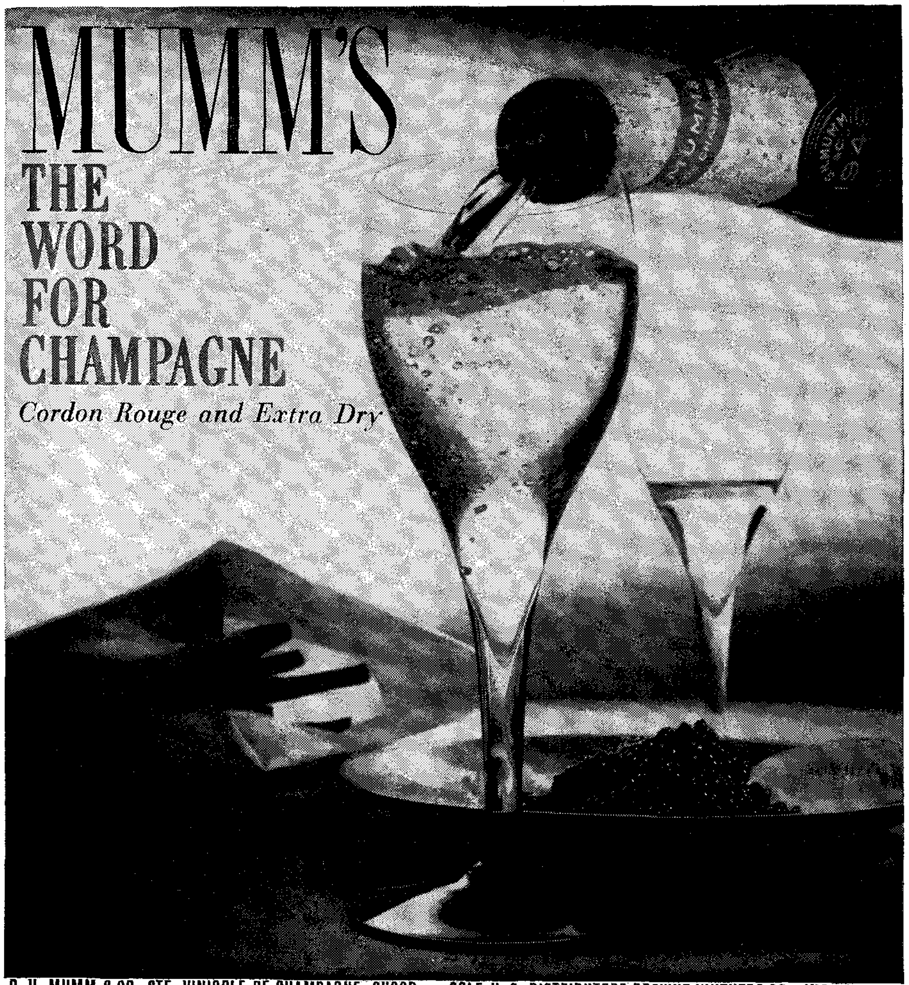
For information about hand carvings made only to order from original drawings, write to John Upton, Wood Carver, Star Route, Waldoboro, Maine.

perfunctory and often reaches real stylistic richness.

A Family Lawsuit, by S. Mitchell (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). The interesting and delightfully unimportant story of Elisabeth Patterson, a Baltimore society beauty who married Napoleon's flibbertigibbet young brother Jérôme in 1803. She hoped that her marriage would establish her among the sovereigns of Europe, but Napoleon had other plans for Jérôme, and made him leave Elisabeth to marry the Princess of Württemberg. In 1861, when Napoleon III was Emperor, Elisabeth sued Jérôme's estate in an attempt to establish her son and grandsons in the Bonaparte succession. She lost the case, Napoleon lost his throne, and Elisabeth lived to be ninety-four, rich, and extremely bitter about the fact that her grandsons were perfectly happy as untitled Americans. Mr. Mitchell, one of his heroine's descendants, relates her rise and fall with the care of a good historian and the verve of a friendly family gossip.

Vivaldi, Genius of the Baroque, by Marc Pincherle, translated from the French by Christopher Hatch (Norton). Very little is known about Antonio Vivaldi (1678?-1741) except that he was a priest, a redhead, a violin virtuoso, and a teacher at a combined orphanage and music school in Venice. Although he wrote lots of music that was much admired in his lifetime, he was forgotten after his death. His rediscovery is a by-product of the nineteenth century's rediscovery of Bach, for in the course of teaching himself composition Bach transcribed some of Vivaldi's concertos, and when these Bach-Vivaldi manuscripts turned up, scholars started chasing through the archives to find out enough about Vivaldi to make a decent footnote. Finally, somewhere around 1900, Vivaldi emerged from their researches as a composer on his own. Today, he even has fans. Among them is M. Pincherle, president of the French Musicological Society, who, in the hope of creating more fans, has put a thorough exposition of Vivaldi's music into this portable, readable, and not too technical book.

Letters to Vernon Watkins, by Dylan Thomas, edited and with an introduction by Vernon Watkins (New Directions). Thomas was twenty-two and Watkins twenty-nine when they met in Swansea, in 1936, shortly after the publication of



G. H. MUMM & CO. STE. VINICOLE DE CHAMPAGNE, SUCCR. • SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS BROWNE VINTNERS CO., INC., N. Y. C.

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK

THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK CITY 36, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription to your magazine for ☐1 YEAR; ☐2 YEARS. My remittance is enclosed.

U. S. and Possessions	1 year—$7.00; 2 years—$12.00
Canada, Latin America and Spain	1 year— 8.00; 2 years— 14.00
Other Foreign	1 year—10.00; 2 years— 18.00

Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us at least four weeks in advance and to give us their old address as well as the new. Please include postal zone numbers for both addresses.

NAME________________________________

ADDRESS________________________________

(Please include postal zone number)

See the Leslie Fay Fashions featured in the

Celanese
Summer loves ARNEL*

*This is the official Summer Loves Arnel tag—evidence that this fabric of this new triacetate fiber has been pre-tested for performance claimed.

advertisement on page 30 at these stores:

Akron, Ohio	The M. O'Neil Co.
Allentown, Pa.	H. Leh & Co.
Atlanta, Ga.	Rich's
Baltimore, Md.	Hochschild, Kohn & Co.
Dallas, Texas	W. A. Green Co.
Dayton, Ohio	The Rike-Kumler Co.
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.	Burdine's
Fort Wayne, Ind.	Wolf & Dessauer
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Paul Steketee & Sons
Indianapolis, Ind.	The Wm. H. Block Co.
Lakeland, Fla.	Maas Bros.
Los Angeles, Calif.	J. W. Robinson & Co.
Louisville, Ky.	*Stewart Dry Goods Co.*
Lubbock, Texas	Hemphill-Wells
Madison, Wisc.	Harry S. Manchester Inc.
Miami, Fla.	Burdine's
Miami Beach, Fla.	Burdine's
New Haven, Conn.	The Ed. Malley Co.
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Kerr's
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Gimbel Bros.
Portland, Ore.	Meier & Frank
Rochester, N. Y.	Sibley, Lindsay & Curr
Sacramento, Calif.	Weinstock, Lubin & Co.
St. Paul, Minn.	The Emporium
Salt Lake City, Utah	ZCMI
San Francisco, Calif.	The White House
San Antonio, Texas	Joske's
San Diego, Calif.	The Marston Co.
South Bend, Ind.	Robertson Bros.
Spokane, Wash.	The Crescent
Tampa, Fla.	Maas Bros.
West Palm Beach, Fla.	*Burdine's*
York, Pa.	Chas. H. Bear & Co.

Other "Summer Loves Arnel" merchandise at these stores:

Abilene, Texas	Grissom's
Albuquerque, N. M.	Kistler-Collister
Albany, N. Y.	John G. Myers Co.
Amarillo, Texas	Blackburn Bros., Inc.
Bakersfield, Calif.	*Malcolm Brock Co.*
Berkeley, Calif.	J. W. Hink
Binghamton, N. Y.	McLean's Dept. Store Inc.
Birmingham, Ala.	Loveman's, Inc.
Boston, Mass.	Jordan Marsh Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.	The Sample
Charlotte, N. C.	Efird's
Charleston, S. C.	James F. Condon Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Loveman's, Inc.
Chicago, Ill.	Mandel Bros., Inc.
Cleveland, Ohio	The Higbee Co.
Columbia, S. C.	James L. Tapp Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio	H. & S. Pogue Co.
Corpus Christi, Tex.	Lichtenstein's
Denver, Colo.	The May Co.
Detroit, Mich.	Winkelman's
Duluth, Minn.	Duluth Glass Block Co.
El Paso, Tex.	Popular Dry Goods Co.
Evansville, Ind.	The Evansville Store
Flint, Michigan	*Winkelman's*
Fort Smith, Ark.	The Boston Store
Fort Worth, Tex.	W. C. Stripling Co.
Fresno, Calif.	Gottschalk's
Galveston, Tex.	E. S. Levy & Co.
Greenville, S. C.	Ivey's
Green Bay, Wisc.	H. C. Prange
Greensboro, N. C.	Ellis-Stone
Hartford, Conn.	Lord & Taylor
Kansas City, Mo.	Macy's
Lincoln, Neb.	Miller-Paine
Little Rock, Ark.	Pfeifer's
Long Beach, Calif.	Buffum's
Memphis, Tenn.	*Julius Lewis*
New Orleans, La.	Maison Blanche Co.
New York, N. Y.	Lord & Taylor
Norfolk, Va.	Smith & Welton
Oakland, Calif.	H. C. Capwell Co.
Omaha, Neb.	J. L. Brandeis & Sons
Philadelphia, Pa.	Lord & Taylor
Phoenix, Ariz.	Korrick's
Pittsfield, Mass.	England Bros.
Providence, R. I.	The Outlet Co.
Racine, Wisc.	Zahn's, Inc.
Saginaw, Mich.	Winkelman's
St. Louis, Mo.	Stix, Baer & Fuller
Schenectady, N. Y.	H. S. Barney Co.
Scranton, Pa.	The Globe
Seattle, Wash.	The Bon Marche
Springfield, Ill.	John Bressmer Co.
Springfield, Mass.	Albert Steiger Co.
Steubenville, Ohio	The Hub
Syracuse, N. Y.	*C. F. Chappell & Sons Inc.*
Tacoma, Wash.	Rhodes Bros.
Terre Haute, Ind.	Root Dry Goods Co.
Toledo, Ohio	Lasalle's
Topeka, Kan.	Pelletier Stores Co.
Tulsa, Okla.	Brown, Dunkin Co.
Tucson, Ariz.	Albert Steinfeld
Utica, N. Y.	J. B. Wells & Sons
Washington, D. C.	Woodward & Lothrop
Wichita, Kan.	Innes
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	Fowler, Dick & Walker
Youngstown, Ohio	Chas. Livingston

Thomas's first book. They at once became friends, and they exchanged letters for sixteen years. Thomas's side of the correspondence, here given (except for letters written during the war years, unfortunately lost), is delightfully open, and his serious-craftsman side is as clearly evident as his exuberance and charm. Watkins, in his introduction, emphasizes the more genial side of Thomas's complicated character. Portrait frontispiece from an early photograph.

THE PRIVATE WORLD OF PABLO PICASSO, by David Douglas Duncan (Ridge Press and Harper). Three hundred unconventionally candid photographs of the world's richest, most famous, and most exquisitely self-conscious painter at work and at play in and around his home near Cannes, together with a good, if occasionally somewhat moony, running text by an enterprising and unusually talented young photographer. The pictures, which were made at various times in the spring and summer of 1956, when Picasso was in his seventy-fifth year, constitute, as Mr. Duncan is well aware, a remarkable journalistic scoop, but he has not been satisfied to let it go at that, for he has turned his enviable opportunity into a truly illuminating record of a man whose zest for life is as great as his genius.

•

Katzentine had said in an affidavit that Knight had told him Hardy had said in an affidavit that Knight had told him *Hardy* had said Channel 10 was in the bag. Knight said he wouldn't say those were the "exact words."—*Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.*

Smart fellow.

•

They reached Grenada on April 1, 1609, and landed 208 colonists but these were so persistently harried by the Caribs, that they were compelled to abandon the settlement and return to England, what was left of them arriving in London on December 15, 1906.—*Grenada (B.W.I.) West Indian.*

Adverse winds?

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE

[*From the Washington (D.C.) Star*]

Col. Parrish credits this experience, along with a preceding 10 years of teaching in the public school systems of Bedford and Glenwood, Iowa, and Grand Junction, Colo., in addition to assignments in Iowa State institutions for feeble-minded children, as invaluable in her subsequent duties in the Army.

GOLD LEAF
COGNAC
A great French cognac at a great price.
about 5.39 a fifth
Product of France · 80 Proof

GOLD LEAF
GOLD LEAF COGNAC
DENIS MOUNIE & Co.
DENIS-MOUNIE & Cº
GOLD LEAF

CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD., NEW YORK, N. Y.

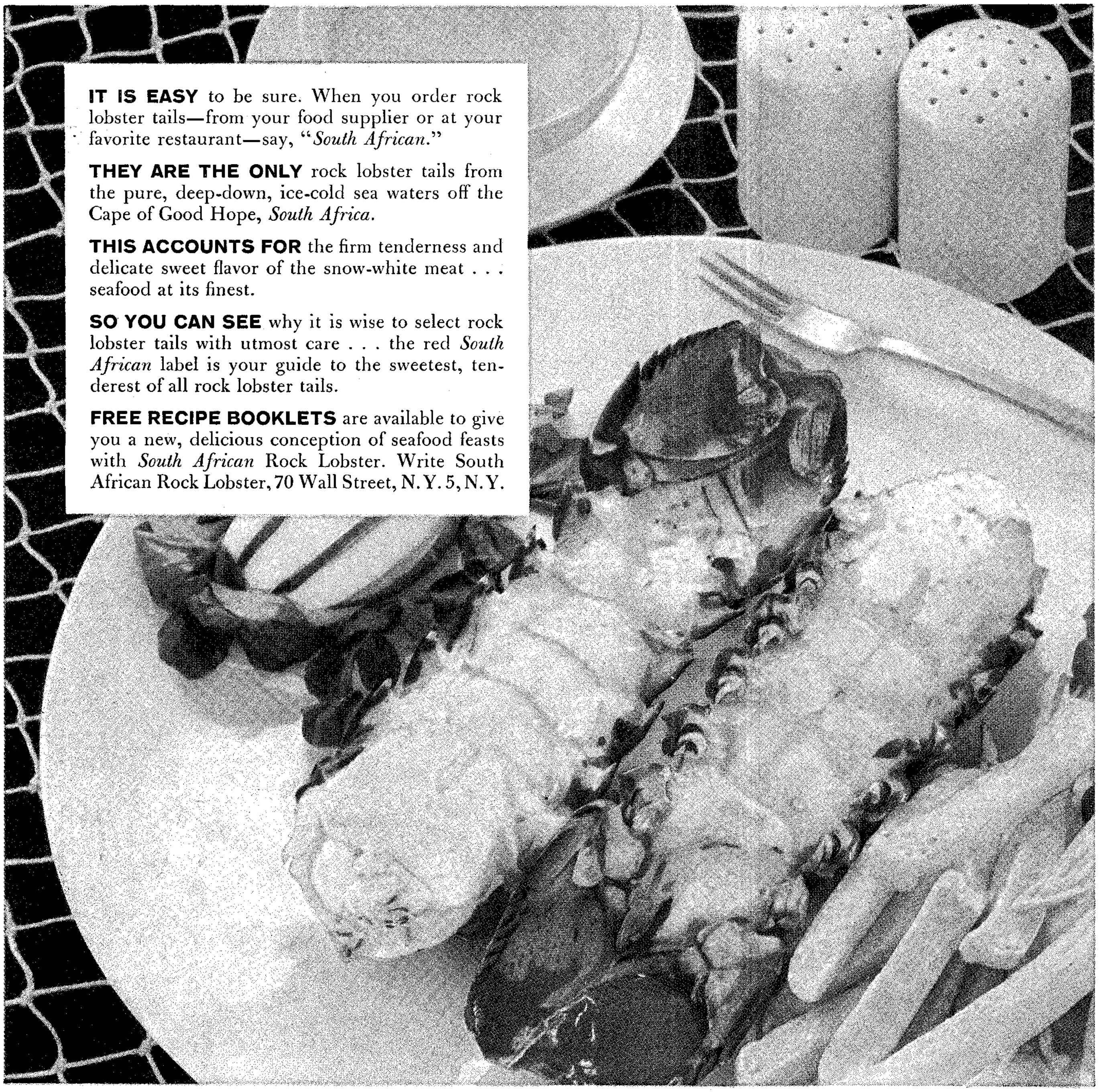
MERCEDES-BENZ
On display for immediate delivery:
The new 190, 219, and 220S Sedans, 190SL Roadster and Hardtop, 220S Convertible and Coupe.
BRYN MAWR MERCEDES
Packard-Studebaker Co.
701 Lancaster Ave., Bryn Mawr, Pa.
Overseas delivery arranged by F. C. Ditmars

Cherio
RESTAURANT
LUNCHEON-DINNER TILL 11 P. M.
OPEN SUNDAYS 6 P. M.
46 E. 50TH ST. • MU 8-1190

where dining is the 8th lively art
Russian Tea Room
NEXT TO CARNEGIE HALL
150 W. 57 ST • CO 5-0947

AT HOME AT RESTAURANTS

Enjoy the world's sweetest, tenderest **ROCK LOBSTER TAILS**
The young, deep-sea tails from **SOUTH AFRICA**



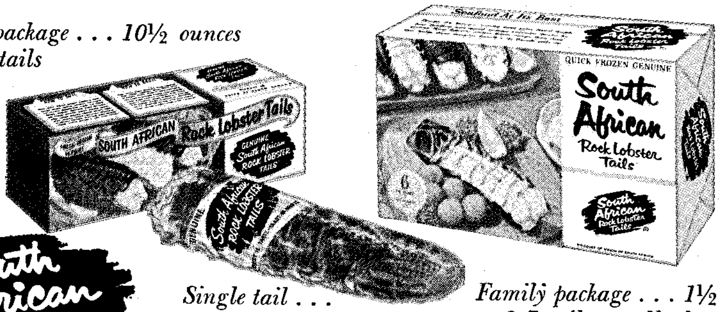
IT IS EASY to be sure. When you order rock lobster tails—from your food supplier or at your favorite restaurant—say, "*South African.*"

THEY ARE THE ONLY rock lobster tails from the pure, deep-down, ice-cold sea waters off the Cape of Good Hope, *South Africa.*

THIS ACCOUNTS FOR the firm tenderness and delicate sweet flavor of the snow-white meat . . . seafood at its finest.

SO YOU CAN SEE why it is wise to select rock lobster tails with utmost care . . . the red *South African* label is your guide to the sweetest, tenderest of all rock lobster tails.

FREE RECIPE BOOKLETS are available to give you a new, delicious conception of seafood feasts with *South African* Rock Lobster. Write South African Rock Lobster, 70 Wall Street, N. Y. 5, N. Y.


SOUTH AFRICAN Rock Lobster Tails
GENUINE South African ROCK LOBSTER TAILS
GENUINE South African ROCK LOBSTER TAILS
Seafood At Its Best
QUICK FROZEN GENUINE
South African Rock Lobster Tails
South African Rock Lobster Tails
6

Special package . . . 10½ ounces . . . 2-3 tails

Single tail . . . cellophane-sealed

Family package . . . 1½ pounds . . . 6-7 tails . . . cellophane-sealed

South African Rock Lobster Tails ®

By this seal you shall know that here is the finest.

QUICK-FROZEN

South African Rock Lobster Tails

Wherever Frozen Foods Are Sold

ONE SCOTCH STANDS OUT

The lighter...drier ...smoother Scotch

These maritime signal flags speak an international language. They spell out VAT SIXTY NINE...the world-famous name that means *lighter, drier, smoother* Scotch. In VAT 69 you will find all the good things of Scotch at their very best.

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT
69
V
A
T
S
I
X
N
I
N
E

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY
QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS
WM. SANDERSON & SON, LTD.

IMPORTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS COMPANY, NEW YORK. SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTORS • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF.